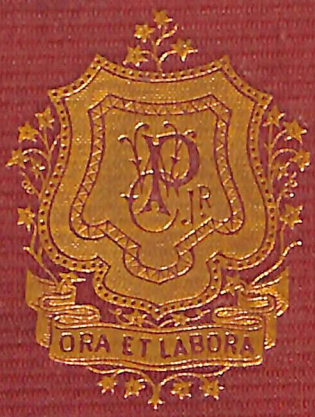
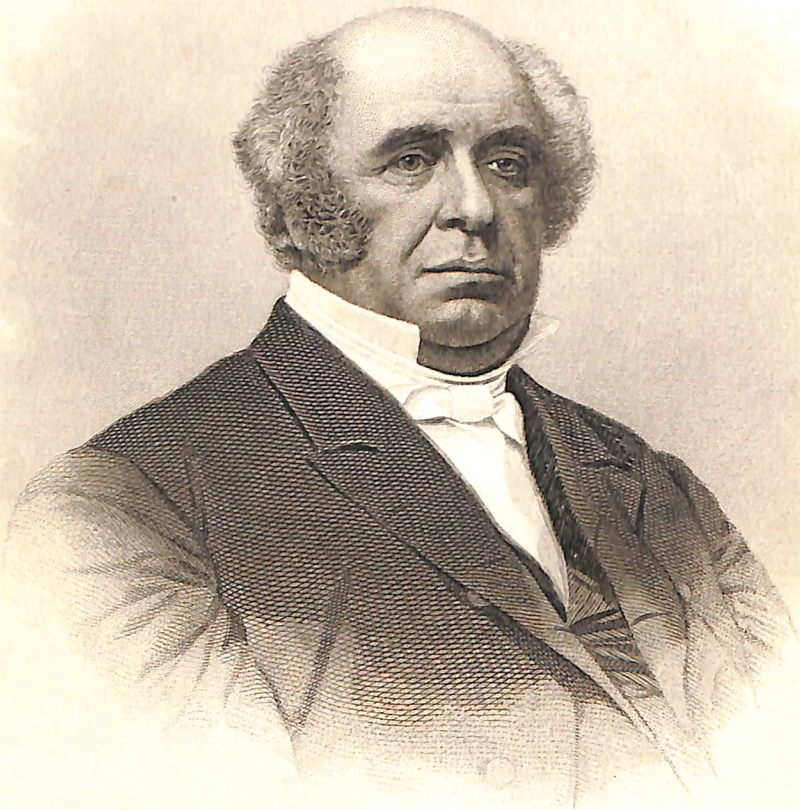

ORA ET LABORA

DREW UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

Lankford

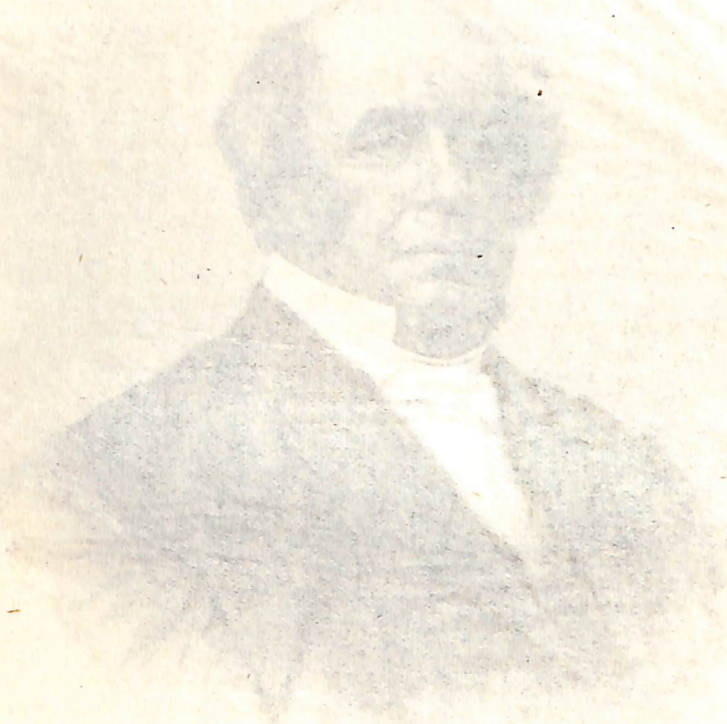


JESSE T. PECK. D.D.

Engd by H.B.Hall, N.Y. From a Photograph.
in Gors' Centenary Group

PUBLISHER, 14 BIBLE HOUSE.
1873.

242660



Engd by H.B.Hall, N.Y. From a Photograph
in Gurs' Centenary Group

THE

Guide to Holiness.

EDITORS:

DR. W. C. AND MRS. PHŒBE PALMER.

New York:
WALTER C. PALMER, Jr.,
PUBLISHER, 14 BIBLE HOUSE.
1873.

242660

THEOLOGICAL
SEMINARY LIBRARY.

INDEX TO VOLUME LXIII.

FROM JANUARY, 1873, TO JULY, 1873.

A New Creation. A. S. M..... 30
Acton, Ontario. B. Phillips..... 27
A Mother's Wages. L. A. B..... 18
A Bride for Jesus. Phœbe Palmer..... 47
A Sad Death..... 63
A Merchant Lay Preacher..... 63
A Parable..... 66
Allegany, N. Y..... 94
"As a Little Child." Abby Mills..... 106
Are You Happy..... 123
A Child's Idea of Purity. R. J. Park..... 128
Aunt Nancy's Experience. Miss Rena Green..... 116
Answer..... 189
A Striking Question..... 192

Blessed Memories. No. II. Rev. James Harris. 21, 53
Bind up the Testimony. Rev. M. P. Gaddis..... 18
Baltimore, Md..... 28
Book Notices..... 35, 67, 99, 163
Brockets, N. Y. I. V. Ferguson..... 59
British Provinces..... 59
Be not Afraid, only Believe. Rev. A. J. Hough... 79
Baptism of Fire Received. Mrs. C. A. Boom 127
Benjamin Franklin and American Methodism..... 127
Bowersburg, Ill..... 138
Barriers Overleaped..... 187

Conviction for Sanctification. Rev. F. G. Hibbard, D.D.....14, 45, 85
City of Mexico..... 29
Cannot Jesus save the Children. Maggie Lewis.. 29
Chester, Penn..... 59
Cross and Crown. Lizzie H. F. Baker..... 74
Christ rebuking the Tempest. Annie A Clark.... 83
Christian Joy. A. W. C..... 179
Camp-Meetings..... 192

Daneyville Circuit, Memphis Conference..... 29
Directory for Meetings on Holiness..... 99
Drinking from Salvation's Well. R. Illa Green.... 114
Dew Drops. M. Annesley..... 145
Death not a Purifier. Bickersteth..... 149

Everywhere with Jesus. Rev. James Mudge..... 18
Elkton, Md..... 28
Extent of Gospel Salvation. Prof. J. R. Jaques, A.M..... 39
Echo from Patmos. No. VII. Rev. W. H. Poole, Ont. 71
England..... 96
Echo from Patmos. No. VIII. Rev. W. H. Poole. 103
" " " No. IX. Rev. W. H. Poole.. 136
" " " No. X. W. H. Poole..... 167
Eden, Ohio. S. C. B..... 157
Epitome of Christian Experience. S. Cummings. 145
Edmund J. Yard and his Work for Jesus..... 161

Fifty Years' Walk with Jesus. Mrs. Mary D. James..... 9, 42, 76, 112, 141, 172
Forty-two Thousand Sermons..... 31
From Egypt to Canaan. M. Phillips..... 51
Faint-hearted Unbelief. Rev. Isaac M. See..... 74
Flying for Refuge..... 128

Gave More than they All..... 63
Gates Open, D. P. Pond..... 75
Glorious News from Sweden..... 95
God is Light. Rev. E. Davies..... 143
Go thou and do Likewise. Sallie E..... 158
Gracious Tidings..... 156

Heaven's Regalia. Rev. D. Nash..... 8
How the Blessing was Lost and Regained. Mrs. Dr. Paine..... 12
Here and There. J. B. Wood..... 46
Help to the Afflicted. Mattie Foster..... 62
How old are You? Miss Abby Mills..... 75
"Home Sweet Home." Mrs. McDonald..... 116
Hoosick Falls, N. Y..... 124
Hope Anchored. L. W. Hutchinson..... 126
Handmaids of the Lord..... 122
Heavenly Rest. A. M. H. G..... 148
Hungry Soul Satisfied. Mrs. H. E. Green..... 175
Holiness Convention. Uriah Warrington..... 185

In the Midst of the Years. Rev. A. J. Hough..... 22
Ingersoll, Ontario..... 28
Invocation. Mrs. E. V. Keever..... 112
I do not Wish. Mrs. C. W. Jordan..... 138
I Sought and Found. R. L. Brooks..... 141
I Can get along Without it. Miss A. Mills..... 176
Is it Right to use Fermented Wine for Sacramental Purposes?..... 188

"Jesus Prayed." Rev. James Harris, Ont..... 138
Japan..... 186
Jesus Bears our Burdens..... 190

Keyport, N. J..... 58
Keyport, N. J. R. J. Andrews..... 93
Kafir Revival..... 123

Lynn, Ontario. M. S. Pearson..... 28
Lay Evangelist..... 29
Love in the Church. Rev. D. Nash..... 40
Leaf from my Diary..... 60
"Let them Watch." Spurgeon..... 63
Lessons from Experience. Addie A Allen..... 82
Letter from a Baptist Minister. Rev. A. P. Graves. 92
Little Boy's Dream of Heaven..... 99
Light and Liberty. Rev. H. Belden..... 110
Led by the Spirit. Mrs. Mary L. Nate..... 117

Look Up. Mrs. M. A. Warriner..... 167

My Experience. Rev. James Harris..... 6, 37
Ministerial Unfaithfulness..... 20
Medical Missionaries, Work for Jesus..... 29
Meeting for Holiness in Tennessee..... 29
Meeting on Holiness in Toronto, Canada..... 58
My Happiest Moment. A. Avery..... 60
Mrs. Kavanaugh..... 63
Minister's Experience. Rev. J. M. Washburn..69, 101
Mayfield, N. Y. Rev. E. Potter..... 94
Marshall, Ill. H. J. Poole..... 94
Mysticism. Q. Q..... 115
My Experience. Rev. J. Garnett, Ont..... 133, 165
May Young Converts be Holy. Phœbe Palmer... 139
" " " " " " " ... 169
My Portion. J. H. Battersby..... 144
My Experience. Mrs. Margaret Jones..... 147
Mason City Circuit, Ill..... 185

New Albany, Ind..... 124

Our Engraving. Rev. J. T. Crane..... 5
Out of Darkness into Light. A. P. Leach..... 96
Olean, N. Y..... 124

Please Remember the Little Ones..... 67
Pathway to the Cleansing Fountain. D. W. Whiting. 62
Price of a Bible..... 128

Revival among the Friends..... 27
Rev. Thos. Collins..... 11
Reformation in the Church. Rev. H. Belden..... 50
Roll of Prayer and its Results. W. S. Fort..... 58
Revivals in Ireland..... 95
Revival Items..... 124
Revival in India..... 123
Remarkable Scene at a Camp-meeting. Rev. George Sheets..... 166
Revival of Holiness. James Fox Wilson..... 185
Round Lake, N. Y. E. A. Hartshorn..... 189

Spurgeon's Sister..... 29
Sitting in Prayer..... 31
Southwick, Mass. Rev. E. Davies..... 58
Speak Kindly to the Erring. Mrs. M. E. B..... 149
Stop to Weigh..... 163
Speak in Love. Rev. Wm. Clark..... 178

Toward the Mark of the Prize. Rev. A. J. Hough. 11
The Unknown Way. Mrs. Lizzie F. Baker..... 15
The Happy Church. Rev. D. Nash..... 15
The Young Martyr. Rev. H. Belden..... 16
Two Days at Keyport..... 27
Trenton Camp-Meeting..... 28
The Value of Economy..... 31
The Tuesday Meeting.....31, 64, 96, 129, 161, 191
The Waiting Christ. M. A. Sorter..... 42
The Latter Day Laborers..... 46
The Sabbath. James Lawson..... 50
Tranquility, N. J..... 59
Tuesday Meeting in Newburgh, N. Y. Rev. W. S. Browning..... 94, 160
The Anchor Holds. W. H. Holmes..... 77
"The Promise of the Father." Rev. H. Belden.. 81
The Soul's Need. Mrs. C. Nichols..... 83
The Grace that Conquers Death. I. H. Cooley.... 125
The "Guide" in China..... 127
Trusting, Resting, Feasting. Rev. James Wilson. 135
The Sabbath..... 144
Thin Cold Hand. Otisville..... 146
The Beloved One. Lizzie Fenner Baker..... 172
The Two Great Commandments. Rev. D. Nash.. 173
The Great Want of the Age. R. N. Emerson..... 175
True Joy. Alfred J. Hough..... 176
The Way to the Kingdom. Mrs. A. A. Clark..... 177
Trial and Triumph. Mrs Almira Bosley..... 179
The Revival at Bloomington, Ill..... 185
The Lost Saved..... 187
The Union Camp-Meeting at Sea Cliff..... 190

Unanimity in the Church. Rev. D. Nash..... 79
Use Me, My God. M. A. Sortor..... 179

Voice from the Border Land. Sarah Stewart..... 96
Victory by Surrender. Rev. W. E. Boardman..... 106
Varieties in Christian Experience. Rev. W. W. Sever..... 108

Work to Day. Phœbe Palmer..... 10
White River Circuit, Little Rock Conference..... 29
Who took him on the Other Side?..... 34
Western Turkey..... 46
Wyoming, Pa. R. W. Van Schoick..... 57
Wilmington, Del..... 59
What made him Mighty? Rev. Elbert Osborn... 61
Wonderful Camp-Meetings..... 63
Was that Right, Mama?..... 67
Without Blemish. Rev. C. P. Hard..... 73
Work in New Albany, Ind. W. C. De Pauw..... 95
Washington, D. C. W. S. Fort..... 123
Where is your Lantern?..... 128
Work of Holiness at Edinburg, N. Y. Rev. E. Davies..... 158
Western New York..... 185
Working for Jesus. Rosa J. Speary..... 190
When the Dark Comes..... 192

EDITORIAL.

The New Year..... 2
What is your Testimony?..... 2
"I Determined."..... 2
Sanctification obtained and retained by Faith..... 5
Remarkable for Distinctness of Testimony..... 5
Ways and Works for Jesus..... 5
How to Believe..... 8
Our Work for Jesus in Toronto..... 8
Days of Martyrdom upon us..... 9
Piety in High Places..... 9
Death of a Standard-Bearer..... 9
John McLean..... 9
Our Work for Jesus..... 12
Cloud of Witnesses..... 121
The Coming One..... 122
Be ye also Ready?..... 151
Do the Scriptures teach that Christ will come again?..... 153
Three Points; or, How to be Sanctified Now..... 154
Works and Ways for Jesus..... 154
Camp-meetings..... 182
"I Want the Witness."..... 183
"I Will never gvie up Praying for Heart Purity." 184

LOVED ONES GONE BEFORE.

Judge Corwin..... 23
John M. Mendenhall. M. J. Johnson..... 24
Nancy D. Bunce. Rev. M. P. Blakeslee..... 55
Mary Sutherland. A. Maharry..... 86
Rev. Wm. Ford..... 86
Catharine Van Nostrand..... 86
M. L. Stagner. D. F. Unaugst..... 87
Mrs. Sarah A. E. Edwards. Geo. R. Kramer..... 87
Caroline Byers..... 88
Thomas A Lankford..... 88
Rachel Parks. Mrs. Mary A. Wilcox..... 118
Sarah A. Stowell. Mrs. L. B. White..... 119
Affectionate Tribute..... 119
Amos Chewvrout. N. W. Wheeler..... 119
Mrs. Lucy A. Herrick..... 120
Mrs. Sarah McCracken. Rev. G. Moody, D.D.... 149
Mrs. Catharine Morris. E. M. M..... 149
Mr. Cuthbert Bainbridge..... 151
Mary E. Hunt. Mary D. James..... 151
Elizabeth F. Crowder..... 181

MUSIC.

The Name of Jesus, Mrs. Joseph F. Knapp..... 36
Thy Will be Done. Virgil W. Kimball..... 68
I Am the Lord's. Mrs. Joseph F. Knapp..... 100
The Higher Rock. Rev. L. Hartsough..... 132

Guide to Holiness.

JANUARY, 1873.

For the Guide.

OUR ENGRAVING.

REV. J. T. CRANE, D.D.

JESSE T. PECK, now one of the Bishops of the M. E. Church, was born in Middle field, Otsego Co., N. Y., April 4, 1811. He is the fifth son and the eleventh and youngest child of Luther Peck and Annis Coller.

When he was three years old, his parents removed to Hamilton, Madison Co., and nine years afterwards to Brookfield, Chenango Co. His early education was conducted in the common Schools, in which he had the privilege of tuition from three to six months a year. At the age of sixteen, he was converted in his father's house. Soon after this, the charge of his education was assumed by his elder brother, Rev. G. Peck, D.D., who sent him to the Ithaca Academy, where he began the study of Latin and the higher English. In his eighteenth year, he taught a public school, and the next year proceeded to Cazanovia, where he prosecuted his classical and other studies, commencing Greek under the tuition of the present editor of the *Methodist Quarterly Review*. He taught School in the city of Utica during the next winter, and in the spring returned to Cazanovia. The next winter he taught school in Delphi, and in the spring was called to the itinerant work by the Rev. Elias Bowen, under whom he travelled Cortlandt Circuit till the session of the Conference.

On the 12th day of July, 1832, he was admitted on trial into the Oneida Conference, then holding its Session at Manlius, and was stationed at Dryden, Tompkins Co. His next station was Newark Valley, Tioga Co.; and the next Skaneateles, Cayuga Co. In 1834, he was stationed at Potsdam, St. Lawrence Co. Before the expiration of his second year at Potsdam, he was elected Principal of Gouverneur Seminary.

At the end of four years, his reputation as an educator led to his election to the Principalship of Troy Conference Academy. Here he labored seven years, and was then elected President of Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pa. He remained at Carlisle four years; and then, in accordance with his long-cherished desire, returned to the pastoral work, and was stationed at Foundry Church, Washington, D. C., when a great revival of religion blessed his labors. At the close of his two years in Washington, the authorities of the Church, without even informing him of their intention, appointed him Editor and Corresponding Secretary of the Tract Department. Here he edited several volumes and numerous tracts, founded the *Good News*, and travelled at large, organizing and stimulating measures for distributing religious literature. In 1856, he resumed the pastoral work in the Green Street Church, New York City, where he remained two years, and witnessed a marked revival each year. During his four years in the city, he completed and published "The Central Idea of Christianity," "The True Woman," and "What Must I Do to be Saved?"

In 1858, he was sent by the Church authorities to California, where he labored nearly eight years in Powell Street Church, San Francisco, on San Francisco District, as Presiding Elder; in Sixth Street Station, Sacramento City, Santa Clara; and again in San Francisco, at the Hudson Street Church. He travelled largely throughout the State, answering as far as he was able calls for lectures, addresses, and dedicatory services. He was active as the President of the Board of Trustees of the University of the Pacific in the struggle to build up that institution; and for six years was President of the State Bible Society.

In 1866, he came back to the scene of his former labors in the East, on account of the critical state of Mrs. Peck's health, the physicians advising a return to the Atlantic coast. He spent the interval previous to the session of the Conference in St. Paul's Church, Peekskill. In 1867, he was stationed in the Hudson Street Church, Albany, where he remained three years. While in Albany, he completed and published the "History of the Great Republic, Considered from a Christian Standpoint." He grappled fearlessly with the deep-laid scheme in the Legislature for the destruction of the common Schools, rallied his brethren, ministers and laymen, to the first Methodist State Convention at Syracuse. He presided over the deliberations of the Convention, and presented the famous "Charter of Political Reform," which was enthusiastically adopted by the Convention without the change of a word. He labored incessantly until he secured a convention of more than four hundred patriotic men in the city of Albany, which resulted in the organization of the State and City Councils of Political Reform. From these organizations the historian will trace the organization of the Committee of Seventy, and the overthrow of the corrupt "rings" in the city of New York. Dr. Peck brought to New York the petition for the repeal of the infamous "Tenth Section," which gave to the Romanists nearly a quarter of a million of dollars for the support of their sectarian Schools. He labored incessantly with his fellow-reformers till the result was accomplished. In the midst of his pastoral and other labors, he published more than twenty thousand reform documents, and pushed them out through the State.

In 1870, he was stationed in the Centenary Church, Syracuse, and, as President of the Board of Trustees of the Syracuse University, entered heartily into the work of founding and developing that institution. In 1872, he was chosen a delegate to the General Conference, and, on the 22d day of May, elected a Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the consecration taking place on the succeeding Friday, May 24th.

It was during Bishop Peck's incumbency of the Principalship of Troy Conference Academy that he was first made a partaker of the blessing of entire sanctification. Up to that time, he had been regarded as an able, active, zealous, and ambitious young man. In his case, as in that of every other man, grace filled the vacuum which it found; it hallowed all his desires; it separated earthly alloys from his ambition and his zeal. It identified him fully in interest and sympathy with the plans of God. It gave him discrimination and far-sightedness in spiritual things. It gave new steadiness of purpose; new altitude of aim; new sanctity of manner; and a quiet, earnest vigor, new and strangely thrilling and telling to the lips, the pew, and the life.

For the Guide.

MY EXPERIENCE.

REV. JAMES HARRIS.

The readers of the "Guide" have, many of them, seen Caughey's Miscellanies, or the account of the Revival in Huddersfield, England. Well does the writer remember the Sabbath morning when Mr. C. first stood up in Queen Street Chapel, in that town, to preach Christ. An apprenticed youth—for many years a member of the Church, regularly attending class—the form of godliness was his; the power he never knew; the voice

of the preacher reached his conscience, and he left the Church trembling under the conviction that he might sink down to *hell* a member of the Church.

THE WRONG RESOLUTION.

Under these convictions, and hating the course he had been pursuing, he resolved never to go to his class again until he could say that God for Christ's sake had forgiven his sins. He wandered into gardens, fields, lanes—anywhere during that well-remembered hour of the Sabbath morning, miserable, seeking rest and finding none.

In the meantime, Mr. C. had left the town and returned again, and commenced that series of meetings of which his celebrated volume tells the results. "Two thousand converted; multitudes, multitudes in the valley of decision, but I, alas! unsaved and unforgiven. Yet often had I gone forward to the Altar for prayer, often to the inquiry meeting, but not to my *class*—diffidence kept me back from telling my leader and pastor the real reason of my refusal to attend."

THE RESOLUTION BROKEN.

Years passed; a change of scene had taken place; Huddersfield had been exchanged for York. It was near ten, on a Sunday night, a solitary walker to my garret-room, when the Spirit whispered: "Not yet in Christ! Parents, brothers, sisters all in Christ; but you, nigh twenty years of age, not yet converted! Bankruptcy, ruin, early death are before you, if you continue as you are. Have you not been mistaken in thinking that something extraordinary would occur to awaken and convert you? Can you not begin *now?*" I thought for a moment, and said: "Yes, Lord, I *can*. I will begin now, but how?" The answer was: "Begin again to *pray*." And that Sunday night, when I reached my room, in the presence of my ungodly comrades, I bowed in prayer, and asked the Lord to direct me. Then said the Spirit, "Go to your class-meeting." I said, "I will, Lord." I fought my way through obstacles, and Tuesday night found me, *once more*, assembled with the people of God in the *class-room*. That going back to the class was my salvation. It was the sheet-anchor which kept me for many, many months, during which my blind unbelief kept me from the blessing.

MERCY FOUND AT LAST.

But where? Not at the Altar of prayer, where often it had been sought; not in the closet, where, till the midnight hour, night after night, I had sought with tears for it; but behind the *counter*. Customers in the store, and fellow-clerks bustling around, I at the desk writing a few hurried lines to a now sainted father, in which I said, "I do believe that God for Christ's sake is able, is willing, even now to save me;" and I was about to add, "But I do not feel that he saves," when the Spirit arrested me just there. "What! Able and willing *now*, just *now*, to save; and are you not saved?" I paused. What could I say? I wondered, and I said, "Yes, Lord, I am; I am this moment *saved*." And for the first time in my life my heart said, "Glory to God!" The "but" was not written; and how the letter concluded I have no remembrance. "But can this be religion?" said I. "This little faith that I am saved?" Satan tried hard to make a point there, but failed. He plied his old temptations, which till that moment had led me captive, but my heart responded: "No; if I do this wickedness I shall lose this love of God I feel in my soul. Then," thought I, "little as it is, it must be true religion, for it enables me to overcome sin."

TROUBLES ABOUT PREACHING.

I had always been convinced that if I were converted, I should be called to preach; but, oh! my long-continued rebellion against God had shut up my way to acquire that full education so advantageous to the Gospel ministry. Those convictions increased with my growth in grace. They smouldered in my *heart*. They burst forth into mighty torrent when I attended a Conference ordination service. I could not endure them. My way seemed closed. I almost rushed to America, hoping that here my mind might become directed. I forsook my business, and tried farming. All *in vain*. The happier I was in Jesus the more wretched in this respect, until

I found that I must do one of two things: either give up attending the house of God altogether, or offer myself to the work of the ministry. I yielded to the latter, but for a time my way seemed dark and hedged up.

Entirely sanctified, I was on my first circuit—a newly formed one in the backwoods of Canada. The question pressed upon me, "Are you entirely sanctified? You cannot be a true Methodist preacher unless from experience you can preach a full salvation." I thought of the great peace I had enjoyed in believing, and wondered if that were not entire sanctification. But the Spirit said, "Better to have the matter fully settled—*know* that you are." I said, "I *will*, Lord." And that night the boy-preacher presented himself as a seeker, with a number of others, seeking pardon at the rude Altar in the old log Church of Elora. Nor did he seek in vain. He had no emotion. It seemed hard work to pray; but he said, "It is promised to faith. Let me get hold of a promise." But memory failed to bring any special promise. "Well," said I, "Lord, I know it is promised; I *know* it is contained in the *Bible;* and Thou hast said that if we believe that we receive, we shall have it. Now, I will venture upon Thee by naked faith. I do believe, against all unbelief, that Thou, for the sake of Jesus Christ, dost this moment wholly sanctify *me.*" And I did believe with all my heart; but I felt no change, in no way different from what I did the moment before, except I exchanged unbelief for faith. I rose; I testified what I believed. God did not condemn me, and I felt greater access to Him in prayer; but no direct testimony or supernatural evidence was given. Nothing but the Word—the naked Word, assured *me* that I was entirely sanctified. I walked by faith, and not by sight.

THE EVIDENCE.

I had greater power in prayer and of faith. It seemed easy to ask and believe. I had stretched my faith's capacity to such an extent, in laying hold by a naked faith of full salvation, that it was now easy to believe for any other blessing. I had greater ease in pointing others in the way of salvation, and showing the nature of that faith whereby we are both justified and sanctified. I had greater power and unction in my ministry. God gave me larger fruit.

Appointed by the next Conference to a mission still more remote, I went everywhere telling of this great salvation. Riding side by side with some veteran leader or local preacher as my guide, through bogs, up ungraded hills, treading our way through primeval forests, or sitting by the side of the huge fire-place in their rude shanties, I told how I experienced full salvation. Unthinkingly I was scattering sparks of celestial fire, which kindled in the hearts of loving brothers and sisters, and ere long broke out in flames of revival influence, which swept over the old Peel Circuit, and scores were converted to God; and though twenty years have elapsed, the influence of those revivals still, I believe, is felt.

(Concluded in our next.)

For the Guide.

HEAVEN'S REGALIA.

REV. DAVID NASH.

'Twas night; a Christian lady slept,
And dreamed a dream of Heaven;
She thought within its pearly gates
To her was entrance given.
She stood upon the sea of glass,
Amid the white-robed throng;
She walked the golden streets and sang
The everlasting song.

The conquering palm was in her hand,
She tasted bliss untold;
And on her radiant head she wore
A crown of shining gold.
Oh! clime of glory, no regret
May ever mar thy rest;
Yet sigh'd the sleeper as she dreamed—
She was not wholly blest.

She marked the flashing diadem
O'er many a princely brow,
Resplendent with the diamond blaze,
And the rich ruby's glow.
O'er topaz fair and princely pearl
The emerald glory streamed;
But in *her* heavenly crown, alas!
No radiant jewel beamed.

Oh! that to grace her coronet
One gem she yet might win;
Oh! could she but return to earth,
And save one soul from sin.
For well she knew what jewels gave
Those crowns so rich a blaze;
They were the souls of sinners shown
The error of their ways.

She woke, and lo! 'twas but a dream,
But, in the Book divine,
She read who in the courts of bliss
Shall first in glory shine:
That they who unto righteousness
Do many sinners turn,
Like stars in Heaven's firmament
For evermore shall burn.

For the Guide.

FIFTY YEARS' WALK WITH JESUS.

MRS. MARY D. JAMES.

(*Continued from page* 170.)

PLEASING PROSPECTS

opened before the newly married pair. Happy in each other, and happy in His love whose favor is life, and whose loving-kindness is better than life, the world looked very bright before them.

As to business, an opening was presented that was very flattering; and promised much of comfort in connection with it, because the beloved daughter could remain at home, and enjoy the companionship and counsels of her precious mother. And the prospect of being still permitted to minister to her comfort in her declining years was hailed with joy as a special interposition of His goodness, "who crowneth us with loving-kindness and tender mercies."

In the fulness of her glad heart the happy bride was offering up her grateful praise to God for this *added blessing*, when a

BITTER DISAPPOINTMENT

came to blight her budding hopes. An unlooked-for occurrence had changed her husband's plans and blasted his business prospects, and now all means for their support was suddenly cut off. With a sad heart he broke the intelligence to his young wife, whose spirit was for a moment clouded, but it was only a *transient* cloud that obscured the brightness of the bright sunshine of her soul. Her happiness was not dependent upon external circumstances, but upon the EXHAUSTLESS FOUNTAIN OF LIFE AND LOVE; and she could look up with a joyous smile, and say:

"'Though all created streams are dry,
I have the FOUNTAIN still.'

We will trust in our loving Father for the supply of our wants. 'The silver and the gold are His;' the hearts of men are in His hands, and He will open some way for us."

Then hope came to the sad heart of the afflicted husband, and his tears were wiped away as he listened to those words of cheer from his companion. Kneeling together, by prayer and supplication they made known their requests unto God, asking that in His own way He would open their path before them, and provide means for their support. Full of faith and hope, they looked for the speedy answer.

DIVINE INTERPOSITION.

According to their faith it was done. In a few days a position was offered that would yield a comfortable support for some time, although it did not give promise of being permanent. "*This is surely of the Lord*," said their glad hearts. "Let us praise Him for it." And again they knelt to offer thanksgivings to "Him whose eyes run to and fro throughout the whole earth to show Himself strong in behalf of them whose heart is perfect toward Him."

Peacefully passed away those months, each day "crowned with loving-kindness and tender mercies." Often did they sing the sweet song,

"The Lord my Shepherd is,
I shall be well supplied,"

though they knew not *how* they were to be supplied after the close of the period, which might be only a few months; but they said, *We will not fear, for God's promises cannot fail.* "*Trust in the Lord and do good, so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed*," met their eyes as they opened the sacred book, one day, and they said one to the other, "How *positive* that promise is, '*Verily*

thou shall be fed;' " and though the time was drawing near to its close for which the business engagement was made, their faith did not waver, for *their hearts were fixed, trusting in the Lord.*

AN EVENT

had occurred previous to their marriage which at the time of its occurrence seemed disastrous to Mary's husband—namely, a robbery of the store in which he had an interest—and now by His interposition who bringeth good out of evil, this was working for them a gracious deliverance, of which they had not the remotest idea. The thieves who had robbed the store had been arrested and imprisoned in a town twenty miles distant, and the proprietors of the stolen goods were summoned as witnesses at court. While there, in passing along the street, the stricken one whose earthly prospects had been cut off was attracted to a store, and, stepping in, found the proprietor was seeking an opportunity to dispose of his business and store. He was struck at once with the idea that this was a providential opening for him. It was just the business he had desired, and for which he was adapted. The terms would be made easy; and now, if he only had the means at his command, he would be glad to accept the offer. But where could he look for help? *God could raise up friends to aid him,* and he would trust that it would be done.

Returning home, he spoke of it to his wife, who immediately saw the Divine hand in it; and, after united and earnest prayer, they were fully persuaded that they should not hesitate to go forward in this way opened for them by their gracious God. The hearts and hands of some kind relatives were opened to lend the needed funds, and without delay the contract was made and the business entered upon. Mary's ill-health rendering her unable to accompany her husband to his new home, she remained with her mother for several months, and then came the *hardest trial of her life—to be severed from her loving and beloved mother.* This proved too much for the frail invalid, and caused such prostration that she was quite unable to endure the fatigue of such a journey; yet, feeling it to be necessary to her husband's comfort, she went. The results proved that she ought not to have incurred so great a risk.

A STARTLING OCCURRENCE.

Before she was comfortably settled in her new abode, the birth of her first-born occurred. This was a trial unlooked-for at the time, and for which she was unprepared. The little babe seemed to have not enough of vitality to warrant the hope of his living; but offering him up to God, she was resigned to His will, for she said, "*He doeth all things well.*" For several weeks his life remained in doubt; but at length indications of increasing strength gave hope that the precious child might be spared to them, and with devout thanksgiving they hailed each evidence of his protracted life.

(To be continued.)

WORK TO-DAY.

PHŒBE PALMER.

"Son, go work to-day in my Vineyard."—Matt. xxi. 28.

Said a young convert (who was himself the subject of in season and out of season labor): "On the evening of my conversion, after retiring to my room, I seemed to hear a voice saying to me, 'Son, go work to-day in my Vineyard.' Though I knew it was not addressed to my outward ear, yet to my spirit-ear it was just as plain as though it was heard in the most audible tones." We were present on the occasion of the conversion of this young man, and shall never forget the blessed night of his espousal to Christ.

He had been a leading spirit in the gaieties of the town where he resided, but he now began at once to build over against his own house. He went alike, in the true spirit of crucifixion, among the gay and fashionable. Young ladies with whom he had engaged in the festive dance, and gentlemen who had only known him as a man of the world, irrespective of sex or position, were with all the power of Divine love entreated to renounce the pleasures of sin, and seek an interest in Jesus.

Several months after his conversion

we again met him, and he told us something about his *daily* work for the blessed Master. He had been saving up his moments, in not only going about among his friends and kindred, but in establishing several cottage prayer-meetings. In sustaining these he had invited friends to aid him, and as he continued the artless narrative of his ways and walks for Jesus, we could not but note the fact that over a score had been won over from the ranks of sin to Jesus, through the agency of the newly enlisted disciple.

Reader, will you, whether a youthful disciple or one that has been longer in the service of your Saviour, thus early in the New Year resolve that you will begin every day in your closet with Jesus? And as you hear Him say, "Son, go work *to-day* in my Vineyard," bid your heart ask, Lord *what wilt thou have me to do* TO-DAY. How soon would the world be converted, if we might witness a race of Christians like the one whose case we have stated. And why may not you, dear reader, be equally earnest, fearless, and diligent.

"In the furrowed fields around us,
God has work for all who will,
Those who may not scatter broadcast,
Yet may plant it hill by hill."

For the Guide.

TOWARD THE MARK FOR THE PRIZE.

REV. ALFRED J. HOUGH.

Press onward your way to the Temple above,
Ye soldiers of Jesus, and taste His full love;
Here! only is struggle to tread the foe down,
There! only is resting and wearing the crown.

Your calling is high, 'tis of GOD in His SON—
The angels above have no loftier one.
The militant Church sings, onward brave throng!
The Church now triumphant re-echoes the song.

Oh count not yourselves, though made perfect in part,
To have fully obtain'd the white robe and clean heart;
Though scenes of enchantment now ravish the soul,
You only see part of eternity's whole.

There are lengths, there are breadths, there are depths, there are heights
Of joy never known in your happiest flights;
Tis there! where the lips cannot falter in song,
Nor worship can weary though never so long.

Forgetting the past with its sorrows and pain
Press onward, my brethren, your heaven to gain;
Keep your eye on the march for the glorious prize,
That nothing may hinder your race to the skies.

Past blessings, successes, no matter how great,
Avail not to open the heavenly gate;
Though storms for a while you have battled and brav'd,
'Tis he that endures to the end shall be saved.

The end is in view! see the city's fair towers
All gorgeous with sunlight!—that city is ours.
We hear the bells ringing—how welcome their sound!—
And songs from the lost ones that Jesus has found.

A little more weeping, a little more pain,
Forc'd marches, then death, the last foe, shall be slain;
The hand now grown weary with wielding the sword
Shall strike the sweet harp to the praise of the Lord.

Press onward, press upward! we stand at the gate!
It opens—sweet welcome! though enter'd so late,
And JESUS is here! O SAVIOUR, how sweet
To hear Thee say "Come!" and fall at Thy feet.

WALDEN, Ct.

For the Guide.

REV. THOMAS COLLINS.

Before leaving America, in 1859, for England, we enjoyed the privilege of some correspondence with the excellent Thomas Collins, which during our stay in the Old World resulted in a personal friendship. He has since been numbered with those of whom the world is not worthy. His biography, as given by Rev. Samuel Coley, from which we extract the following, is one of the richest that has been given to the Christian Church. We have it in our mind to present an American edition to the public ere long.—EDS.

At a prayer-meeting held on the evening of March 5, 1830, Thomas Collins, whose spirit for some time had been stirred with desire after holiness, was enabled to believe the cleansing Word, and, in the strength of that faith, to bow his whole will utterly to Christ, to whom he surrendered all authority in his soul. The act of devotion was complete. Thenceforth life was a priesthood, and sacrifice a vocation. The altar upon which self was dedicated sanctified the gift, and upon the living sacrifice which faith laid, there heavenly fire came down. The covenant that hour made was never revoked. "Not your own" was printed indelibly upon his heart. His sister, during his last illness, remarked to him with joy upon his long testimony before the Church of the bliss and duty of perfect love. His reply was:

"I GOT IT, I KEPT IT, I HAVE IT NOW; and it is heaven!" His brother writes: "The Saturday night upon which he received the blessing, I shared his bed.

Sleep I could not; he was praying and praising all night."

Until this time—naturally with one to whom all literary work, whether of creation or correction, had become a joy—the productions of his pen had been too labored. Simplicity, *the last of excellencies*, was wanting. Gaudy adornings had cumbered the truth, and big words dinned the ear more than they touched the heart. A specimen of very cunning artificiality lies on yellow, year-worn pages before me. It is a Missionary Report; it was drawn up for the young people. In it the elder Society is described at length as a ship, and the Juvenile Association as her attendant boat. Planks, and coppers, and cordage all mean something or other. She is ribbed with Resolution; Wisdom is her guiding rudder; her anchor, Faith; her cable, Hope; her stowage, Charity—thus it goes on through one of those hundred-jointed analogies Flavel so much delighted in, but which only an exceptional genius like Dawson can make endurable. This Report, queer, yet clever in its way, secured, no doubt, the wonder and the claps of its friendly audience.

A change now, however, passed over his soul that made forever after mere time-wasting architecture of words abhorrent to him. "I have done with it," said he. Quite right. It was too ingenious to be earnest. A man who throws somersaults all along the road may prove to the crowd his skill in posturing, but cannot be in much hurry to get anywhere. Men do not so when they run to catch a train, or fetch the doctor, or find a fire-escape.

Henceforth, hunting after what he called "figure and finery" was postponed for the pursuit of souls. His sentences became brief, and his illustrations homely. Though he never lost his fine ear for a felicitous phrase, nor his quick eye for a beautiful image, yet his determined directness of aim and at-you-at-once style caused him sometimes to appear abrupt. Everything was real and powerful. A clever skeptic once said to me, "Thomas Collins is the hardest hitter I ever knew."

FIRE BAPTISM.

His brother connects the change of style we have thus adverted to with the "fire baptism" of that Saturday prayer-meeting. He says: "After that memorable night he threw aside his abounding rhetoric, and became a plain witness for the truth. I accompanied him the next day to his appointment at New Inn. Until then his sermons had always been too high-flown for my young apprehension, but the preaching of that afternoon smote me with impressions that have never been erased. Six in that service found peace with God." This was the hopeful beginning of one of the purest revivalist careers of modern times.

HOW THE BLESSING WAS LOST AND REGAINED.

MRS. DR. PAINE.

For many years I had been trying, though imperfectly, to serve God. At times I had much joy, then clouds of doubt, temptation, and even actual transgressions would cause me to mourn. At last, through the sweet and earnest conversations of a widowed relative—she a seeker of the same blessing—I became awakened to the necessity of holiness of heart. Hitherto I had considered this a high attainment for a few of God's chosen ones; little thinking it was not only the privilege, but the *duty* of *all* His people to possess.

Often I read in the inspired Word, "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord," and as often my thoughts would turn to the death bed to accomplish the work of cleansing the heart from inbred sin. This was not wilful ignorance, but the result of the influences around me; where older and much more experienced Christians, and *even ministers*, did not seem by their daily walk and fruits of every-day life to attach much importance to this Bible doctrine. But God was at work with me, and day by day I became more and more convinced of the *importance* of being pure in heart.

My petitions went up unceasingly at the throne of grace, with "a hungering and thirsting after righteousness"—often feeling my soul home-sick for heaven,

and a "longing to die, that I might become pure, and this ceaseless struggle forever over." How unavailing were those struggles with sin without strength from my Father to overcome. Providentially, while my spiritual life was thus beclouded a Number (the first I had ever seen) of the dear old "Guide" was thrown in my way. Oh, how eagerly I perused its *precious* pages, at once subscribing to it, and how the experience of the "Tuesday meetings" enlightened and led me in the way of all truth! What a spiritual feast its monthly visits were and *are still* to my soul! Oh, how I love the doctrine it teaches, and wish that I could tell to the world what a benefit it has been to me, and induce all to use it as a means of grace. "Mrs. Palmer's inestimable works," "Dr. Upham's Interior Life," with many other books on this now all-absorbing theme (holiness), I read with intense interest. My Bible was read and reread, and, too, upon my knees—closet sought time and again in secret prayer; but *all* was unavailing *until self* was nailed to the cross, a consecration of *all* made to God, a sense of my helplessness, unworthiness, and sinfulness felt, an implicit trust in my blessed Saviour exercised, applying Him, by faith, as my *personal* Redeemer from all sin.

This done, that moment I felt a nearness to God I had never felt before—streams of light pouring into my soul vivifying the words of His increase and my decrease—giving clearer perceptions of duty, and the great enormity of sin. No excited emotions, nor great outbursts of joy filled my heart, but a calmness, serenity, sweet heavenly peace rested in my soul that I would not exchange for the wealth of worlds.

The night of the twenty-third of July, 1858, the testimony of the Holy Spirit was given, that my poor offering was accepted through Christ and sanctified for the sake of the altar (Christ) upon which it was laid. I soon found I could not long retain the witnessing Spirit if I did not testify to what God had done for me. There was little encouragement to acknowledge it, as their was not one in all my acquaintance who professed this blessing of full salvation. It being an unpopular doctrine, as it always is where there is so much of worldliness mixed up with the Church, caused me to shrink from assuming the obligations and the responsibilities that a declaration of *this* truth would impose upon me.

At last I made it known to the above-mentioned relative, and afterwards to a few members of the "Class." The thought was then suggested, if you are not ashamed of Jesus, send your testimony to the "Guide." This publicity was a cross I shrunk from, yet went so far as to write it, but never to mail it, and gradually I lost the light, but never the desire to live a holy life. Years passed, but I was not spiritually happy; how could I be when I was living out of the path of duty—hiding my light.

The war came on, I was cut off from the precious "Guide," whose pages had been a beacon light to my "Interior Life" as well as a guide to Christian duty. The light that was in me became darkness, and reluctantly, with contrition and shame, I confessed by *my unfaithfulness* I had lost the blessing of holiness. But though I wandered from Him, my Father did not forsake me, for my soul was still athirst for perfect love. With earnestness and deep humility I wept, fasted, and prayed for the *uprooting* of sin in my heart again. Several years elapsed, and I tossed as a mariner on the rough seas with many a cause of spiritual and temporal disquietude, ere I was enabled to "come boldly unto a throne of grace, and find grace to help in time of need," realizing that the "blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth me from all sin."

The night of February twenty-third, 1872, a full surrender of all was made to God, and an *appropriating present* faith laid hold and claimed the blessing—my lost treasure again. Night of the twenty-fifth emptied of self, filled with God—triumph, victory—victory! Oh the precious promise, "They that hunger and thirst after righteousness shall be filled."

"And yet my soul is hungry; but its want
Is such as sweetens, not impairs its joys;
It thirsts, but ever at the living stream
It finds a fount of bliss, and is content.
Oh could my voice, the voice *within my soul*,
Reach some mistaken, hungry, pining heart,
How would I tell of *food* whose *taste* is life,
And *good*, whose joy is more than happiness,
And worth a higher name."

Precious Saviour! How much He has done for me and is able and willing to do the same for *all*. I've tried Him in affliction, in bereavement, and found Him ever a present help in time of need —His grace ever sufficient, and I'm willing to trust Him to the end.

Not long since, while saying to the Class *my all* was upon the Christian altar, the question arose in my mind, is your experience there? At once I determined to do what long years ago I felt was too great a cross; so here is the humble testimony of one who has no other will but God's, and dares not refuse to bear, in His strength, any cross He may lay upon me.

"No longer here in darkness my soul will suffer loss,
For I know that He is waiting behind each heavy cross."

SEPTEMBER 28, 1872.

For the Guide.

CONVICTION FOR SANCTIFICATION.

REV. F. G. HIBBARD. D.D.

What is conviction for sanctification? is a question often asked, and another word on its solution may not be inappropriate here.

1. God never bestows His saving grace to a heart unawakened—that is, unconvicted of its necessity. This is a law of redemption as unvaried as the wisdom and goodness of all his acts. Without conviction you never would seek; without conviction you could never be in a morally prepared state to receive. This is not peculiar to any one stage or degree of grace, or to any one gift of the Spirit, but to all. It is so of justification; it is so of every step in Christian progress. The order of the Spirit is to convince first of sin, then of righteousness.

Thus we find the Saviour cautiously scanning each applicant for help, with the "What wilt thou have me to do?" The first point to be settled is, whether the mind is sufficiently enlightened and penetrated with a consciousness of its own want; the second is, whether the soul is so shut up to Christ as to centre all hope and all faith for help in Him only. Specific conviction is a doctrine which pervades all Scripture, all experience, all systems of judicious beneficence or salutary discipline. The parent bestows upon the child judiciously only in proportion to a felt need. The wise Benefactor gives of His bounty as He perceives the receiver possesses a conscious sense of the value and timeliness of the gift from having suffered under the discipline of want and privation. All reason teaches that he who is not and has never been convicted of his need of any given or special grace will not be likely to profit much by its reception, or to feel a lively gratitude to the giver. All the blessings of redemption are priceless. They are the fruit of dying love—the blood of Jesus. They stand related to God, on the one hand, as Lawgiver and Judge as well as Benefactor, and to man on the other as a creature of discipline and accountability, wedded to sin, but to be won back to obedience and love conformably to the laws of his free will. Saving grace, then, must be given, not only for the purposes of personal salvation, but also of development, instruction, discipline, which, under the circumstances of its conferment, shall justify the wisdom of God, give sanction to the holiness and justice of His government, and concur with the mediation and death of Christ to vindicate the ways of God with man. The dispensation of pardon and sanctification are not only personal acts of God to His creatures as expressions of His own infinite good-will, but government acts of the Lawgiver and Judge to his rebellious and polluted subjects, His alien and lost children. Indiscriminate charity among men is often a doubtful blessing, and never attains the character and rank of the highest benevolence. The grace of God is free, as to the personal feelings of God, as to any "respecter of persons" on His part, as to the practicability and equality and reasonableness of its conditions, but there

are guards thrown around the method of dispensation—guards which the nature of God, the safety of law, the highest good of the creature, demand. Among these guards is this one—conviction of the need of saving grace as a condition of acceptable seeking, and of fitness for receiving.

"All the fitness He requireth,
Is to feel your need of Him."

(To be continued.)

For the Guide.

THE UNKNOWN WAY.

MRS. LIZZIE FENNER BAKER.

"I will lead them by paths they have not known."—Isaiah xlii. 16.

Following Thee, my Blessed Lord,
By a way I do not know—
Except 'tis the one which Thou hast trod,
There all Thy saints must go!
The stones are sharp beneath my feet!
The winds are bleak and cold!
Yet Jacob-like, my rest is sweet,
Thine arms about me fold.

A golden ladder to the skies
Of faith and prayer I make—
How far the onward journey lies
I care not!—for Thy sake.
O gentle Christ!—I count all gain
Of earthly things but loss;—
And find, for every sore heart-pain
Sweet healing in Thy cross.

Thy Voice, whose love-tones died in woe
On Calvary's mount for me;
Does through my saddest moments flow,
In tenderest harmony!
Oh Jesus! *Is it* grief to tread
The lone way for awhile,
Still by the guiding Spirit led
Nearer Thy Throne and smile?

"Thy will be done." Oh! will unknown,
Be mine!—whate'er thou art!—
Dear Lord, forsake not Thou thine own—
But sanctified in heart,
And loving with a changeless love
Thy glory and Thy will—
Lead me through dark to light above,
In death Thy servant still.

SELINS GROVE, Pa.

For the Guide.

THE HAPPY CHURCH.

REV. D. NASH.

When a church contains many believers, it will have numerous springs of happiness and vigor. Whether they be babes in Christ, or young men, or fathers, or mothers in Israel, they are all members of the household of faith. Every sincere convert forms another link of connection between heaven and earth. A new channel of communication is opened between the reservoir above and the church beneath. Instead of a cold hearer of the Word, whose unconcern about spiritual things caused pain and anxiety to the faithful worshipper, another heart is kindled with the fire of divine love, to shed its warm and cheering influences upon the circle around. A little more leaven has been put into the lump. Christ has found another lodging-place in His Church. A chamber in the house of God, which was furnished with worldliness, darkened by sin, and haunted by evil spirits, is now illumined with heaven's sunshine, adorned with the graces of salvation, and filled with an atmosphere of praise and devotion. Ministering angels, bringing messages of love to the new heir of glory, scatter a fragrant odor upon the family around.

Who that has been present at the conversion of a sinner, and heard his first triumphant song, "O Lord, I will praise Thee; though Thou wast angry with me, Thine anger is turned away, and Thou comfortest me," but hast felt a heavenly influence pervading the place, as if angels shared in the common joy, and has been ready to exclaim, "This is none other than the house of God, and the gate of heaven"? And it *was the gate of heaven*—the place where God came forth from His sanctuary to receive and bless a returning prodigal.

These visits of mercy, when known to a church, greatly revive and strengthen her energies. She has many difficulties to contend with, many sore conflicts with the powers of hell, and with the "rulers of the darkness of this world;" and she has to mourn over some who decline from the ways of righteousness, or to

sigh for the loss of her useful children when taken away to join the Church above.

Repeated manifestations of Christ's saving power are constant proofs that the great Head is still present, walking in the midst of the golden candlesticks. But we do not wonder that churches should be cold and cheerless, when they never know that their Lord pays them a solitary visit of saving mercy, or that there should be little brotherly love, when the presence of Christ is limited to the idea of religious forms and service in which His name is employed.

CHESHIRE, Conn.

For the Guide.

THE YOUNG MARTYR.

REV. H. BELDEN.

During the bloody persecutions in England in the days of Queen Mary, many faithful witnesses sealed their testimony with their blood. Among the number was William Hunter, a London apprentice-boy, nineteen years of age. He had been ordered by a priest to attend Mass when it was re-established, and had refused. His master, fearing that he might be brought into trouble, sent him home to his family at Brentwood, in Essex. Another priest, going one day into Brentwood Church, found Hunter reading the Bible there.

"Could he expound Scripture that he read it thus to himself?" the priest asked. Hunter replied that he was reading for his comfort; he did not take upon himself to expound. The Bible taught how to live, and how to distinguish between right and wrong.

The priest said it was never "*merry world*" since the Bible came forth in English. He saw what Hunter was—he was one of those who disliked the Queen's laws, and he and other heretics would broil for it before all was over.

The boy's friends thought it prudent that he should fly to some place where he was not known. But as soon as he was gone, a Catholic magistrate in the neighborhood required his father to produce him, on peril of being arrested in his place; and after a struggle of affection, in which the father offered to shield his son at his own hazard, young Hunter returned and surrendered.

The magistrate sent him to the Bishop of London, who kept him in prison three-quarters of a year. He was then called up for examination.

Bishop Bonner, though a bigot and a ruffian, had, at times, a coarse good-nature in him, and often, in moments of pity, thrust an easy recantation upon a hesitating prisoner. He tried to save this young apprentice.

"If thou wilt recant," he said to him, "I will make thee a free man in the city, and give thee forty pounds in money to set up thy occupation withal; or I will make thee steward of mine house, and set thee in office, for I like thee well."

Hunter thanked him for his kindness; but it could not be, he said. He must stand to the truth; he could not lie, or pretend to believe what he did not believe. Bonner said, and probably with sincere conviction, that if he persisted he would be damned forever. Hunter said that God judged more righteously, and justified those whom men unjustly condemned.

He was, therefore, to die; and on Saturday, 23d of March, he was sent to suffer in his native village. Monday being the feast of the Annunciation, the execution was postponed till Tuesday. The intervening time he was allowed to spend with his friends in the parlor of the Swan Inn. His father prayed that he might continue to the end in the way that he had begun. His mother said she was happy to bear a child who could find in his heart to lose his life for Christ's sake.

"Mother," he answered, "for my little pain which I shall suffer, which is but a short braid, Christ hath promised me a crown of joy. May you not be glad of that, mother?"

Amidst such words the days passed. Tuesday morning the sheriff's son came and embraced him, bade him not be afraid, and could speak no more for weeping. When the sheriff came himself for him, he took his brother's arm,

and walked calmly to the place of execution. His father was at the roadside as he passed.

"God be with thee, son William!" the old man said.

"God be with thee, good father!" the son answered, "and be of good comfort."

When he was come to the stake he took one of the fagots, knelt upon it, and prayed for a few moments. The sheriff read the pardon, with the conditions.

"I shall not recant," he said, and walked to the post, to which he was chained.

"Pray for me, good people, while you see me alive," he said to the crowd.

"Pray for thee!" said the magistrate who had committed him; "I will no more pray for thee than I will pray for a dog."

"Son of God!" Hunter exclaimed, "shine on me." The sun broke out from behind a cloud, and blazed in glory on his face.

The fagots were set on fire.

"Look," shrieked the priest, "how thou burnest here, so shalt thou burn in hell!"

The martyr had a prayer-book in his hands, which he cast through the flames to his brother.

"William," said the brother, "think on the holy passion of Christ, and be not afraid of death."

"I am not afraid," were his last words, "Lord, Lord, Lord, receive my spirit!"—*Froude's History of England.*

For the Guide.

A MOTHER'S WAGES.

L. A. B.

Christian mother, do you think it is in vain the care, the anxiety, the diligence with which you attended your child from the time she was laid in your arms as a precious gift from God until He called her to Himself?

Was it lost time when you washed, and clothed, and contributed to her many wants? Was it lost time when you taught her to pray to her Father in heaven, and told her about the precious Saviour?

Day after day as years wore on you wavered not in your diligence to your loved one; in sickness and in health, in sorrow and in joy, you were ever rejoicing in her love. You often thought of the comfort she would prove to you in your old age; one day, to your amazement and sorrow, she closed her eyes in death and went to her Saviour.

When you think of the past love and labor, deep anguish, and buried hopes, you exclaim, "Would it not have been better if the precious one had never been given?" Not so, my friend, you have been performing a noble work in training this soul for Jesus! Not a sleepless night or sorrowing day shall be forgotten by Him. When He bade you take the child and nurse it for Him, He said, "*I* will give thee *thy wages.*"

God has placed in the inner "chamber of our memory like a beautiful picture," the past lives of our children; we have but to turn our eyes inward, when we behold again the loving forms and pleasant ways of the departed. The affectionate kiss, the pleading eyes, the simple trust, the loving service. These are given, not to tantalize us, but an earnest that they shall be all restored to us again.

But the wages is yet to come. It is *Jesus own self*, and in Him we receive all things—children, friends, honor, immortality, and eternal life!

Christian mother! as one by one your precious children are called to their beautiful home in heaven, leaving vacant places around your table which you look at with tearful eyes, let your heart rejoice with thankfulness that their life work, though so imperfect and incomplete, was accepted by their precious Saviour, and they were excused all the temptations, toils, and hardships of a long pilgrimage; and with regard to your loving ministry to them, "*God* shall *give thee thy wages.*"

"Are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?"—Heb. i. 14.

For the Guide.

EVERYWHERE WITH JESUS.

REV. JAMES MUDGE.

Everywhere with Jesus;
Oh how sweet the thought!
Filling all my soul with joy,
Deep with comfort fraught.
Never absent far from Him,
Always at His side;
Everywhere with Jesus,
Trusting Him to guide.

Everywhere with Jesus;
For no place can be
Where I may not find Him near,
Very near to me,
Closer than the flesh I wear—
In my inmost heart—
Everywhere with Jesus,
We shall never part.

Everywhere with Jesus;
Do whate'er I may,
Work, or talk, or walk abroad,
Study, preach, or pray,
Still I find Him, full of love,
Ready ere I call.
Everywhere with Jesus,
He is my all in all.

Everywhere with Jesus;
Let the world assail:
Naught can shake my sure repose,
He will never fail.
I am weak but He is strong,
Mighty to defend;
Everywhere with Jesus,
Safe with such a Friend.

Everywhere with Jesus;
Careful should I be,
Lest some secret thought of guile
His pure eye may see.
Holy, harmless, undefiled,
He no sin can know;
Everywhere with Jesus,
Spotless I may go.

Everywhere with Jesus,
Would that all might say;
Happy then beyond compare,
Glad by night and day.
All would taste of joy sublime,
Perfect peace and rest:
Everywhere with Jesus,
Nothing could molest.

For the Guide.

BIND UP THE TESTIMONY.

REV. MAXWELL P. GADDIS,
CINCINNATI CONFERENCE.

I have been prevented by affliction from giving you the experience of Rev. Charles R. Baldwin, as promised last summer. I now redeem my pledge, and send it in his own words.

You know my mind has been much exercised on the subject of sanctification, and I have long been endeavoring to "*go on to perfection.*"

In December last, while praying for sanctification, heaven came down into my soul, and I was lost in the ocean of God's love. But I did not yet feel the *cleansing* operation of the Holy Spirit, the healing and sanctifying application of the blood of Christ. I did not seek with *faith* nor the *right disposition of heart.* Christ stood ready to come in, but I had been afraid to admit the heavenly Visitant; I trembled at the thought of receiving so large a measure of His love, knowing well that the candle was not lit to be hid, that every talent was given to be improved, and that which was spoken in the ear was to be proclaimed upon the house tops. I feared the more arduous duties and solemn responsibilities which would grow out of this unspeakable gift. Hence, though I heard the voice of Jesus, I did not fully open the door, nor had I felt the necessity of being "every whit whole," of having every "root of bitterness destroyed" and every guilty stain washed away.

Yesterday morning I arose under a strong conviction of my exceeding vileness in the sight of a pure and holy God, and this feeling was increased while engaged in my secret devotions.

Opening upon a portion of God's holy Word I was forcibly reminded of past favors which I had received at His hands, the ease with which I had yielded to many besetting sins. The Lord threatened to disown me before His people, to cause all my mirth and my solemn feast to cease, and to take away my place in the sanctuary, and to visit upon me the days when I had burned incense to the God of this world, had decked myself with jewels, and had for-

gotten the Lord. But with all *these threatenings* the promise was *powerfully* applied that the Lord would allure me and bring me back into the wilderness, and speak comfortably unto me; that He would give me my vineyards from thence and the *Valley of Achor for a door of hope*, and I should sing there as in the days of my youth, and as in the days when I came up out of Egypt; and it shall be in that day, saith the Lord, that thou shalt call me "Ishi," husband, and shall call me no more "Baah," my master, and I will betroth thee unto me in righteousness, and in judgment, and in loving kindness, and in mercies, and I will even betroth thee unto me in faithfulness, and thou shalt know that I am the Lord, and will say to them which were not my people, "THOU ART MY PEOPLE," and they shall say, "THOU ART MY GOD."

Could I longer doubt after this message was made known, what was the will of God concerning me? I again prostrated myself before the Lord, and it appeared to me as if I saw my own soul covered all over with the dark, guilty stains of sin, and I cried out, "UNCLEAN! UNCLEAN!" I felt, too, within my own heart the *seeds of pride*, and *sinful affections, thoughts*, and *desires*—remaining "roots of bitterness" springing up continually to trouble me.

I then prayed fervently that every sinful stain might be washed away "NOW," every root of bitterness plucked up—evil tempers and dispositions destroyed, that the house might be "emptied swept, and garnished," and my body made a temple of the Holy Ghost; that refining fire might go through my heart, illuminate it, and scatter its life through every part, and "sanctify the whole."

MY PRAYER WAS ANSWERED. *I felt the* CLEANSING operation of the "precious blood of Christ," the sanctifying influence of the Holy Spirit removing every guilty stain, DESTROYING ALL SIN, rectifying the heart of every *evil thing*, and *causing me* to *feel that I was* "*clean*."

But as yet the Lord had not breathed into me fully the breath of *this new spiritual life*. I was indeed cleansed from all "filthiness," and of all my "idols," and a new heart put into me which I felt to be "pure." I wanted the spirit. I turned to the twenty-fourth chapter of Exodus, where the appearance of the Lord is described as it were the "body of heaven in His clearness," when my eye rested on the seventeenth verse; at that *instant* the love God filled my soul, running *like fire* through every part, and I shouted aloud for joy. I preached that day upon Sanctification, from Ephesians iii. 3: "How that by revelation He made known unto me the mystery." In the class-meeting which followed, I DECLARED WHAT THE LORD HAD DONE FOR ME, and I was filled to overflowing, so filled by the sanctifying stream, that it far surpassed anything felt when first *justified*, or *regenerated*.

Oh the delights and holy joy of that hour! Oh how sweet and refreshing to the soul! I could then "magnify the Lord" with a *new tongue of praise*.

In riding along the road, I felt a clear witness of the mighty work wrought in me by the Holy Spirit. I felt an almost *constant direction* of that Spirit, and the least omission or backwardness in duty pained my heart. *It is only in grace that I stand, and I cannot live away from Christ.* All my enjoyment is *in Him*. Every "moment" I feel the "merit" of His death. To-day I have been unspeakably happy, my soul filled with pure seraphic fire, the witness of the Holy Spirit constant, and SO CLEAR AND ABIDING AS TO LEAVE NO DOUBT. To be a servant of God is an unspeakable honor; to be adopted into His family, and to be made a child, an inconceivable felicity; but the highest state of all—to be "betrothed" unto Christ in faithfulness; "I will bethroth thee unto me in faithfulness, and thou shalt know the Lord." Hos. ii. 20. Even faith itself seems to stagger. Does not the Apostle refer to this intimate union between Christ and believers in Ephesians ii. 5, 6, 7? And St. John calls the Church the "Bride, the Lamb's wife." Glorious privilege!

"HOW SOUGHT?"

I can only say how I found it. From the time that I became a follower of Jesus, I endeavored, whether I ate or

drank, to do all to the glory of God. I watched and prayed against temptation, I believed in the constant guidance and direction of the Holy Ghost, and prayed for it, and endeavored to follow it where it led. But I did not always live up to *my rules*, but too often took pattern after others who were in truth pious and much devoted to the Lord, but had not laid down for themselves very close, *severe, self-denying rules of holy living.* This had a pernicious influence. I said, "This man is a servant of God, enjoys religion, and is owned of his Master. He indulges in many little things though unnecessary, are, perhaps, not sinful." But this brought leanness into *my soul.* One desire brought on another, and led *me* away from Christ. I changed my course, and the work of divine grace became deeper and deeper, my enjoyment purer, higher, and more lasting, until at last I felt more painfully my shortcomings and unworthiness. I looked *more away from men,* and sought the *approbation of God.* Of one thing I am entirely satisfied—that I might have obtained the blessing months ago, had I *lived faithful.* When we are regenerated, the affections and desires are all *nailed to the cross,* and will soon *die* if we *give them no relief.* But they are such *beggars,* they urge with such importunity; and these little *indulgences* in which there is no harm, *insensibly* draw the mind away from Christ, and keep the soul in bondage. "Whatever is not of faith is sin." No action of our lives is indifferent. "Whatever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus." But, after all, *faith in Christ* is the condition, the merits of Christ the *procuring cause,* and His blood applied by the Holy Spirit the *efficient* agent of our sanctification. I *believed,* and was *fully saved.* My soul was all dissolved in love. I do love God "with all my heart and soul, mind and strength;" and, I believe *I love my neighbor as myself.* I feel that I would sooner wrong myself than my worst enemy. In making this declaration, I am conscious that I am *inviting scrutiny,* but I cannot deny my Lord and Master. To His name be all the glory! I am fully saved. The blessing thus obtained by Brother Baldwin was never lost. Like the sainted Cookman, he went "sweeping through the gates" into bright glory.

Dear inquiring brother, what do you say to these things? This doctrine is no *modern invention.* It is found embodied in that commandment, the essence of all true religion, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart," etc. This *point* of "*Christian perfection*" must be attained in this life or heaven is lost, for on these two commandments hang *all the law* and the prophets. Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth. Brother Baldwin says, in his work on the Circuit, after he received this "GREAT BLESSING," he was "often blessed to *such a degree* that the SPIRIT COULD SUSTAIN NO GREATER WEIGHT OF GLORY IN THE BODY." What a delightful frame of mind in which to preach Jesus! Hallelujah! The same fountain is open to us all. Let us all "go wash and be clean." "Bind up the testimony, and seal the law among my disciples."

MINISTERIAL UNFAITHFULNESS.

A young minister preaching very earnestly in a certain chapel, after service, had to walk four or five miles to his home along a country road. A young man who had been deeply impressed during the sermon requested the privilege of walking with the minister, with an earnest hope that he might get an opportunity of telling his feelings to him, and obtaining some word of guidance or comfort. Instead of that, the young minister, all along, told the most singular tales to those who were with him, causing loud roars of laughter. He stopped at a certain house, and this young man with him, and the whole evening was spent in frivolity.

Some years after, when the minister had grown older, he was sent for to the bedside of a dying man. He hastened thither with a heart desirous to do good. He was requested to sit down at the bedside, and the dying man, looking at

him and regarding him more closely, said to him:

"Do you remember preaching in such a village, and on such an occasion?"

"I do," said the minister.

"I was one of your hearers," said the man, "and I was deeply impressed by the sermon."

"Thank God for that!" said the minister.

"Stop!" interrupted the man, "don't thank God till you have heard the whole story. You will have reason to alter your tone before I have done."

The minister changed countenance; but he little guessed what would be the full extent of that man's testimony.

Said he, "Sir, do you remember after you had finished your sermon that I, with some others, walked home with you? I was sincerely desirous of being led in the right path that night; but I heard you speak in such a strain of levity, and with so much coarseness too, that I went outside the house while you were sitting down to your evening meal. I stamped my foot upon the ground; I said that you were a liar; that Christianity was a falsehood; that if you could pretend to be in earnest in the pulpit, and then come down and talk like that, the whole thing must be a sham. And I have been an infidel," said he, "a confirmed infidel, from that day to this. But I am not an infidel at this moment. I know better. I am dying, and about to be damned, and at the bar of God I will lay my damnation to your charge. My blood is upon your head!" And with a dreadful shriek, and a demoniacal glance at the trembling minister, he died.

BLESSED MEMORIES.

No. II.

REV. JAMES HARRIS.

"The memory of the just is blessed."

MY MOTHER.

In 1817, Mary Brocas was married to the late Rev. Thos. Harris. He was the son of one who had been her father's most intimate friend. Together had they often ridden to Madely to sit under Fletcher. But the prospects before a young man entering the Methodist ministry in those days were not inviting. Lodging in ill-furnished rooms, scant fare and small salaries, with much labor, no wonder that the father hesitated to give his "Mary" to be the wife of an itinerant. But the surrender was made in faith, and Mary Brocas became the preacher's wife. She soon tasted of its trials and inconveniences, but devoted herself to the noble work of aiding in the work of the Church. In every Circuit she was a class-leader, a visitor of the sick, and often a tract-distributer; but first she sought to show piety at home in the diligent culture of personal piety, in the well-ordered and regular discharge of domestic duties, and in the religious training of her children.

Having seen her at home as the pious daughter, now let us look into her inner-life when she had been many years the pastor's wife.

"York, *June* 16, 1839.—Happy myself in the Lord, I am increasingly desirous that the knowledge of His great salvation should spread to earth's remotest bounds. In order to this, how necessary that all who name the name of the Lord should depart from all iniquity! With increasing admiration, I often dwell on the purity and beauty of the religion of the Bible, and was happy this afternoon in encouraging the members of the class to a more earnest perusal of the sacred volume. Come what will, we are only Bible Christians. We need fear no evil; but we are in danger of bringing its teachings down to our own low views, instead of endeavoring to rise to its standard, and to love God with *all* the heart.

"*January* 5, 1840.—This morning my spirit was refreshed while my dear husband was preaching, and this afternoon we had from nine hundred to a thousand persons present at the renewal of the covenant. Such a number on such an occasion I never saw before. This evening I have remained alone at home for the purpose of more direct communings with my God, and it has been truly good for me to draw nigh to Him. I have opened my heart unto the Lord, and poured out the desires of my soul before Him for myself, for my dear husband, for my children, for that afflicted woman, for our Society here, for our connection (church), for the prosperity of the work of God at home and abroad, for our Queen, and for our country, etc., etc. By this happy means I feel my mind greatly relieved.

"LEEDS, 1841.—I have been much quickened in the pursuit of that holiness without which no man shall see the Lord. A few of us have commenced a meeting for the promotion of holiness on Friday mornings. Last evening, when bowing my knees in my own room, I thought of the myriads of prayers that had been that day offered to God, and what more could I say? When our Lord's prayer was presented to my mind, I began devoutly to put it up. When I came to those words, 'Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven,' my heart overflowed. I thought all, *all*, I want is here in these two petitions; and while I was pleading that His kingdom may come, and His will be done, I thought, and this is the will of God in Christ Jesus respecting you, even your perfection, all within me cried, 'Thy will be done! Amen and amen.'

"*February*, 1842.—I never entered upon a new year with so many engagements—the Clothing Charity, visiting the poor, day-school visiting, and my tract district. On going out this afternoon, I thought I would give up this last work, and have the Sabbath afternoon to myself; but some of the doors hitherto closed have opened, and I was permitted to enter, and I feel encouraged to go on. I have begun a class in this neighborhood (her tract district), and believe the Lord will make it a blessing. I think I have not felt so happy since I came to Leeds as I did in commencing that class. The heavenly dew did indeed descend, and my soul was a watered garden."

There is yet another relation, and to the writer a more precious one still, in which he would have the reader become acquainted with the subject of this memoir. She was a mother. Ten children in all she had. One, only one, died in infancy. One reached the age of fifteen, and passed away. The remaining eight all survive. She rejoiced to see her children all converted to God; and yet their very piety and consecration brought to her motherly heart some of its greatest trials. We shall learn them best from her own lips. Speaking of her first-born son, who had entered the ministry of the Church, she said: "When he first offered to go out as a Missionary, I felt as though I could not bear it, and it seemed to me hard that the Lord should require such a sacrifice at my hands. But as I wrestled with God in prayer to know and to do His will, I thought how often in the fulness of my love I have said, 'Had I a thousand hearts to give, I'd give them all to Thee,' and now I hesitate when the Lord requires this one from me." And then she added: "I gave him fully to the Lord. It was a great sacrifice, but I never regretted it. The Lord called him to the work, and has blessed him in it."

(To be continued.)

For the Guide.

"IN THE MIDST OF THE YEARS."

Revive thy work in the midst of the years.—HAB. iii. 2.

REV. ALFRED J. HOUGH.

Just wait a moment, dear old year, I have a word to say
About the length you've brought my soul along the heavenly way;
I'd like to see the record you must carry up on high,
Before you flit across the hills and down the west to die.

We've had some happy times, old year, before the mercy-seat,
When heaven opened to the soul with music low and sweet;
And we have seen the wilderness with snow-white promise bloom,
When Jesus and His glory came and fill'd this little room.

But there's a shadow on thy brow, I know what thou wouldst tell;
About the sainted men who fought for Christ, and early fell;
Still this one thought should cheer thee, that in city, camp, and town,
A host that once for Satan fought are fighting for a crown.

About those golden hours, old year, you brought me every day,
How many have I wasted and how many flung away?
Is that the sum? Lord Jesus, and canst Thou say "well done,"
If I have wasted fifty hours, or even wasted one?

How many idle words, old year, how many foolish dreams?
Oh shut thy book and clasp it tight, so full of these it seems.
How many crosses have I borne? old year, there must be more!
How many crosses have I shunn'd? is that the fearful score!

How many stars hast set, old year, in that bright crown of mine?
So few! I thought its golden front with ransom'd souls must shine.
How many moments have I spent with Jesus, all alone?
No more! then canst thou wonder, soul, thou hast no better grown?

Old year, I thank thee for thy love; I sorrow for my sin,
I bless thee for the heavenly light which thou didst usher in.
Had I but used thee as I ought, to-day thou wouldst have given
A title clearer to that home prepared for me in heaven.

I did not dream thy locks of jet would turn to gray so soon,
Or that the evening of thy life so swiftly follow'd noon.
Thou needst not speak, old year, I know what thou wouldst say—
This little life of mine will pass just like a dream away.

We're parting now, good-bye, old year!—before the Judgment seat,
Amidst assembled multitudes we shall hereafter meet;
And when the eyes of God, the Judge, upon thy pages fall,
Oh may they read in lines of light that Jesus paid it all.

Is that New Year? Oh yes, come in!
A welcome sweet to thee;
Thou hast not yet a single sin
Writ on thy book for me.
Open it wide and let me see
Its pages white and clean,
They speak so loud of what may be,
And not what might have been.

Write plain upon the first white sheet
I all for Christ resign,
And lay down at His wounded feet
Whate'er I thought was mine.
My lips to speak His praise,—my brain
To toil for Him alone,
My heart wash'd free from every stain,
His temple and His throne.

Write down, New Year, in letters bright,
I start for heaven anew,
To walk with Jesus in the light,
And keep the prize in view.
Write Jesus on that page so fair,
To save my soul He came,
Write Jesus! Jesus! everywhere,
And finish with His name.

Lend me thy days, New Year, to sing
Of Christ's redeeming love,
Lend me thy nights, new year, to wing
My thoughts to heaven above.
Let faith dissolve each doubt, and make
The seeming wrongs all right,
And hope just like a sunburst break
Upon the darkest night.

I pray, New Year, that thou mayst spread
Salvation through the land,
That whiten'd bones in churches dead
Upon their feet may stand.
On all the earth rich blessings pour,
Christ's laborers to cheer,
That we may name thee evermore,
The Pentecostal Year,

EAST WALDEN, Vt.

Loved Ones Gone Before.

JUDGE CORWIN.

Hon. Ichabod Corwin died at his residence in Urbana, Ohio, Nov. 28, 1872.

He was born April 31, 1823, and lived a life of usefulness and of honor. In the fall of 1866 he was elevated to the office of Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, for the sub-district of Champaign, Miame, and Dack counties. The Cincinnati Conference elected him a lay delegate to the General Conference held last year in Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Christian experience of Judge Corwin was an uncommon one. He dwelt in the Church as one who had found his home and was content therewith, and there he worshipped and praised God in the strongest faith that an immortality of joy awaited him. He was earnest and firm, and at all fitting times he gave testimony for the cause in which he ardently labored.

The simplicity of his faith, uncrossed and undisturbed by the various doctrinal creeds of Churches, may be illustrated by an occurrence of the day previous to his death. The Judge was a Methodist. That day Rev. J. F. Kearney, pastor of the Catholic Church, called to see him, as a neighbor and a friend. The Judge remarked to him: "Father Kearney, on the occasion of our first acquaintance I learned that you believe in the Lord Jesus Christ. Do you believe that Jesus saves from sin?" The priest answered in the affirmative. "Then," continued Judge Corwin, "this foundation is broad enough for all of us. We both desire to gain heaven, but we differ as to the means; but, Father Kearney, I know by the *witness* of the Spirit that Jesus saves me *now*. If you love Jesus, we belong to a common brotherhood. And now I want you to pray for me as I would pray for you." And in solemn compliance the priest knelt and prayed for him. There was no formality there, only that humble spirit that belongs to those who recognize the great and inseparable ties of fraternity among all who love their Master.

During his sickness he retained his mind and his voice, till within a few hours of his death. With a clear and composed intellect he talked freely to his family and friends, and made use of some of the most striking,

electrifying sentiments, illustrating not only his reliance upon a Saviour, but as well the great depth and compass of thought. Asked if he could say the Lord is the strength of your heart and your portion forever, he slowly replied: "Now listen to what I have to say: He keepeth me in perfect peace because I trust in Him." To his sons he said: "Let the purest and clearest light fall upon the most solid and permanent body, and there will be variation in the shadow—there will be a little visible turning from the line. But, my dear children, with Jesus, who is my Saviour, there is no variation, neither shadow of turning."

He experienced the blessing of entire sanctification one year ago, through the instrumentality of the Rev. Henry Belden, who at that time was laboring to promote the cause of holiness in Urbana, to whom it was addressed, and through whose kindness we have the privilege of presenting the following interesting letter, written by Dr. J. W. Goddard:

URBANA, Ohio, *December* 9, 1872.

REV. HENRY BELDEN. My Dear Brother:—You have doubtless noticed in the public prints the demise of our very worthy citizen and Christian brother, Judge Corwin, who died at his residence on Thursday, November 28, 1872, of disease of the liver, which had been insidiously underminmg his constitution for several years. I need hardly remind you that the Bar has lost one of its ablest members, society a bright ornament, and the Church one of its most useful, working, and humble members. I enclose you the action of the Bar of our town, and also an editorial from our paper. You are well aware of the complete consecration he made of all to Christ in his *Parlor* in your own presence, as well as a few devoted friends who listened to your words of Christian counsel. Just one year previous to the day of what seems to us his untimely death, you have not forgotten his child-like pleading for a pure heart, and for the witness that *Jesus* was enthroned within—without a rival. No one who was present on that memorable evening entertains any doubt but that the great transaction was completed in his heart, then and there, and that he could fully understand those words of *Jesus*, "Abide in Me and I in you," and from that time until his death he seemed to be filled with the Spirit, and to work for Christ was his highest aspiration, and his most loved employment.

The friends whom you met at his house with some others have continued to meet weekly in these little gatherings. Judge Corwin was always happy—*holiness* became the "Key-note" of his heart—a purified life the one desire—and the salvation of sinners and the spread of holiness the acme of his wishes. His sense of unworthiness greatly quickened, and when giving his testimony for Christ it was always in great humiliation, and very low at the foot of the cross, but positive emphatic, and almost overwhelmed with the presence of the "Holy Ghost"—his life was hid with Christ in God, and his last year was almost a triumphal march through the Land of Beulah, and his mournful illness was entirely divested of all gloom and regrets. He seemed constantly filled with peace, joy, and the ever-present witness of *Jesus* that he was entirely *saved*, and wholly His, now and for ever. His sick-room did not seem like a chamber of death, but the very gate of heaven. The smiles of God's countenance beaming upon him in glorified power, and his constant song, to Him that hath *loved* him and washed him in His own precious blood.

How frequently he would speak of your visit to Urbana, and your words of cheer and comfort to him. He was filled with love for you, and good wishes that your useful life might be prolonged and sanctified to the good of others, as you had been to him—and all of us who listened to your counsels. His lonely and strickened widow wished me to say to you that her heart, though almost crushed by this terrible blow, retains the kindest memories of your visit to what is now her lonely home; and she wished me to say to you that she would ever keep you in her affections, now that her husband who loved you so well, has been transplanted from earth to *heaven*. We hail you as a Christian brother, and hope to live with you forever among the glorified.

JOHN M. MENDENHALL.

Bro. Mendenhall died at Salem, Iowa, Dec., 1871, aged 38.

For several years he had been a faithful follower of our blessed Saviour, and a lover of the "Guide to Holiness." He professed and enjoyed "perfect love which casteth out fear." The poor found in him a friend, and the sorrowing one a very ready sympathy. He was beloved by all who knew him. Always ready to assist in every good word and work, we miss him from our circle. When we visited him in his last sickness, his face was lighted with a heavenly radiance. His last words were, "The gates are open."

M. J. JOHNSON.

Editorial.

THE NEW YEAR.

A new year has dawned upon us, and with it we again rejoicingly greet our many dear readers of the "Guide to Holiness" scattered abroad. And never were our hearts more gratefully alive to the privilege of thus affectionately saluting the multitudes of dear ones beloved in the Lord as at this eventful hour. And as we gather as one in spirit, at this the opening of the new year, let us again, with

renewed and stronger faith, cast anchor deeper within the vail.

Let new time, new favors, and new joys lead the way to new resolves, and a fresh, deeper plunge into the fountain, opened in the house of David. Dear fellow-traveller in the King's highway, let us as *individuals* ask ourselves, Do I begin the new year with a clean record? Does the purifying blood now touch all the past? Are no lingerings of doubt weakening my purposes, in regard to the future, which I desire and intend shall be doubly mighty for God, if spared during the year? To such we would in the Spirit's power say, Come!

> Come! come again with the fresh-born year,
> Begin anew with holy cheer,
> With high resolve, all firm and true,
> The heavenward race again renew;
> Jesus *alone* be the *watchword* now,
> Jesus! Jesus! Jesus!

Yes, Jesus the Lamb *newly* slain. By an eye of faith, look at the cleansing blood now flowing for you. Listen to the voice of the everlasting Father, now saying to you, "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son *cleanseth* us from all sin." Yes; *us, you, me!* What! *now*, my Lord! Yes; "Now is the accepted time, behold NOW is the day of salvation."

> "'Tis done! the great transaction's done!"

And now, with the new year, let us renewedly, in yet more exalted strains, join in the new eternal song, "Unto Him who hath loved us, and redeemed us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father, to Him be glory and dominion forever and ever. AMEN!"

WHAT IS YOUR TESTIMONY?

God's people, of all ages and of every religious community, are *individually* bearing some sort of testimony, either for or against the faithfulness of God. And that testimony has been, and still is being *recorded.* Yes, there it stands written out; not only known and read of men, but open to the searching eye of God and angels. However insignificant we may seem to be in our own estimation, yet the testimony we may have given in, or the future of our lives may present, has been and will be recorded.

The Book of Lives has been written up from the first ages of the world, and will continue to be written up till the remotest period of time. Not a single act or word but has been recognized by the recording angel; and it is thus by the minutia of life that the general testimony of life will be made up when the judgment is set and the books opened. Little did

ABEL,

whose short but righteous life glorified God, imagine that the brief history of his life was being written up by more than angel-pen, and thus be an open and ever-speaking testimony to the millions of deathless beings since born into the world. The taunts of his sinning, envious brother were borne with in secret. But he endured as *seeing the Invisible.* The Invisible was looking on him; and, noting down his righteous course, gave the influential testimony of his short life to the world, and there it stands written out in living, ever-speaking characters in that holy Book of which God himself is the Author.

The summings up of good Enoch's life, though so briefly told in the words,

"ENOCH WALKED WITH GOD,"

how inspiring was the testimony! Though the age was degenerate, and he lived among men as a man, with his sons and daughters surrounding him, yet he walked with God three hundred years. Little did he think while he was struggling on amid temptation and surrounding pollution, careful to keep himself unspotted, and walking with blood-washed garments for a long term of years, that a divine hand was taking down the testimony of his daily life for the benefit of all succeeding generations. The same might be said of

ABRAHAM.

Little did he think when he was taking his first steps in faith, by journeying to a land that he knew not, that the testimony of his faith and obedience in thus following God blindfolded was being inscribed with an immortal pen, and handed down to posterity as a model testimony.

And thus we might refer to Isaac, Jacob, and all the truly good of every age. But let us for a moment refer to the testimony given by

CALEB AND JOSHUA,

in company with the ten who went with them to spy out the land. The ten probably thought they had a right to promulgate their opinion. We may imagine that they were not insincere in testifying that they were not able to go up and possess the good land.

What, then, made the difference between Caleb and Joshua and their brethren who went with them? It was this—the two *believed God*, and, with their eye fixed on His *promise*, testified accordingly. The ten, instead of believing God and trusting to His power and faithfulness to give them the land, looked at the strength of their enemies and their *own* weakness, and imagining that they had a right as men to speak out their own thoughts, testified according to their belief.

But how little did they imagine that the gaze of the upper and lower world was upon them! how the Holy Spirit was grieved! how the angels who are ever in sympathy with God were grieved! as the testimony was noted in heaven, "They believed not God, neither trusted in His salvation." And what a jubilee there must have been in the lower regions when they saw that this army, six hundred thousand strong, were, through the effect of the testimony of these ten men, to be turned back to wander in the wilderness till they should be consumed!

Will it not be well to ask every one reading these lines, *What testimony is now being recorded of you?* Is it that we are well able to go up and possess the land, or does the record of your daily life and conversation testify before the world that we are not able?

"I DETERMINED."

In reading the letters of Paul, we have frequent occasion to observe that he through grace sustained a very strong, decided Christian character. It was only for him to discern clearly the path of duty, and the next moment to step forward. With him a clear perception of the right, and openly defined immediate action were almost simultaneous. And thus it was regardless of the shrinkings of the flesh, and in defiance of worldly opinion or gains. It was on an occasion when would-be friends and worldly policy would have said, "Pause a little while; don't be rash. Think of what sacrifices will result from this step!" And how long did it take him to decide?

"*Immediately*," says he, "I conferred not with flesh and blood." With Paul the Rubicon was past. He had taken his standpoint millions of ages hence, and on the broad plains of an endless future he stands, and taking his reckoning, exclaims, "Yea doubtless, I count all things loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Jesus Christ my Lord."

And not only before the world at large, but before his brethren in Church-fellowship he says, "I determined not to know anything among you save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified." "Ah!" said one, "I might be willing to be of no reputation before the world, and possibly before my brethren and sisters in the Church, but to be of no reputation before ministers is what I cannot bring my mind to. O beloved! stand no longer there. Take another step in advance

IMMEDIATELY.

Pass the Rubicon! Confer no more with flesh and blood. If you expect to get to the same heaven that Paul is enjoying, must you not pass onward in the same steps? Take your

RECKONINGS.

Yes, take your reckonings now from the right standpoint; not here on the low grounds of mortality, clouded by earth and sense. Look far beyond the scenes of time. Let faith wing its way to a point of time ten thousand ages hence. Do you not remember that Paul did thus when he spake of ages to come? Paul is now apprehending the solemn, yet glorious significance of his words, "Ages to come." And in view of the fact that you will also so soon apprehend the ages to come, let your spirits take an onward flight to a million of ages hence. See time swallowed up in eternity! See yourself already, and long since, adjudged according to the deeds done in the body! Take your reckonings now, with your eye thus fixed on the awards of eternity, as you will wish you had done. And now, in the strength of Almighty grace, say with Paul from this point of time, I DETERMINED on a life of eminent devotedness and usefulness. Then, with you, will the victories of faith be signally glorious and perpetual. And when the years of life are ended, you will with the heroic, victorious Paul exclaim, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the

faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord the righteous Judge shall give me at that day."

News Along the Line.

TWO DAYS AT KEY PORT.

Let God alone be glorified! Saturday, Dec. 7th, we went to Key Port, N. J. It had been announced that we would hold a meeting on Saturday evening, and take the Sabbath services. The presence of the High and Holy One was a felt realization. He who was present at the marriage-feast at Cana of Galilee manifested His glory in an extraordinary manner, energizing His people to work in His vineyard, and shedding forth His convicting and sanctifying Spirit. Lips unused to shout were constrained to "cry out and shout, for great was the Holy One in the midst of us."

On Sabbath, the manifestations of divine power and glory were yet more remarkable. While we were speaking to the people, at the half-past ten o'clock service, we were constrained to pause. Upon a dear female disciple in the midst of the congregation had fallen "the overwhelming power of saving grace." Having just stepped over the bar of unbelief, and taken possession of her purchased inheritance,

> "A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
> Favored with God's peculiar smile,
> With every blessing blest,"

she shouted with such a loud voice the glory of her divine Deliverer that we were joyfully compelled to pause, and unite in the gust of praise that swept over the congregation. As soon as able we resumed, and told the waiting disciples how all might, in like manner, at once go up and possess the good land, and asked that all that would resolve to do so would manifest it by rising up. Over one hundred rose, and many we trust entered into rest during the closing exercises, which through the Spirit were mighty.

PRAISE MEETING.

So glorious had been the display of saving power, it was due to the glory of grace that the afternoon should be devoted to a *praise meeting*. Though the afternoon was stormy, many with hearts attuned to the service of praise came with the burning sacrifice on their lips. As we saw one after another rise in rapid succession, and two or three standing at once, awaiting an opportunity, we could but exclaim with the Psalmist, "Praise waiteth for Thee, O God, in Zion!" One dear brother said that within the past twenty-four hours both himself and wife had been enabled to claim Christ as a Saviour able to save unto the uttermost, and also many others, that they had been to the cleansing fountain, and newly learned the song of the redeemed and blood-washed.

In the evening meeting the power of the Lord was present to awaken, convert, and sanctify. A deep and wide-spread interest has been awakened in this and the surrounding community. The commodious church was densely crowded, and the altar surrounded with seekers. It was our intention to remain only over Sabbath. But our engagements admitting that we should remain till Tuesday morning, we gladly yielded to the demands of the work so gloriously commenced. Though Monday was very inclement, the meetings were largely attended, and the interest unabated. Much prayer has been resting as incense before the throne in behalf of this place. The devoted, excellent pastor, Rev. Mr. Andrews, has for months been weeping between the porch and the altar, and for several days past has with fellow-laborers been putting forth earnest efforts for the salvation of the people. And now the set time to favor Zion seems manifestly to have come. Glory to God in the highest! We doubt not that far greater victories await Zion in this place. Our brother, James Nicholson, has come to the aid of the dear pastor and people, and we are hoping to hear that multitudes are coming to Jesus, and yet many more of the disciples baptized with fire.

REVIVAL AMONG THE FRIENDS.

The Quakers have lately been holding special meetings in New Bedford, under the lead, for the most part, of brethren from abroad. These services have been somewhat like those held in our churches in times of deep interest. They have been informal, between sixty and seventy giving testimony for Christ in the meeting on the first evening. On that day, it is said ten persons sought the prayers of Christians that they might enter

the path of obedience and peace. Deep feeling has been manifested in the assemblies ; at some times revealed in hearty responses, and at others by general weeping. I never heard in any meeting for the promotion of holiness any more ardent, glowing utterances for Jesus.

BALTIMORE, MD.

The work of revival continues in several of the churches. In the William Street Church, in South Baltimore—Rev. W. F. Ward, pastor—a meeting has been in progress nearly three weeks, and the interest, far from abating, seems to be on the increase. Thus far sixty souls have been converted and admitted into the church. In the Charles Street Church (City Station), Rev. J. H. Lightbourne, the pastor, has had a week of encouraging success. Twelve persons have professed saving faith in Christ, and others are nightly at the altar soliciting the prayers of the church. In the First Charge, Annapolis, Rev. Joel Brown, the pastor, has just closed a series of special services, which resulted in the conversion of twenty souls.

At Woodbury, four miles north of the city, the revival power of the Spirit has recently been graciously displayed in the awakening and conversion of more than fifty persons.

ELKTON, MD.

During the past two weeks, over eighty souls have been led to Jesus, and a number brought into the clear light of full salvation. Br. James Nicholson, of Philadelphia, has been very helpful in the work.

TRENTON CAMP-MEETING.

This meeting was held on the Trenton Camp-ground, located on the Utica and Black River Railroad. The meeting was a glorious success. The converts were numbered by fifties at different altar scenes, and about two hundred was a small estimate of the whole number saved, while a *much larger* host of believers entered into the higher life through sanctification by faith.

Over fifty have professed conversion in a blessed work now in progress in the M. E. Church, Mount Washington, Pittsburg Conference.

A revival of great power is in progress at Wilkesbarre, Wyoming Conference, Rev. C. H. Wyatt, pastor. About a hundred have professed conversion.

At High Bridge—Rev. J. H. Hartpence, pastor—about sixty have been converted.

A class of one hundred and three probationers has been received into full membership in the Locust Street Charge, Harrisburg, Pa.—Rev. W. J. Stevenson, pastor. This class has lost only three of its original number through spiritual decline.

The M. E. Church at Grahamville, Ellenville, N. Y.—Rev. A. B. Barber, pastor—reports over seventy conversions and sixty accessions as the fruits of a recent blessed work.

The Lord is very graciously reviving His work in Jane Street M. E. Church—Rev. F. Hamblin, pastor. Extra meetings have been held every evening during the past two weeks. Up to Sabbath, December 8, about a score had been converted and received on probation, and on that day twenty-five were converted at the altar, the Sabbath service being in charge of Brother Halsted and his band of noble workers. The meeting still continues with unabated interest.

INGERSOLL, ONTARIO.

Special meetings have been going on in the Wesleyan Church in this town. Upwards of one hundred new converts have come forward and given themselves to the Saviour. This glorious work is still progressing, and will make a great accession to the various Christian churches of the town.

LYN, ONTARIO.

Special services are being held in the Wesleyan Church in Lyn. Fifty-four persons have presented themselves as seekers of salvation, the greater number of whom have found the Saviour. Thirty-two have united with our church, and the good work is still progressing.

M. S. Pearson.

ACTON, ONTARIO.

After a series of meetings, continuing over five weeks, we had the very great satisfaction of witnessing an addition to the Church by the Lord of over fifty souls ; some four or five besides professed to be converted, who have not yet united with us.

Several heads of families have been brought to the Lord, while the Sabbath-school has furnished us with more than two-thirds of those converted.

B. Phillip.

WHITE RIVER CIRCUIT, LITTLE ROCK CONFERENCE.

Rev. J. H. Ware says: "We have had good times on this Circuit. The power of God has truly been with us, melting down the icebergs, and causing the current of salvation to flow freely in our midst. Backsliders have been reclaimed, lukewarm Christians have been revived, and eighty-seven sinners have been converted. Ichabod has been removed from our banners, and Excelsior written in-instead thereof. Those heaven-recognized peculiarities of Methodism—prayer and class-meetings—have been revived, and of course we are in a healthy and growing condition."

DANCYVILLE CIRCUIT, MEMPHIS CONFERENCE.

Rev. A. R. Wilson says: "We have had good times on the Dancyville Circuit; revivals at each of the four churches; seventy conversions; the Church greatly blessed.

MEDICAL MISSIONARY'S WORK FOR JESUS.

One of the most remarkable instances of rapid missionary success in late years has just occurred in the island of Formosa, off the coast of China. Two races inhabit the island, the Aborigines and the Chinese, among the former of which the great change has taken place chiefly. Dr. Maxwell, a medical missionary of the English Presbyterian Church, opened a dispensary, which brought people from all quarters in search of healing, to the hearing of the Gospel. Two of those who heard the preaching of these truths, on returning to their native place, cast away their idols, kept the Lord's day, themselves became preachers of salvation through the cross of Christ; and now, as the result of these simple means, from six to seven hundred of their people assemble regularly to listen to their preaching of Jesus.

CITY OF MEXICO.

Rev. Henry C. Riley, D.D., of the diocese of New York, now officiating in the city of Mexico, recently administered the Lord's Supper in an ex-papal church to 400 communicants, converts from Romanism, assisted in the administration by four converted Romish priests.

SPURGEON'S SISTER.

Mr. Spurgeon's sister is preaching at Willingham, Cambridgeshire, England, with such success that the police authorities there have expressed their thanks to her for effecting a decrease in the number of criminal cases.

LAY EVANGELIST.

The labors of D. L. Moody, the noted Chicago lay evangelist, during his sojourn in London, were eminently successful. Besides other evangelistic work, he preached several times at Islington Congregational Church, since which fully two hundred and fifty inquirers after salvation have called on the pastor after Mr. Moody's departure, and most of them have found Christ, and are now members of the Church. Elsewhere we note the licensing of a lay preacher by the Congregational Suffolk Association. These facts are significant, and it would be well for us to use the organized and authorized lay forces in our Church, to the fullest extent, and in the manner so distinctively marked out by the late General Conference in providing for the organization of District Conferences.

MEETING FOR HOLINESS IN TENNESSEE.

Br. J. R. Sneed says: We have decided and arranged to commence a holiness meeting here, to be held every Tuesday night. We desire you to request the attendants of the Tuesday meeting to offer a special prayer in behalf of our meeting, and that it may be the means in the hands of our Father of spreading holiness throughout the entire country. Also, pray specially for me to be endowed with divine power from on high to open and conduct the same. We would like to have the prayers of all the readers of the "Guide" in behalf of the meeting and ourselves. We are to hold it in the McKendrie Church, the first in the city.

NASHVILLE, Tenn.

Correspondence.

CANNOT JESUS SAVE THE CHILDREN?

MAGGIE LEWIS.

Loving mother, what would home joys be to you if you could not share them with your little ones? Tender father, how much would you prize the comforts of your fireside if you knew your four-year-old boy was wandering about the great city, amid the storm and cold of a December night? And has their heavenly Father no saving love, no tender care for those of whom the Saviour said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven"?

Christian parent, were you once afar from God, without the salvation you now value

more than life? Did you cease your wanderings, and turn to your Father's home? You remember how He met you, giving you joy for mourning, pardon for guilt, peace for misery, purity for pollution; and from that hour has been leading you gently, tenderly, constantly, supplying your need, comforting your sorrow, bearing your burdens, and brightening your life with promises of future bliss.

Have you children, little children, who have sinned against that same Father, little wanderers spending their childhood away from God? Does no Saviour yearn for them? Cannot the Holy Spirit make them penitent for sin? Can He not show them how to lay their sins on Jesus? Cannot they be gladdened by their Redeemer's love?

Must they wait month after month, year after year, dark and sinful, without a joy beyond what earth can give, knowing no other guide than erring mortals, bearing the real though seemingly little burdens of their child-life unaided, because ignorant of Jesus the burden-bearer? Must they journey on and on alone, to be overtaken again and again by Satan; till eye and ear, life and thought and heart, yea, their whole nature, yield to his destroying power; till they lose even the little, feeble desire for heavenly things which now makes them listen so eagerly to your Bible story, or sing

"Jesus loves me, this I know,"

with a fervor that moves your heart, bringing tears to your eyes, as you almost see the angels holding the golden crowns above their heads, and hear the golden harps sounding their Redeemer's praise?

What is there in their nature which makes it impossible for God to pardon and save them now? You are startled by the question. Well may you be as you remember who hath said, "I thank Thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes

Be no longer cruel in your unbelief, but bring your little children, all your children, in faith to Jesus. Ask Him to pardon their sins, to purify their natures, to keep them from the evil. Ask Him to give them something to do for His cause even in their childhood, to prepare them for earth-life and heaven-glory. Surely He will answer your present faith for their present salvation with, "Beloved, I have heard thee in an accepted time;" and you shall joyfully witness His faithfulness who has promised, "I will pour out my Spirit upon thy seed, and my blessing upon thine offspring."

A NEW CREATION.

"Create in me a clean heart, O God."

I promised the Lord if He would answer this prayer, I would witness to this grace through the "Guide." Shortly after this, I heard that Dr. and Mrs. P. were coming to labor in our city. I thought, "Now I shall receive help for this blessing." I had been enabled to believe to the saving of my soul several years previous to this, through the instrumentality of Dr. P. I thank God for these devoted and faithful teachers.

I saw, through the clear instructions of dear Sister P., that the command was very imperative to go forward. I knew it to be so. I had been wandering round the mountain long enough. I felt that I certainly must be cleansed or lose justification. How sweetly and quickly she did help me over the bar of unbelief! Why, it seemed so easy then, so simple a thing to believe God, when I had given up my will—that is the point, then *rest* on the promise of God, "I *will* receive you." Not troubling ourselves about feeling, leaving the evidence for God to bestow, in His own good time—that is His work, not ours. When we have complied with the conditions, then we must believe. I believe that Jesus saves me now, and I would rather believe this than to have all the wealth of the Indies. We must reckon ourselves dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God. "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin."

What unutterable peace filled my soul after I fully trusted in Jesus to save me now! (I have been trusting thus just one month.) The peace of God that passeth all understanding truly. "Perfect love casteth out fear." It is a great salvation. I had peace, love, joy, felt like praying continually. Even for this world, I am better prepared to fulfil the duties devolving upon me. I have an inward support. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee." This

anchor to the soul is both sure and steadfast. Oh! I need something strong and reliable to keep me. Nothing short of the blood of Jesus could cleanse me. It takes blood to atone for guilt. "Thanks to God for His unspeakable gift!" What an undying love we should manifest! I do not apprehend that I am required to perform a single duty that a soul living in the clear light of justification ought not to do, and it is a great deal easier to do it now than it was before. I realize that I have just entered the promised land—the land of rest from inbred sin. I want to take full possession. I also am conscious that there is a vast work before me yet. "Be diligent that ye may be found of Him in peace, without spot, and blameless." O Lord, keep us unspotted!

A. S. M.

Miscellaneous Gatherings

THE VALUE OF ECONOMY.

Recent Savings Tables show that if a young man begins to save only three cents a day from the time he is twenty-one until he is threescore and ten, or seventy years old, he will have accumulated, principal and interest, nearly $3,000. This saving is a good deal less than the daily cigar and lager-beer bills of most of our young men. Six cents a day mounts up to $7,000, and the daily saving of thirty cents will reach not less than $50,000, a nice fortune for anybody. So save your littles, boys, and they will amount to a good deal by the time you will need them. If you will save while you are young, when you get old you may enjoy it.

SITTING IN PRAYER.

Since our Methodist friends so generally and nearly without any reproof from their ministry, have quit kneeling during prayer in public worship, and adopted the highly irreverent and unscriptural mode of sitting, it will be especially interesting to know what their greatest scholar, Dr. A. Clarke, says about it:

"What can any man think of himself, who in his addresses can—*sit*—on his seat in the presence of the *Maker* and *Judge* of all men! Would they *sit* while addressing any person of ordinary respectability? If they did so, they would be reckoned very *rude* indeed. Would they *sit* in the presence of the King of their own land? They would not be permitted to do so. Is God, then, to be treated with less respect than a *fellow-mortal*? Paul kneeled in praying. Acts xx. 36, and xxi. 5. Stephen kneeled when he was stoned. Acts vii. 69. And Peter kneeled when he raised Tabitha. Acts ix. 40."

We add that Christ, who is our pattern, kneeled also in prayer. See Luke xxii. 41. And God commands that every knee shall bow in Jesus' name, and confess that He is Lord. How can a Christian disobey and dishonor God?—*Exchange.*

FORTY-TWO THOUSAND SERMONS.

JOHN WESLEY preached 42,000 sermons—fifteen a week. He never had clergyman's sore throat, or a year's leave of absence, with expenses paid.—*Exchange.*

The Tuesday Meeting.

Meetings for the promotion of holiness are held at the residence of Dr. Palmer,

316 EAST 15th STREET,

opposite Stuyvesant Park, at 2½ o'clock, every Tuesday afternoon.

The meeting opened with reading the prayer of Paul for the Colossians, and singing the hymn,

"God of eternal truth and grace,
Thy faithful promise seal,
Thy word, thy oath, to Abraham's race,
In me, O Lord, fulfil."

ANCHORED WITHIN THE VAIL.

Mrs. P.—Every day I am casting anchor deeper within the vale. I can say with truth,

Other refug have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee."

What a wonderful prayer that is, in the first chapter of Colossians, which Dr. P. asked in the opening prayer might be fulfilled in us—"That ye might be filled with the knowledge of His will in all wisdom and spiritual understanding; that ye might walk worthy of the Lord, unto all pleasing, being fruitful in every good work, and increasing in the knowledge of God; strengthened with might according to His glorious power, unto all patience, and long-suffering with joyfulness; giving thanks unto the Father, who hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light. Is that our privilege? The question has been asked, can a soul that is ready, all meet for heaven, re-

main on earth? Many think not. But it was Paul's experience, for he says, "Who *hath made us meet* to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light." God grant it may be ours. If we are all ready to die, we are all ready to live. We need as much grace to live right as to die right.

Jesus with his own lips taught us the prayer, "Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven." Are we ready to do God's will on earth, as the angels do in heaven until this, the Apostle's prayer, is fulfilled in our experience? Oh, to do the will of God as angels do it!

ONENESS OF THE SAINTS.

Rev. Mr. B.—I am very sensible of my own insufficiency, and of my many imperfections. The idea of exalting myself is repugnant to my feelings, but I love to bear witness to the Lord Jesus, my precious Saviour, who came down from heaven, who suffered on the cross to purchase blessings for me. I used to read in the Bible of an advanced experience, that I knew nothing about. I thought I had about as much religion as I could have, but I could not understand that higher experience. Now I understand it, and I thank the Lord for it. The oneness of the Lord's children is precious to me. How dear the fellowship of the saints of God! The great new name that covers all the little names of earth is upon them—my soul rejoices in them. I glory in God, not in myself—and I rejoice that brotherly love increases in my soul. Read that wonderful prayer of the Lord Jesus in the seventeenth of John, as I read—I am astonished at divine grace. Jesus speaks of making us one with Himself, of oneness with Him, and with each other!

THE WITNESS RECEIVED.

Presbyterian Brother.—About seven years ago I found the Saviour. At first I was happy, then sins came in, and clouds came. A good old man used to talk to me about the second blessing. He lived in a poor little place, but he was always happy. He would say to me, "You are near getting the second blessing; don't give up."

I belong to a church where no one believes in this experience. They do not believe we can be saved from sin till just the hour of death. I know that to-day Jesus saves me from sin. If any of you have not received this second blessing, you don't know what you are losing. In those early days sometimes I was almost discouraged, then the old man would say, "Brother, don't give up, seek on, soon you'll get the witness." And I did get it. God will give you a witness such that you can believe; you need have no doubts. He has promised, and He will fulfil. He saves to the uttermost. He cleanses from all sin. It is our duty and privilege as Christians thus to live.

BEHOLD THE KING COMETH.

A Congregational Sister.—The loving kindness of the Saviour has brought me where Jesus is my joy all the day long. I know it. I have no unrest in my soul. He keeps as well as saves me. In other days, when trials came, I fell; my feet slipped. I wished I could live nearer my Saviour; but, lately, I find He lives in me. He helps me control my passions. I have this joy in tribulation and in blessing, in storm and in sunshine. He humbled me, He brought me low at the foot of the cross. I cried "Lord save me." I come weary and heavy-laden, oh! give me rest. Christ says He will lead us, He will not leave us comfortless. He led me. I said, "Lord, I believe; I will go anywhere." I cast my deadly doing down at Jesus' feet. My life is full of joy. I am like a new convert in the way of Zion. Every weary, troubled heart come, and He will save you. He will save you in your trials. I was troubled with the thought, "If I have that blessing I can never speak about it." Mr. Boardman said, "Let that matter alone," and I did. You who are on the watch-towers, see! the King cometh; the nations shall cast their garments of sin and selfishness down, and we shall see the world given to Christ as His inheritance.

JOY IN SORROW.

Mrs. Professor U.—Among many deliverances God has given me a new one. In the early spring sorrow fell heavily upon me. God took away the companion of my life. It was a deep grief. The waves of sorrow seemed to roll over me. A voice said, "Thus far, and no farther." For six weeks past God has raised me above sorrow, my weakness is taken away, and God's strength has been given me. I accepted my sorrow as from the Lord. I have given myself to God. Through whatever experience I am carried, I see the hand of the Lord in it all. What we call evil is only apparent. There is good in all the

evil that comes to the child of God. God brings good out of it. In this way our feet are planted more firmly in places we are called to travel in. Oh! magnify the name of the Lord, and let us rejoice together.

DIVINITY WITHIN.

A Sister—Is it true that the willing and obedient shall eat the good of the land? Is it true that "if any man will do His will he shall know of the doctrine"? "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee." Some have thought this hope would be crushed out of me; but if we have divinity within us it can't be crushed out. I am the least of all, but heaven is just before me. Obedience to God has become perfectly natural. I would not disobey Him for the world. I walk as a little child. If we consecrate all to God He will keep us in all. We shall walk in the light, as He is in the light. We shall have fellowship with God, and the blood cleanses us from all sin. How awkward we are unless we have the Holy Ghost; but we can do all things when He strengthens us.

ENTIRE TRUST.

Sister S.—Never mind about the confessing. You can't keep still. God wants souls that can tell what He has done for them. He wants souls He can speak through. Jesus don't care much about theological differences, if we have the spirit of a little child. If we are not doing God's work as He would have us, God says, "There is grace for you, and you may have it." I know that there is full salvation as sure as that I live. Joys may come and go. I can walk by faith, but I love the work. "Close by the gates of death and hell I urge my way to heaven." I go on content, not troubled about where I may live, so that I may only have a view of my Master. He says, "this is the way," and we go childlike in the way. Somewhat in this way I am tempted. "If God should lay His hand on something you love tenderly, with great affection, what then?" I am not troubled. I do not shrink. I look it in the face, and say, "Well, my Father's will is the best thing below the sun." The temptation is gone. It may be an assault of Satan. I have naturally a shrinking, cowardly soul. God leads me to stand up before the multitude without fear.

TRIUMPHS OF TRUTH.

A Presbyterian Brother.—If we do not bear witness to the truth our light will go out. Our words may be weak, and yet be blessed by God to the good of some soul. I am growing wonderfully. God uses little things in a wonderful way. When I went to Lowell Holiness Convention, I conversed with two theological students on the boat. One of the young men was about entering the ministry. He is now in Newark. The other day he came, and took tea with me. He went to Amherst, and graduated. He talked to his old Professor about these views. The Professor combated them; called it error. He unsettled this young man. He came back timid, but he kept reading and praying on the subject till he came to accept them fully, and the other young man who was with him on the boat that evening accepted these views, and through him sixty young men, students at Amherst, have come to embrace them.

I had seen on the outskirts of the camp meeting at Ocean Grove a Baptist minister, who was not much interested. He liked some things, but he did not like others. I told him you have got to come to a closer examination of these views. Do you read on the subject? Yes. Four weeks ago he sent for me to come and spend the Sabbath at Eton. I went. In the morning he took a text, and preached full salvation himself in his own church. He said he had come to entertain views and feelings that he had ignored all his life long. By previous arrangement I preached at the Presbyterian Church in the afternoon. After the service a Baptist minister said, "Come over to my church in Shrewsbury, and preach." I have had a letter from him; he says, "I must go to that Palmer meeting." If you want the Lord Jesus Christ in your souls, and the presence of the Holy Spirit, you must come to a full acceptance of the truth.

TRIALS, TRIUMPHS.

Dr. W.—If we trust the Lord to use us we shall not be troubled about words. After leaving a lady with whom I had been conversing, I said, I don't know what made me talk so; it is strange! The next time I saw her, she had been brought to Christ through that conversation. To me trials have ceased to be trials. There is Brother See down with a

hemorrhage, but, he says, "praise God;" everywhere I go over the country people inquire about these holiness meetings. They are holding them in many places.

VICTORY OF FAITH.

Rev. Br. P.—Twenty-three years ago I became a Christian. I panted for all God had for me. Brother A. and Sister B., who are older Christians, did not manifest as much zeal as I, and, as I was a young man, I thought I ought to be more diffident; then I lost the witness of the Spirit, but after a while God restored me. I had my ups and downs in religious life, and, as a preacher, I did some good. A sister asked me about this experience. I evaded it. I did not wish to have any members of my church in advance of me in spiritual holiness, so I did not say much about it, lest they should reply, "Physician, heal thyself." Nine years ago God spoke to me in Wisconsin through a Methodist at class-meeting. The man asked me in a very rough way, "Have you got the blessing of a clean heart." No! "Then you are not fit to preach the Gospel." I did not think that true, for God had blessed my labors; but God blessed that rough remark to urge me to do my duty. I appointed a meeting for holiness at the parsonage. It is God's work this clearing away all remains of the roots of bitterness. I felt God was doing the work for me. My prayer was, "Create in me a clean heart, renew a right spirit within me, then shall I teach transgressors Thy way, and sinners shall be converted unto Thee." That evening we had no victory, it was getting late; but as the meeting was in my own house I had Satan at a disadvantage, so we continued the meeting on an hour, and I was blessed with full salvation, I prayed, "Lord help me believe Thou art doing the work, and that it is accomplished." Soon I was enabled to say I am fully saved. Satan suggested, "You are not saved. You have no emotion!" He had been my life-long enemy, and I did not wish any of his services. I wanted a real work, and God to back me.

A PEARL NOT A DIAMOND.

Rev. Mr. McA.—Before we separate let us seek one great blessing from God as a preparation for usefulness. We must do more good in New York. There must be more of this work in the churches. If some men think we are proud, I am sorry they think so. I said to one man, we are whetstones, we are dull; but we can sharpen some of you that come along, and put an edge on you. They rub stones with oil to make the work go smoother. Some men and ministers have not got their eyes open. They will be swamped and swept away with worldliness. Worldliness is coming in, but the unworldliness of Jesus is as great as when He was here. All we have to get is the pearl of great price. Get that ONE. It is not a diamond. Jesus did not say the Kingdom of Heaven is like unto a diamond, but He did compare it to a pearl. You may cut a diamond, and polish it; you cannot cut a pearl without spoiling it. A pearl is finished, if you polish it you take away its beauty. You polish the diamond. The religion of Jesus is finished, complete. Get that and it sets you off. It don't need any polishing. When the man found that pearl he sold all that he had, and bought it. It needs no setting off. Holiness! how it shines. It beautifies and glorifies its possessor.

Children's Corner.

WHO TOOK HIM ON THE OTHER SIDE?

"Who took him on the other side?"

A pair of soft blue eyes, full of tenderness and tears, looked up into mine. Sorrow lay on the lips that questioned me.

"On the other side! What do you mean, my darling?" And I looked wonderingly at the child.

"Baby, I mean." The little one's voice trembled. "He was so small and weak, and had to go all alone. Who took him on the other side?"

"Angels," I answered as steadily as I could speak, for the child's question moved me deeply; "loving angels, who took him up tenderly, and laid his head softly on their bosoms, and sang to him sweeter songs than he had ever heard in this world."

"But every one will be strange to him; I'm afraid he'll be grieving for mother, and nurse, and me."

"No, dear. The Saviour, who was once a baby in this world, is there; and the angels who are nearest to Him take all the little children who leave our side, and love and care for them just as if they were their own. When baby passed through to the other side,

one of these angels held him by the hand all the way, and he was not in the least afraid; and when the light of heaven broke upon his eyes, and he saw the beauty of the new world into which he had entered, his little heart was full of gladness."

"You are sure of that?" The grief had almost faded out of the child's countenance.

"Yes, dear, very sure. The Lord who so tenderly loves little children—who took them in His arms and blessed them when he was on earth—who said that their angels 'do always behold the face of my Father,' is more careful of the babes who go to Him than the tenderest mother could possibly be."

"I am so glad," said the child. "And it makes me feel so much better. Dear baby! I didn't know who would take him on the other side."—*Children's Hour.*

Book Notices.

MARTYRS TO THE TRACT CAUSE. J. F. Hurst, D.D. Nelson & Phillips, New York.

An idea prevails, that the origin of Bible and Tract distribution is recent. But here is a neat volume taking us back to Tract writers in the earliest centuries of the Christian Church. This volume will furnish a valuable acquisition to the Tract literature of this and other lands. Dr. Hurst has but recently returned from foreign countries. He tells us that the remarkable revival of the Protestant Church during the present century, is traceable to the influence of tracts. But this volume tells us of tract distribution at a time when it cost much to engage in it. We have an affecting account here of those who suffered martyrdom for the work of tract distribution.

FROM ATHEISM TO CHRISTIANITY. By Rev. George P. Porter, Pastor of Adams Avenue M. E. Church, Scranton, Pa. New York: Nelson & Phillips, 1873.

This is a nicely-bound volume of 121 pages, comprising five able essays. The Author tells us that these essays were in substance delivered in the form of Lectures as indicating the line of thought which was pursued by himself in his journey from Atheism to Christianity. It is a presentation of Christian evidences in a condensed form, and is addressed to the hurrying, working, common-sense public.

WILLIAM THE TACITURN. Translated by J. P. Lacroix, from the French of L. Abelous. New York: Nelson & Phillips. Sunday-school Department.

This interesting biography, though intended for children, will be read with avidity by lovers of history, whether youthful or aged. It is a rapid portrayal of events given in a felicitous style with which the masses cannot fail to be interested.

THE DOCTRINES AND DISCIPLINE OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, 1872. With an Appendix. Edited by Bishop Harris. Nelson & Phillips. 424 pages.

The object of this book is too well known to need comment. We love to keep this excellent treatise on Doctrine and Discipline within reach, and will venture to say to our fellow Christians, irrespective of denomination, read it and see if you do not find it a means of grace.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S HALF-HOUR SERIES.

Three neatly gotten up Pamphlets of about twenty pages each.

1. DANIEL: The Uncompromising Young Man. By Rev. C. H. Payne, D.D.
2. TEN DAYS IN SWITZERLAND. By H. B. Ridgeway, D.D.
3. KEEP GOOD COMPANY. By Samuel Smiles.

These excellent pamphlets are issued in the interests of the Sunday-school Department, and well worthy perusal.

THE METHODIST ALMANAC. For the year 1873. Edited by Rev. W. H. De Puy, D.D. Nelson & Phillips.

As ever, full of interest and useful intelligence.

CHRISTMAS STORIES ABOUT SANTA CLAUS.

A charming little story for early childhood.

LIFE OF JAMES HENDERSON, M.D., Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, Edinburgh; Vice-President of the North China branch of the Royal Asiatic Society. Carter & Brothers, 530 Broadway, N. Y., 1873.

Dr. James Henderson was a man of most indomitable energy, and praiseworthy traits of character. His life as portrayed in these pages, viewed in all its aspects, is a prodigy, and furnishes one of the best exemplifications we have known of the truth of the oft-repeated axiom, "*Where there is a will there is a way.*" Left an orphan in childhood, without home or education, or means to obtain either, he, by the blessing of the Almighty, determined that he would be GOOD, USEFUL, AND EDUCATED, and in all, through Divine aid, he succeeded. Few better books have of late issued from the press. It is written in a very simple, concise manner, and calculated to do good to the masses.

THE CURATE'S HOME. By Agnes Gilberne. Carter & Brothers. 530 Broadway, N. Y., 1873.

Every chapter abounds in intense and salutary interest. Its affecting teachings will, we trust, be helpful in bringing about a reformation where it has long been needed. Many a poor Curate's Home in England might disclose scenes pitiable as the recitals here given, if brought to light. We doubt not that the Author has served the cause of humanity in this handsomely-bound volume of 442 pages.
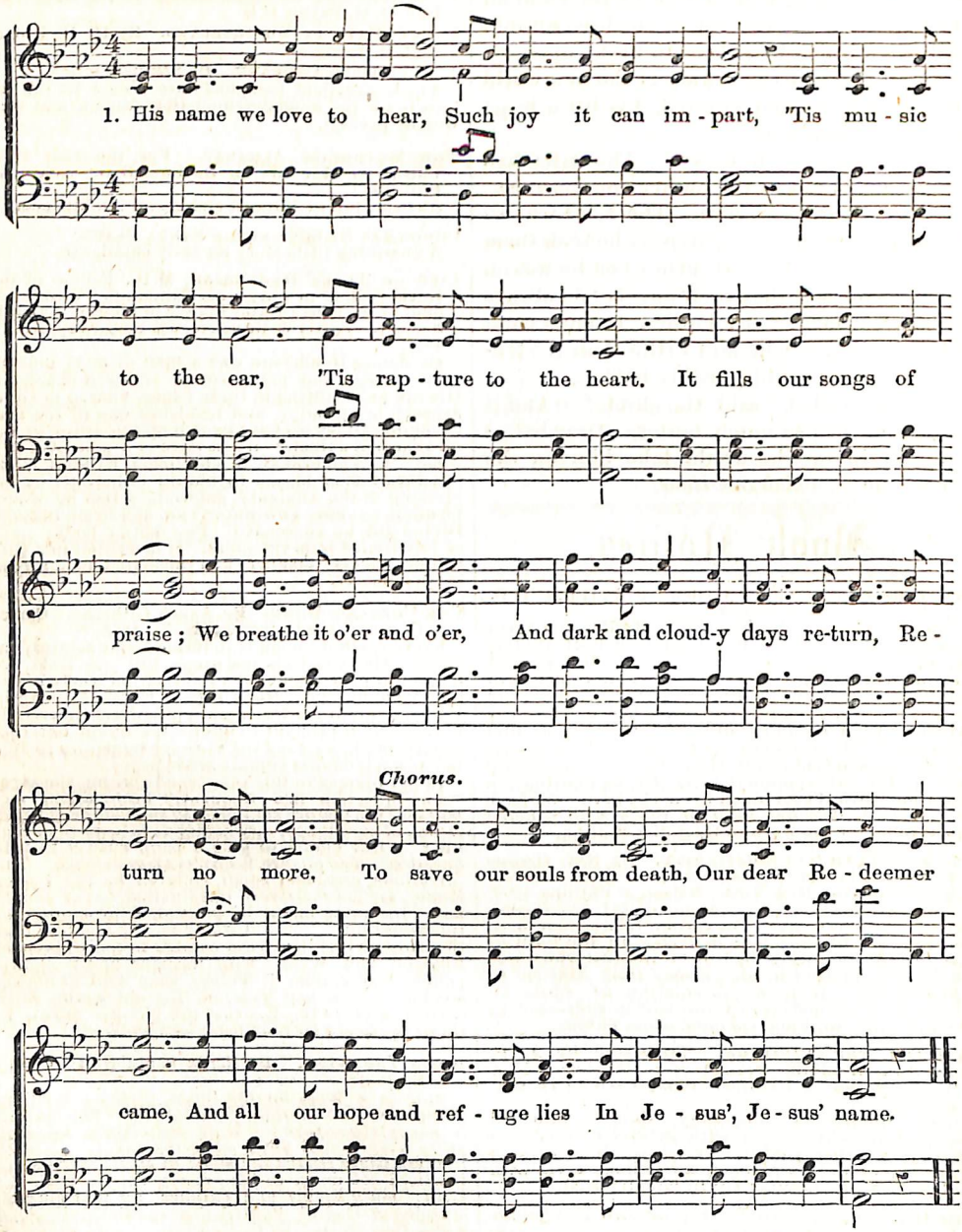
In her preface to this the second edition, she says: "The question has frequently been asked me, whether the picture contained in the following pages is one of pure fancy, or whether it is copied in real life? I feel bound to give a plain answer to this question. The picture is no mere fancy sketch. The privations, great and small, endured by the Lyster family, are not matters of imagination, but of simple fact. Instances might be multiplied in support of this assertion. . . . I would merely mention that there are no less than 5,000 curates in the Church of England and Wales, with incomes under eighty pounds per annum." Things were told us during our four and a half years in the old world, fully corroborative of the fact that the pictures drawn in these pages are far from being exaggerated.

ROBIN TREMAYNE. By Emily Sarah Holt. Carter & Brothers.

This is a Book for the times, giving a thrilling glimpse of the Marion Persecutions. The author in her preface says: "More than three hundred years have rolled away since the events narrated in these pages stirred the souls of men; since John Bradford sat down to his 'merry supper with the Lord;' since Ridley and Latimer, on that autumn morning at Oxford, lighted that candle in England which they trusted by God's grace should never be put out. And how stands it with England now? For forty-three years, like a bird fascinated by the serpent, she has been creeping gradually closer to the outstretched arms of the great enchantress." With equal propriety might the question be asked, How stands it with America? Alas how soon may the dying scream of the bird be hushed in the jaws of the serpent! We are thankful for the publication of this volume in our country. The candle which was lighted three hundred years ago in Oxford, burns yet more dimly as England (as also America) yields more and more to Rome.

THE NAME OF JESUS.

Words by JOSEPHINE POLLARD. Music by MRS. JOS. F. KNAPP.



2 His name is full of power,
And full of sweetness too,
Each heart, like thirsting flower,
Drinks in the gracious dew.
This world would sink, we know,
In wickedness and shame,
If 'twere not for the word we sow,
In Jesus' name.

3 His name we love to hear,
His praise we will repeat,
'Till contrite souls draw near
To Him, with willing feet.
O Jesus, may we all,
Like true disciples be;
For help and strength we call on Thee,
We call on Thee.

Guide to Holiness.

FEBRUARY, 1873.

For the Guide.

MY EXPERIENCE.

REV. JAMES HARRIS.

(Continued from page 6.)

TEMPTATIONS.

But the boy-preacher was not himself free from these. Upon the *one* point especially the enemy pressed sore: "You never received the witness that you were yourself entirely sanctified. You profess it, but you don't enjoy it." Then, when faith wavered, an advantage was *taken*, and perhaps a temper felt or a word spoken. Then came the thrust: "*Now* you see yourself you are not entirely sanctified." Sometimes the enemy thrust in himself some of his own evil spirit, as on one occasion when hearing of a great revival on another circuit. For a moment my heart was surrounded by *all* the smoke of the pit—envy, *murder*, etc. "*Now*," said the *devil*, "see what evil there is in your soul, and you entirely sanctified!" In dreams, too, he attacked me. One instance I remember: I was in the village store, and differed with the salesman over a *cent*, and flew into so violent a passion that I awoke, to hear again the taunt: "See how you are deceiving yourself and others!" But I was not ignorant of Satan's devices, and held on still, and though often tempted was as often victorious. Still, the want of the witness troubled me.

CONFIRMED.

In the spring following I was permitted again to meet Mr. Caughey. He was in Hamilton. Before going to the first meeting I knelt in prayer, when the Spirit said to me: "What stand are you going to take at this meeting—that of a seeker of full salvation, or that of a firm believer?" "Lord," I said, "I cannot doubt what Thou hast done for me; I will profess Thy great salvation." And I was instantly filled with such light and peace and joy that I never forgot the spot where I there was kneeling.

DOUBTS.

From the backwoods I was removed to a wealthy circuit, and placed among a fashionable people. My timid spirit recoiled before the spiritual *coldness*. The doctrine was unpalatable. My faith *wavered*. I thought again: "I never received the witness; I am surely mistaken." With faith faltering, natural tempers gained ascendency. I feared to be directly appealed to on the subject. I hid my light under a bushel, or only timidly exhibited it, and my walk was correspondent with my want of faith. Now for years faith and doubt struggled. *Once*, only *once*, I dared to say I was not entirely sanctified; but oh what darkness it brought! My usefulness was crippled; my peace greatly marred.

RECOVERY.

At the Oakville Camp-meeting of 1857 I was *thus*, when a few minutes of conversation with a dear brother showed me my true relation to this blessing. I saw myself like an old Roman soldier to whom his general had given a shield and a sword. But the shield was plain and *unadorned*. It did not glisten like the shields of other soldiers; and he became

ashamed *of it*, threw it away, saying it was not bright *enough*. He wanted a brighter one; but the general said to *him*, "Take it, and make it brighter by *use*." Ah! there was only one way for me to do, and I did it that moment. I took up my old shield of a perfect faith in a perfect Saviour, and determined to use it till the thrusts of the enemy should give it polish. Nor have I ever since *wholly* cast it away again. I have it *to-day*. It is as *bright* as I could wish it to be. It has parried many a stroke, and it has borne me into the thickest of many a fray with the powers of darkness. But, glory be to God! it is not only invulnerable, it *glows* with heavenly lustre; and by and by, *borne* on this glorious shield, like the Spartan warrior, I shall be carried *home* to the realms of the blessed.

CONFLICTS WITH DOUBTS.

But my conflicts about this witness to full salvation were not ended. Oh how hard often to believe that I was entirely sanctified without some direct attestation! How often tempted again to throw away this shield! Sometimes I carried it carelessly; sometimes threw it on my back to hide it, and once *all but* entirely lost it. It was at the Grimsby Camp-meeting of 1857. I had preached a sermon on, "Sanctify them through Thy truth." God had greatly helped His servant during all the day subsequently. I was greatly led on in prayer and praise; and, in the evening, wonderfully led by the Spirit to groan after a richer baptism—a greater fulness. I had never felt such a measure of the Spirit before. The heavens seemed ready to pour forth their full contents into my soul. Just at that moment Satan *crept* in: "This that the Spirit is leading you now to seek is entire sanctification; you are about *now* to be entirely sanctified. You never received the witness." And, *oh!* I yielded; I for whom God had done so much. I began to pray for this blessing. The Spirit was grieved, and left me to hardness of heart—such hardness, such callousness as I had never before felt.

The next morning Sister Palmer asked me to send my experience to the "Guide." I said I was not certain that I had ever clearly experienced it. "Oh!" she said, "I thought from your sermon yesterday you must be very clear. I am so disappointed!" Oh how I felt that day!

FINAL DELIVERANCE.

It came in the afternoon. The fellowship-meeting was closing. There was an interval of silence. I thought I could improve it, and said: "I want some light on this subject. I have believed for this blessing, but I want the evidence that my offering is accepted. I never received the *witness*." Then I told somewhat of my past painful experience. Sister P. kindly and at once so clearly exposed my doubts, and how my doubts and fears had robbed me of my peace, and showed so plainly how the *Word of God* was His own testimony, and He gave us *that* for our *guarantee*, and we wanted none other. The conversation lasted for nearly an *hour*. But oh how distinctly now I saw and mourned over the fact that my wavering testimony and doubting heart had robbed my life and ministry of that constant joy and power which an unwavering faith imparts!

With solemn vow I then lifted up my hand to heaven, and promised that from that hour I would give an unwavering testimony to the power and the fact that the blood of Christ could and did cleanse from all sin. *Glory be to God* for the privilege of bearing everywhere an unwavering testimony!

FULNESS OF LIGHT.

On the eve of the late London District Camp meeting, the Spirit said to me again: "What stand are you going to take upon the subject of entire holiness?" "Lord," I said, "I have vowed to give an unwavering testimony; and I will do it." "Go," said He, "in this thy might, and I will be with thee." He permitted me there to be searched through and through by earnest inquirers. I almost quailed, so close and searching sometimes were the questions; but I wavered not, and oh how the light *increased!* How bright now shines the old, battered *shield!* No more *ashamed*

of it, I bear it, not vilely slung across my back, but boldly on my *arm;* and it *protects*, for it is Christ *himself* the hope of Glory. *Glory to God* for such a *shield!*

If my experience is worth anything to the readers of the "Guide," it is to show them that there is a difference between obtaining justifying and entire sanctifying salvation. In the first case, God always gives a supernatural and immediate testimony to their faith that they are justified. (Rom. viii. 16.) In the other case, He gives them the same testimony conveyed in His own written word; for he that believeth hath the witness in himself, for we have received of that spirit whereby we *know* the things fully given to us of God. The living sacrifice is from the moment it is presented "holy and acceptable." (Rom. xii. 1.) We walk by faith, not by *sight.* It is a naked faith on a naked promise which sanctifies.

Deeply as I mourn over the fact that so many precious years were clouded over by not clearly understanding this simple point, yet I rejoice that that conversation at the Grimsby Camp-meeting was made a blessing to hundreds, who subsequently came to me and said that it was the most interesting and instructive service of the whole meeting; and if by humbling myself to tell thousands who read the "Guide" how I have stumbled and been raised again, if I may *but* help some into the clearer light of walking by faith, I will rejoice in God my Saviour.

For the Guide.

EXTENT OF GOSPEL SALVATION.

"He shall save His people from their sins."

PROF. J. R. JAQUES, A.M.

Salvation in all its depths and heights of meaning is a wonderful word. Salvation means "*making safe.*" But safety implies the existence of something from which to be saved—some *calamity, danger*, or *evil.*

There are many evils in the world—evils physical, moral, domestic, social, and political—but the great source and centre of all human evil is SIN: *sin* in its malignant principle; *sin* in its envenomed essence; *sin* in its tyrannical power; *sin* in its soul-damning guilt; *sin* in its blighting consequences.

Who may portray the darkness of sin—the *discord* of sin—the *bondage* of sin—the *impurity* of sin—the *power* of sin—the horrors of sin?

Sin is the mortal disease of the human soul.

All the human race confesses the disease. All systems of Philosophy and Morals, ancient and modern, recognize the dire evil.

Now, Christianity comes professedly to *cure this disease*—and comes for no other purpose. It then becomes a question of supreme importance whether the remedy is adequate to the emergency. What is the extent of this salvation? How far does Christ propose to save men in this world? We answer:

1. He does not propose to save us from trials and tribulations, but to give grace to brave and bear all serenely. He concedes and confesses that "*in the world ye shall have tribulation,*" but promises, "*in Me ye shall have peace.*"

2. He does not propose to save us from temptation, but to save us *in* temptation, and with the temptation make "a way of escape."

3. He does not propose to save us from errors of intellect, or mistakes of judgment, or wanderings of mind—but to save us from errors of the heart, and wanderings of the will.

4. He does not propose to give us grace by which we *cannot* sin, but grace by which we *need not* sin. If the words of John's Epistle be thought to suggest an *impeccable* state, "He cannot commit sin because he is born of God," it must be remembered that the word "cannot" is a *moral cannot.* The word is used here as by Luther when before the hostile assembly of Catholic priests, Bishops, and Princes, he dared to do right, and said, "*I cannot do otherwise.*" The same sense of the word was used by the boy George Washington when he said, "I *cannot* tell a lie," The word is used in the same sense when we say of some magnanimous man, "he *cannot* do

a mean thing." By this use of "cannot," we mean that the person is *averse* to doing a certain thing, it is against the current of his nature—he is not *inclined* or *disposed* to do it. This sense of "cannot" is common and unmistakable. In this sense, then, the holy man "cannot commit sin;" he is averse to it; his whole soul abhors and dreads sin. But still *he may sin*, by permitting himself to contemplate sin unguardedly, or by approaching sin too near, so as to be blinded or fascinated by it. A person says very consistently, "I *cannot* look directly over the brink of Table-rock at Niagara." And yet he may, in an unguarded moment, approach so near the brink as to *fall* over! Thus while Christ does not give us grace by which we absolutely *cannot* sin, He gives us grace by which we *need* not sin, and such "a heart in every thought renewed," that we shall have the greatest *horror* of sin, and consequently the greatest *safeguard* against sin.

5. Christ does not promise to save us from our ignorance of many things in nature and the Bible, but to so illuminate our minds that we need not and shall not "abide in darkness" respecting our personal salvation.

6. Christ does not promise such maturity that there can be no further growth, but such *purity* of soul as is the necessary condition of normal growth *toward* maturity.

Maturity of soul is distant as the end of immortality, but *purity* is a possible and promised state of the believer here on earth.

The miraculous atonement washes "*whiter than snow.*" The blood of the atonement "*cleanseth from all unrighteousness.*" These terms are absolute.

If the question be still pressed—what is the extent of the promised salvation? we answer *affirmatively:*

1. This salvation meets and matches the *guilt* of sin by *pardon* or *justification*, free, full, absolute, and eternal.

2. This salvation meets and masters the moral death of sin in the soul, by *regeneration*, radical, miraculous, divine.

3. This salvation meets and destroys the envenomed *essence* of sin in the heart by *Sanctification* entire and spotless.

4. This salvation meets and nullifies the penal *consequences* of sin by closing the gates of punishment, and opening the gates of the paradise of God to the saved soul.

The salvation then is *adequate*—is coextensive with the disease—is PERFECT.

All the attributes of God unite in a supreme argument for full, free, and final salvation. This will appear when we remember that God commands all men, "be ye holy," and in so commanding He assumes the obligation and responsibility of rendering it *practicable* for all men to "*be holy.*"

And now, when it is announced, "thou shalt call His name JESUS; for He shall save His people from their sins," who will dare mar the music of this Divine Name, and say, "He shall save His people partially or imperfectly from their sins"?

No, we will not impeach the great Redeemer and declare Him incompetent for His self-assumed office. We *dare not* in secret prayer at the solemn mercy-seat whisper, "Save me, Lord, *partly* from my sins." The holiness and omnipotence of the enthroned Mediator would rebuke our profane prayer. Nor can any soul, however wildly it may reason or rebel, tell the exalted Saviour to His face that He cannot fulfil His promise and pledge to "*save His people from their sins.*"

Do objections, difficulties, and doubts still seem to hedge up the way? Then remember hopefully, joyfully remember that "My God shall supply ALL YOUR NEED according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus."

"Now unto God and our Father be glory for ever and ever! Amen!"

For the Guide.

LOVE IN THE CHURCH.

REV. D. NASH.

Of love the most excellent things are said by our Lord and His holy apostles. It is "the bond of perfectness;" it is "the end of the commandment;" it is a

"participation of the divine nature;" it is the principle of all holiness and of all acceptable obedience; "it never faileth;" it is heaven itself, for

"In earth, in paradise, in heaven
Our all in all is love."

Love to God, love to Christ, love to men. A Church cannot be a happy Church without love in its members.

LOVE IS OPERATIVE.

It delights in doing good; it does so at a personal sacrifice. If we only perform acts of kindness and sympathy when we can *spare* the time, means, or opportunity, that is, when it will cost no denial, our love is not of the right stamp. "Whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your minister." We are to be *active* in all works of charity and kindness. Courtesy, gentleness, and long-suffering should be always exercised. This love must be *mutual* in the Church. It cannot be expected to be long kept up on one side, if it be not reciprocated on the other. Whilst love gives tokens of its regard, it looks for them in return. We must be as careful to pay as to receive them. The manifestations of brotherly affection are to be made by all the family. St. Paul was gentle amongst his converts as a nurse who cherisheth her children, and would, if possible, have imparted to them his very soul, because they were dear to him. On the other hand, he bears witness that some of them would have plucked out their own eyes and given them to him, for he says they bore with his infirmities, and received him as an angel of God.

LOVE IS DISINTERESTED.

"It seeketh not her own." In conjunction with its own welfare, it considers the interests and feelings of others. When both cannot be secured at the same time, it yields its own superior claims. Who has not admired the conduct of Abraham towards Lot? Though his nephew was much his inferior in every respect, and had been protected and treated by him as a son, yet he voluntarily relinquishes his rights as father and chief, and directs the young man to make his choice of the land: "Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee, and between my herdmen and thy herdmen, for we be brethren. Is not the whole land before thee? If thou wilt take the left hand, then I will go to the right; or if thou depart to the right hand, then I will go to the left." If such a spirit pervaded the Church, it would soon exhibit the beauties of holiness, and augment its happiness.

LOVE IS SYMPATHETIC.

It shows a fellow-feeling for a friend; it tries to comfort his distress, to lighten his cares, to mingle with his sorrows, and to participate in his joys. St. Paul says, "If one member suffers, all the members suffer with it." Is it so? If a Christian sustain spiritual loss by becoming careless or worldly, is his case mourned over like that of a sick member of your family? Do you all visit him, and endeavor to restore his spiritual health? If he backslides, do you weep over him as over a loved one that is dead?

LOVE HAS A CEMENTING QUALITY.

It binds hearts together. It knit the soul of Jonathan to David so that he loved him as his own soul. St. Paul strove to effect this knitting of hearts in the Church. It is this love that joins the stones of the living temple, and makes it strong and comely.

LOVE NEVER LAYS DOWN A STUMBLING-BLOCK.

On the other hand, it tries to remove every cause of offence. The true Christian is a member of the grand Peace Society. This Society was organized in heaven. Its formation was announced on earth by angels. Its capital was all paid up by Immanuel. Shares are freely offered to any applicant. The rules of the Society are that each member "follow peace with all men, and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord."

The Psalmist describes Jerusalem as a city that is compact together. Whilst peace was within her walls, prosperity was within her palaces, and all her lovers prospered. We are told that when Titus saw the strength of her

fortifications he was surprised that such a city could ever have been taken. She was invincible till she lost the last blessing of the God of Peace. When he finally left the city discord entered with unbridled fury, and their own internal strifes did more to hasten their ruin than all the resources of hostile Rome, or the powers of conquering Titus. So, when the Prince of Peace deserts a Church, her downfall is at hand—her own members pull her to pieces.

Would we see our churches happy and prosperous? let all her members seek perfection in love. In some hearts this principle exists in a very low degree, like the flickering flame of a lamp when the oil is consumed, and it is on the point of expiring. In other hearts it is perfect. Between these two extremes, as in the case of faith, there are many degrees, which Omniscience only is able to trace, for it is to Omniscience only that "all hearts are open." At the standard of a perfect love, both to God, to the Church, and every human being, all Christian believers are bound to aim. This is their privilege and calling, and to this the whole of them may undoubtedly attain under the sanctifying influence of the Holy Spirit. God's gracious promise, even under the inferior dispensation of Moses, was: "The Lord thy God will circumcise thine heart to love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, and with all thy soul, that thou mayest live." (Deut. xxx. 6.) And fathers in Christ, under the better dispensation of the Gospel, have realized the high attainment, "Herein is our love made perfect;" or as the marginal rendering is, "Herein is love with us made perfect, that we may have boldness in the day of judgment, because as He is so are we in the world"—free from sin, and full of holy love.

When love among the members becomes more and more ardent, intense, and active, the building, sacred in its character, rises in just proportions and architectural beauty worthy of Him who formed the plan, superintends the erection, and hastens its completion.

CHESHIRE, Conn.

For the Guide.

THE WAITING CHRIST.

M. A. SORTER.

"But this man after he had offered one sacrifice for sins, for ever sat down on the right hand of God; "From henceforth *expecting*, till his enemies be made his footstool."—Heb. x. 12 and 13.

O thou expectant Christ!
Who from calm heights above,
On all our discord pourest down
The cordial of Thy love.

Thou seest Thy creatures toil,
Weary, yet loving sin,
And madly shut the spirit's eyes,
Lest Thy dear light shine in.

Thy patience faileth not,
With yearning Thou dost wait,
Till worn with struggling, love steals in
And takes the place of hate.

O thou expectant Christ!
And dost Thou wait for me?
Till in my heart Thy foes are slain,
And all doth yield to Thee?

I cannot rest, my Lord,
With lurking foes within,
While Thy expecting heart doth yearn
To wash away my sin.

I'll not Thy chariot wheels delay,
Thy pleading doth so win,
Wide, wide I ope my spirit's door,
My waiting Lord come in.

For the Guide.

FIFTY YEARS' WALK WITH JESUS.

MRS. MARY D. JAMES.

(*Continued from page* 10.)

THE DEDICATION.

As soon as the mother was able to rise from her bed, she said to her husband: "Now let us kneel together, and formally offer our darling babe to God. I gave him to the Lord as soon as he was born, and, I presume, you did also; but now let us in unison bow, and present him again to Him." It was Sabbath morning—a bright and beautiful day. The sun was shining so brightly that the shutters had been partially closed, so that the room was comparatively dark. As they offered the dedicatory prayer, she

said: "We present to Thee our God this little lamb upon the altar of our faith and prayer. Oh! accept it for Jesus' sake. Take our precious child as Thine own. If it please Thee, preserve his life, and may his whole being, now consecrated to Thee, be *claimed for Thy special service.* May he be an ambassador of the Lord Jesus, and be instrumental in extending Thy glorious kingdom in the world, and glorifying Thy great name. And now, if it please Thee, give us a token that our offering is accepted."

THE TOKEN GIVEN.

At that moment the room was filled with light, as if the blinds had been suddenly opened and the sun's rays had shone in, and there was a radiance on the face of the babe. Looking to see if the light was from the windows, they saw that they were still darkened by the blinds, and were conscious that the *light was from God, as a token of His acceptance* of their offering; and such a revelation of the divine presence came with the light that they were overwhelmed. With sacred awe and wondering joy they remained in audience with the Deity for some time, not realizing how the hour had sped, *so hallowed by the presence and the glory of God.*

From that memorable hour she regarded her child as sacredly set apart for God and belonging to Him, and fully expected him to be claimed for the blessed work of preaching the glorious Gospel of the Son of God, and saving souls. The thought of such a destiny thrilled her soul with joy unspeakable; and to be permitted to rear a son for such a work was the sweetest privilege that could have been given her. As day after day with patient toil she nursed and trained the frail plant, with what solicitude she watched for the buds of promise—the development of intellect—and in the growth of his young life, she fondly anticipated the time when she would behold him a tree of righteousness, bearing fruit to bless the world and heighten the joys of heaven!

FAITH TESTED.

The cherished jewel lent her by the Lord, though she held in readiness to return to Him if at any time He should chose to demand it, yet had so confidently expected him to be spared for usefulness in the world that she was surprised when by an attack of disease he was brought near death. She thought, "Now all my convictions of God's design to use him here for His glory were groundless, and he is to be taken away, after all!" It was a crushing trial for her hopes to be thus disappointed, and the darling of her heart torn away now in budding loveliness, cherished as the charm of her dwelling. But she said: "*It is the Lord, let Him do as seemeth Him good. He belongs to Him. Shall I repine if He should claim him now for His temple-service in heaven, instead of earth?*" This submission to God brought a rich blessing to her soul, which remained with her as a sweet savor.

A JOYOUS DISAPPOINTMENT.

As if her heavenly Father only meant to *test her fidelity to Him,* when the dear child was apparently within the grasp of death He stayed the hand of the destroyer, and bade the threatened victim live. The joy of the mother's heart was only equalled by the gratitude she felt to the infinitely merciful One who had restored the treasure of her heart.

THE NEW SPHERE OF LABOR.

During the infantile period of her precious charge, works of usefulness outside of her home were necessarily suspended, and domestic duties engrossed her attention. As wife and mother she endeavored to be faithful, and the smiles of heaven were richly enjoyed even in the absence of sanctuary privileges and active duties which had occupied her former life. She now proved the value of religion in circumstances of trial different from any she had heretofore experienced.

Cares and toils of a new character brought into requisition her Christian graces; and *these trials were all needed to perfect those graces, that they "might appear unto praise and glory and honor at the coming of the Lord Jesus."* Though she had much to be thankful for, her path was not a very smooth one, even in the early part of her married life. Her

health feeble, her cares numerous, and duties multiplied, she found it needful to have *much help from above.* Therefore, she was *ever "looking unto Jesus;"* and His gracious interpositions in her behalf to help and comfort and sustain were daily cause of grateful praise.

A very serious illness confined her to her bed and room for four months, while her little boy was so young as to need a mother's constant care and attention. For some time on Jordan's brink, momentarily expecting to cross over, her prospect was exceedingly glorious. Under extreme physical sufferings, such as she had never before endured, the realization that she was in the hands of Him who loved her filled her soul with a calm, sweet peace, which was undisturbed through all her sickness.

The severe shock to her system occasioned by the illness referred to affected her long afterward, rendering her feeble and unable to endure exertion or the least exposure. During the year following she was again prostrated for three months, and her condition much of the time very critical. But grace still triumphed, causing the "language of praise to be continually in her mouth."

Having been so long laid aside from active labor in the cause so dear to her heart, she often thought of the courts of the Lord's house with longing desire, and especially of the Sabbath-school, and other fields of usefulness, and asked the Giver of every good gift to grant her returning health, if consistent with His will. An eminent Christian lady, "abundant in labors" and "fruitful in every good work," visited the invalid, who said to her, "How favored you are to be able to work for God so vigorously! Oh! how would I rejoice to be thus engaged, as I was until my marriage! But I have been an invalid most of the time, for three years. Having the cares of a family, and this little child, too, it seems to me I have done nothing for Jesus in all that time."

"Ah!" said her friend, "*it requires more grace to be a passive sufferer than an active doer of God's will. It is much easier to do than to suffer*, and by patiently suffering you have been bringing more glory to God than I have been by laboring. You have been *glorifying Him in the fires*, and now you are coming out as 'gold seven times purified,' more perfectly fitted for the Master's use, and will doubtless accomplish much more good on account of the ordeal through which you have passed."

These words were as reviving cordial to the sufferer's heart. She had not for a moment indulged a repining spirit; but the ardent longings of her spirit for active service were calmed into the sweet feeling of *patient waiting for God's time*, and with all her heart she said, "*Be it unto me even as Thou wilt.* I am willing to be kept on my bed for years, if I can thus glorify Thee more."

Her recovery was very slow, and for months longer debility prevented her from entering into active labors; but still her language was, "*Good is the will of the Lord.*" Her communings with Jesus during all this long period were exceedingly sweet. Often did she hear His voice of love saying, "I, even I, am He that comforteth thee;" and in the fulness of her joy she would break forth into strains of praise, sometimes awaking her husband in the night by the overflowing gladness of her heart.

The Word of God was now more than ever her meat and drink, and the promises the *cream* upon which her soul was fed. Having literally hidden that word in her heart, she could call up portions of it at any time, night or day, in her mind, and feast upon them. Many times, when all were sleeping around her in the night season, she was holding communion with her precious Saviour, the Comforter bringing to her remembrance the divine words she had learned in childhood, and exulting in the fulfilment of the "exceeding great and precious promises," she poured out her soul in grateful love to her "covenant-keeping God." Even when sleeping she was talking with Jesus, and often waking in ecstacies at some thrilling words from Him whom her soul loved, or some enrapturing views of heaven. During the greater part of her protracted con-

finement from sickness, her joy in the Holy Ghost so abounded that she could indeed "glory in tribulations also," and often sang upon her bed:

"Sweet affliction, sweet affliction,
Thus to bring my Saviour near!"

So sweet were the revelations of His love, so blissful the smiles of His countenance, that she forgot her sufferings, lost sight of her privations, and the language of the triumphant Payson was often upon her lips as the expression of her heart.

(To be continued.)

For the Guide.

CONVICTION FOR SANCTIFICATION.

REV. F. G. HIBBARD, D.D.

(Continued from page 14.)

2. Conviction for holiness, then, as we have already hinted, is a state of *knowledge* as to the nature, obligation, and need of holiness. According to the force of the term, this knowledge cannot consist with any doubt or unbelief as to either of these points named, but it must be solid and permanent. It is not a high probability upon which the mind often acts in worldly matters with still some hesitation and distrust, but such a clear perception of the evidence of truth that the soul ceases to question, ceases to argue, ceases to doubt. At this point the methods of God for bringing the soul to the high act of choice are exhausted. As yet no final choice is made, but everything is prepared for the high and holy resolve. If one doctrinal doubt rested upon the purpose and breadth of the promise, the intention of God to provide for this full salvation now, or if one doubt remained as to the soul's need of this cleansing, in either case the mind would not be in a state of *conviction*, but only of *probability*, and hence not ready for decided will or choice, but only at best for weak, irresolute, and vacillating action. As little could faith take strong hold of Christ; for how could "strong, commanding confidence" in a Saviour now ready to deliver exist with doubt that it is His will and plan to grant the deliverance, or to require the duty? Conviction for sanctification is a clear, settled, strong, unquestioning perception of duty to be holy. This knowlege of duty comes from the knowledge of the law which requires it, and of the Gospel which provides for it. It also embraces the *need* of sanctification, which arises from the now undoubted and indubitable evidence of an unholy nature. Thus the knowledge of law, and the knowledge of our relation to law, having reached the strong point of *conviction*, leaves nothing further to be done till the soul submits its all to Christ, according to the measure of its new light, and faith takes Christ now as its "wisdom and righteousness and sanctification and redemption."

3. How is conviction for sanctification attained? The moral and forensic characteristics of this conviction, which we have noticed, must not be overlooked, and it is just here we call attention to the question. A great deal depends on the thorough consideration of this question.

It is the Holy Spirit, who is our enlightener, by whom this conviction is wrought, but, then, it is accomplished by the Holy Spirit operating upon the understanding and conscience through certain truths. The point I wish now to call attention to is that particular sphere, or class of causes, from which conviction for sanctification proceeds. In what direction shall we look for it? Whence shall we expect it? Where shall we seek it?

And here some common errors must be met. For instance, it is not in the *logical* understanding that this conviction must be sought. It never comes by argument or discussion. The evil to be removed by sanctification is not in the logical sphere, but in the ethical; not the abstract, but the practical. The cultivation of the intellect theologically, even to the extent of Paul's hypothesis, so that the soul "understands all mysteries and all knowledge," would never work conviction for sanctification. As little does the *critical* understanding yield this gracious fruit. You cannot come to that peculiar knowledge denoted by *conviction* for holiness through Greek lore or Hebrew lore. You may analyze the

original words, you may closely scan their grammatical relation, you may take into account the scope or aim of the author, you may go to the depths of all linguistic learning to ascertain the meaning of Holy Writ, and still be as far from the point of *conviction* as when you began.

I do not say that all these sources of human knowledge would not greatly help your religious life when once applied to the spiritual ends for which all Bible truth was written; but I say that all such knowledge is in itself only human, and can lead you no farther than human ideas. It is not thus that men reach those deep convictions which lead them to God, and lay the foundation of an assured experience in divine things. You would not go to a dictionary to learn the meaning of the word *repent*, in order to prepare you more fully for the duty and exercise of repentance, nor to obtain a definition of *sin*, in order to attain a personal conviction of sin. As little would all lexicography serve you in unfolding the evangelical import of *regeneration, sanctification, peace, joy, love.* And yet many sincere people seem to think that the way to attain conviction for sanctification is to acquire first what they call clear doctrinal views—the distinction between one blessing and another, the difference between the true Biblical and the false and heretical theories. In all this they set their reason diligently at work to find the right way. They learn many things, and often doubtless much that is valuable; but at length they find themselves "ever learning, and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth." They have multiplied distinctions and questions, and find themselves "striving about words," as unsatisfying to the soul as Jewish "fables and endless genealogies, which minister questions rather than godly edifying which is in faith." Alas! what confusion has been wrought by these methods.

(To be continued.)

THE LATTER-DAY LABORERS.

While passing a few hours each month over the Missionary news of all branches of Zion, from the Eastern lands, we are constrained to say, "What hath God wrought among the women!" The sweet perfume of the name of Jesus is breathed into the exclusive Hindoo Zenana—the Turkish Harem, and the antique Chinese households; while the Christian women of all lands willingly lend themselves to the inspiration of prayer and activity, that the Jewels of the East may deck the Mediator's crown.

For now in woman's work for woman, the last great impetus is given to the Mission cause, and we may expect the Holy Spirit to be poured out abundantly.

M. A.

For the Guide.

HERE AND THERE.

J. B. WOOD, OF RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

Here the Cross is, with all that it meaneth,
And a pathway to tread, unevenly paved;
There the Crown is, that with radiance beameth;
And gold burnish'd streets for the feet of the saved.

Here hate is, and hearts to which sin cleaveth,
And envy and pride, bitter fruits of the fall;
There love is, and peace, which ne'er the soul leaveth,
And the smile of the Father illumining all.

We'll take the Cross, then, with all that it meaneth,
And patiently bear it, where others have trod;
For *here* the Cross *is*, with all that it meaneth,
But *there*, the Crown gleameth—
With the light of the glory of the City of God.

WESTERN TURKEY.

WOMEN PREACHING TO WOMEN.

I never had so good a tour for preaching. I preached twice each of the five Sabbaths I was away, besides conducting numerous meetings during each week. But I was not the only one to preach. The "native" pastor would give notice on the Sabbath that the "Madama" would "*preach*" to the women at such and such times during the week, in the gardens of such and such brethren's houses.

Accordingly the ladies would go, Bible in hand, and large crowds of women would collect around them, and with more or less attention and intelligence listen to the story of the cross, never told to them before through woman's

lips from woman's heart. I trust an impression was made which may be lasting.--*Miss. Herald.*

A BRIDE FOR JESUS.

PHŒBE PALMER.

"I am married to Thee."

"I have invited Miss S. to take tea with us, that you may talk with her on the subject of religion," said Mrs. B.

A protracted service had been progressing several days in that place, and Miss S. had just been at one of the afternoon meetings; but if we might judge from her appearance, she had but little sympathy with the self-sacrificing doctrines of the cross, which she had there heard from our lips. She had been introduced to our attentions as one not professing religion, and after devoting a few moments to conversation on the subject, I proposed prayer.

In presenting her case before God, I did not present her as one who had given up the world, because nothing in her appearance, word, or manner had suggested the idea that she was a subject of the kingdom of grace. But after we rose from prayer she seemed to be affected that she had not been recognized as a disciple of the Saviour.

"I think I did give my heart to the Lord a few weeks ago," she observed.

Of course I did not question this, but now saw my way plain, and began at once to insist on an immediate and entire renunciation of her being to Christ. She was possessed of more than ordinary personal charms, and I coveted her as a bride for Jesus.

I urged the consideration that there should be no possible delay, in view of the fact that she was not her own. And if *already* the property of God by the right of redemption, why should she delay a long time to count the cost? Though she might consume five or fifty years in taking an inventory of all she had, or might ever expect to have, she would never find the first thing worth possessing but what was *already* the Lord's property, and only entrusted to her to be used for God's glory.

"And will you not now acknowledge His claim, and in His strength yield yourself up in eternal allegiance to Christ? Will you not enter into the bonds of an everlasting covenant, which may be well ordered and sure, so that in view of all coming time you may regard your body as a temple for the Holy Ghost to dwell in, and all your redeemed powers, in the most absolute sense, irrevocably and unconditionally the Lord's." Thus I addressed her, consciously trusting in the Holy Spirit to give power to my utterances.

She seemed willing, and even ardent, in her desire for the consummation of the glorious and eternal union which had been proposed.

"But, oh! I fear I shall break it," she exclaimed.

"Could you conceive such winning attractions in an earthly friend as might induce you to contemplate a union as enduring as life?"

"Yes!"

"If you were now on the eve of entering into the marriage covenant with one whom you knew to be in every way worthy of your love, and to whom you were greatly endeared, at this point one steps in and suggests that it would be hazardous to enter into such a life-long engagement, as you might be tempted at some future day to break it. Would not the suggestion be insulting to your feelings? Now think of the ineffable charms of your altogether lovely Saviour; and can you not contemplate taking Him as the eternal Bridegroom of your soul without fearing that you shall break the engagement? Then why for one moment listen to the insulting suggestions of the tempter, as though there were not charms enough in your adorable Saviour to fix and rivet your eye forever on His infinite attractions?"

She saw the inconsistency of delaying for one moment, and knowing that the Holy Spirit was now present, revealing the ineffable charms and the infinite claims of her Saviour, and that what was now about to be bound on earth was to be bound in heaven, addressing her with a feeling of much solemnity, and as

in the immediate presence of God, I said:

"Are you now ready? Shall this be the eventful hour when in the presence of God, angels, and men you enter into the bonds of an everlasting covenant with the High and Holy One? There was an eventful point in the career of Abraham, from which he ever afterward said, 'I have lifted my hand to God, and *cannot* look back.' Shall this be the eventful period in your heavenward course to which in all your subsequent career here on earth, and to all eternity, you may look back and say, At that solemn moment, inscribed on the pages of time, on twenty-fifth day of Oct., 18—, I lifted my hand to God in an absolute, irrevocable, unconditional surrender to my Redeemer to take Christ as the eternal Bridegroom of my soul, and yielding up every earthly interest to Him, in order that all my subsequent career through life may be blended in manifest oneness with Jesus, the King of kings, the Lord of glory? Again I ask, are you ready? The Triune Deity is here to take cognizance of the act, ministering angels of the covenant are here to write down your answer on the pages of eternal remembrance. Tell me in the name and presence of God whether you will not make this the hour from which you will lift your hand to God, and stand recorded as forever the Lord's?"

With the utmost solemnity she said:

"The Lord being my helper, I will."

"Then lift your right hand in the presence of God, angels, and men, and let the recording angel now take down from your lips the solemn engagement by which you bind yourself in absolute and eternal allegiance to your Lord."

She then raised her right hand, and with a solemnity which I shall never while life endures forget, repeated, as nearly as I can remember, the following words:

"In the name and in the presence of the Triune Deity, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, and the hosts of the Lord now encamped about me, I yield myself up in an absolute, eternal, unconditional covenant to Thee. I take Thee, O Jesus, as the Bridegroom of my soul, to be united in an eternal oneness with Thee, resolved that all my interests shall be forever identified with the interests of Thy kingdom. My body I yield up as a temple for the Holy Spirit to dwell in, resolved to adorn, nourish, and cherish it as a temple, closed to all but God. These *lips* shall, through Thy assisting grace, obey the bidding of Thy indwelling Spirit. These hands shall minister for Thee. These feet shall, through the inspiration of Thy Spirit, walk on the errands of Thy grace. Body, soul, and spirit, I yield up to Thee, resolved that all these powers shall be ceaselessly yielded up to promote the interests of Thy kingdom on earth."

As she finished these solemn utterances, every one of which as fell from her lips I felt assured was being divinely recognized by the Angel of the covenant, and written down on the pages of eternal remembrance, I endeavored further to assist her faith by adding:

"'Tis done! the great transaction's done!
I am my Lord's, and He is mine."

But in the use of these words she hesitated for a moment to follow me, and the tempter, who was now being forced to unloose his hold forever on an object so attractive, made yet one more attempt to withstand her ere she had by an act of implicit reliance fully consummated this act of eternal allegiance.

"Why do you hesitate in repeating these words with me?" I asked.

"Oh! I do not feel," she exclaimed with emotion.

"Do *not feel!* What has that to do with the reality of the transaction? Have you not here, in the sacred presence of God, and of the great cloud of witnesses by which we are surrounded, entered into an everlasting covenant with Christ? Had you entered into the marriage covenant in this room, in the presence of these witnesses, and after the marriage covenant had been ratified turned round and said, But I do not feel it, would this strange trifling with sacred solemnities annul your obligations? Yet the solemn covenant engagement by which you have now yielded

yourself up forever to Jesus as the Bridegroom of your soul, is *intensely* more real. Such an engagement made with a fellow-being would be but a lifetime engagement with one who could not have any prior *claim*, only so far as you might at will encourage that claim; but your Redeemer has ever had a rightful claim on your supreme affections, and on all the powers of your soul and body. The recording angel has already written down the sacred transaction; and if your future life is not answerable to the sacred engagements of this hallowed hour, you will stand before God and angels in the revolting light of one who breaks the marriage contract. And how bitterly does God complain of such in His word! How revolting were the sins of His people Israel when viewed in this light! But surely you do not for a moment wish to break away from the arms of Infinite Love, to which you have now forever surrendered yourself?"

A burst of thrilling emotion now suddenly arrested the attention of that circle toward the lovely Miss S., the precise wherefore of which I may not perhaps be able fully to define. But it suggested itself to my mind as the effect of a sudden recognition of the wonderful yet glorious responsibilities and privileges of her new relations to her precious Redeemer and Saviour. After a few moments her emotion subsided, and a heavenly calm settled on her brow. The signet of love and peace seemed enstamped, as it were, on her countenance. And that lovely face looked now yet more lovely, as the fairest among ten thousand and the one altogether lovely revealing Himself to her spirit's vision said, "Thou art mine; I am married to thee." The oft-repeated prayer,

> "Here's my heart, oh take and *seal* it—
> Seal it for thy courts above!"

was now being answered. The very countenance of Miss S. seemed to bespeak the sealing of the Spirit. Oh why do not all believers seek the sealing of the Spirit? Definite acts, and definite faith will bring the promised grace. What more clearly set forth as the believer's privilege, "After ye had believed ye were sealed with the Holy Spirit of promise"? Yes, *sealed* unto the day of redemption. Blissful privilege!

And what was the effect of this sealing in the case of Miss S.? Would that we could describe it! And surely no earnest believer would rest short of a divine endowment so desirable for holy comfort, usefulness, and stability.

In the case of Miss S. it was a transformation from an unstable, fashionable, inactive, world-loving professor to a heavenly-minded, earnestly active follower of Jesus. So evidently and gloriously were her goings established, that her very looks, acts, and words seemed to speak of an abiding, indwelling Spirit of might within.

Adornments which had marked her as a world-loving professor before were at once put aside. It was only the next day that her unconverted friends had occasion to know of the great change that had come over her. So earnest were her importunities to win over some irreligious relatives to the Saviour, that but a few hours had passed before she had the privilege of sharing the honors of the cross with her suffering Saviour, and with the poet might sing,

> "And I enjoy the glorious shame,
> The scandal of the cross."

Her earnest absorption of love for perishing souls was spoken of as a species of monomania. And surely this was not surprising, for if they said of the Master, "He is beside himself," why should it not be anticipated that it will be said thus of the lowly disciple who treads onward in the heavenly way in the footsteps of his Divine Exemplar?

We also had occasion to trace her in yet another and joyous sphere of duty. I had been invited to visit a select seminary of young ladies, where both teachers and pupils, though belonging to various denominations, had through the influence of the revival services been brought under the arrestings of the Holy Spirit. Some, we were informed, were seeking the blessing of pardon, and others were seeking purity of heart. We did not get time to go and labor as we would, but

our lack of service was supplied. The steps of the recently gay and spiritually feeble Miss S. was by the bidding of the Saviour directed there. She saw that spiritual aid was greatly needed; and so strongly did she feel the girdings of Christ's power, that she resolved in His almighty strength to undertake the work.

Referring to our anticipated visit she said:

"I do not see why the Lord may not help us, as well as Mrs. P."

She then proposed that the seeking ones should retire up-stairs, and together they would have a prayer-meeting. And during these exercises so signally were the labors of Miss S. owned, that those who were longing for purity received the promised grace, and seekers of justification were enabled to rejoice in conscious adoption before the close of the interview. Oh what power there is in this conscious eternal union with Jesus! How the weak become strong when endued with the might of the Spirit! What a conquest had grace made in the short period of two or three days in the case of the once vacillating, world-loving professor, Miss S.!

Dear reader, is it your will that your Saviour should do likewise for you? Would you from this hour receive the sealing of His Spirit, and be armed with the girdings of His power? Then let this be the hallowed hour from which you may ever say, "I have lifted my hand to God, and cannot look back."

For the Guide.

THE SABBATH.

"Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy."—EXODUS xx. 8.

JAMES LAWSON.

Hail! Sabbath-day, the day I love the best;
The day appointed for mankind to rest;
Thy cheering light I now behold once more,
After another week of toil is o'er.
Lord, keep away all wand'ring thoughts from me,
And may I spend this Sabbath-day with Thee.

And now, while from my bed of sleep I rise,
And bow to pay my morning sacrifice,
Lord, take away each worldly thought and care,
That I may worship Thee in secret prayer;
And may Thy Holy Spirit's aid be given,
That I in spirit may commune with heaven.

And while I take Thy Holy Word to read,
The guidance of Thy Spirit then I need;
Oh that its sacred rays of light divine
Upon the pages of Thy Word may shine!
And may I there be taught to know Thy will,
And strength receive my duty to fulfil.

And while with those who in Thy temple meet,
I bow myself to worship at Thy feet,
Or join with those whose tuneful voices raise
In grateful songs of holy love and praise,
Or listen to Thy Word,—O Lord impart
Thy Spirit's power to fill my longing heart.

And when my Sabbaths here on earth shall end,
Lord grant that I with Thee in heaven may spend
A never-ending Sabbath, there to raise
My voice in rapturous songs of endless praise,
Throughout eternity, to Thee alone,
With saints and angels round Thy dazzling throne.

BATTERSEA, Ont., 1872.

For the Guide.

REFORMATION IN THE CHURCH.

REV. HENRY BELDEN.

It has been justly said that when a reformation is to be effected, three things are indispensably necessary:

First, corruption must exist in the domain where it is to take place; second, the necessity of abolishing that corruption must be felt and recognized; and third, the rudiments must be prepared of the new and better system to be substituted for the old.

Any careful and just observation will make it evident that these three conditions exist in the Church at the present time.

Everywhere, those who are the truest friends of the Church, and most free from uncharitableness, recognize a wide departure from primitive spirituality and devotion, on the part of the Church at large. They deplore great corruptions in doctrine and practice, and acknowledge the necessity of reform. It may be that not all who are clear in their conviction of the need of reform, have clear views of what is needful to produce it, or of the methods by which it is to be sought. But there is a great and rapidly increasing number of those who are fully enlightened in all this matter, and who are praying and laboring to bring back Christ's professed followers to that real following of Him which is exemplified in a scriptural faith and practice.

The real practical difficulty in the Church is, that multitudes live *without consecration to God*—that is, they live unto themselves, seeking to fulfil the desires of the flesh and the mind. They live under a continual sense of condemnation, acknowledging that they ought to be holy but realizing that they are not. Their life is a self-life, and therefore they are dead while they live. Many do not know that there is anything better than this, and expect to spend all their life crying, "Who shall deliver me from the body of this death!"

The other difficulty is, *ignorance of the way of faith.* None know what faith is, or can know it, except those who are walking in it. Mere intellect, even in its highest cultivation, has no power to comprehend faith. It may reason and speculate about it as about other things, but it is impossible to know what is faith in the Son of God, without living it. How often do we hear from the pulpit discourses professedly setting forth the nature and obligation of faith, when it is perfectly evident that the teacher has no just conception of the experience, and needs to be taught himself!

Unbelief and legality are the leading characteristics of the self-life which pervades the unregenerate world, and to a great extent beclouds and paralyzes the Church. The needed reformation, and that which the Scripture indicates, is entire consecration and faith. These are the two steps by which we enter the way of holiness, and they are, so to speak, the two feet by which we walk in it.

For the Guide.

FROM EGYPT TO CANAAN.

M. PHILLIPS.

With an eye single to the glory of God I wish to record the Divine dealings with my soul. Some who are now treading the "wilderness," may be enabled thereby to shorten the journey from "Egypt to Canaan." When about fourteen years of age, I sought and found the Lord, at a protracted meeting held at B——, Ohio. Happy in a Saviour's love, I "did run well for a season." I verily believe now, that had proper influences been thrown around *me*, I would have "held on my course." Who will say that I might not have even *then* entered the "land of rest," if I had been taught the way? Before the end of one year, "the sow that was washed, returned to her wallowing in the mire."

At the age of fifteen I entered the army as a musician. The admonitions and prayers of my father, the instructions of a pious Sabbath-school teacher, and many kind letters now followed me, so that I was restrained from contracting many of the vices incident to camp life. But not until I was brought to face the monster death, and much precious time had run to waste, did I consent to "return to my Father's House, where there is bread and to spare." I now earnestly sought the Lord for pardon, and if I *obtained* an evidence of acceptance, I was as sure to *lose* it again, and in this way I struggled on until the close of the war. I embraced the first opportunity of uniting myself with the Church of my choice.

I would love to pass over the five and half years following, but dare not. I am fully satisfied now, that much of the time previous to, and during this period, I enjoyed a justified state; but when darkness came, Satan would whisper in my ear that I was deceived—that God was angry with me for my sins and cruel backslidings, and, as an evidence of this fact, would point to His strange dealings with me—my disappointed hopes—the loss of bodily health, and the failure of all my earthly plans. Had I known the simple "way of faith," how easily I could have said, "get thee hence, Satan!"

During this period I enjoyed at two different times, at least, the blessing of "perfect love," but lost it through ignorance, not knowing what it was. I will describe the circumstances and state of my feelings. In the month of January, 1870, I was prostrated with pneumonia, and lay sick about one week at the house of a friend in the city of S——. I was prostrated by repeated illness till the "furnace seemed heated

seven times hotter," and I covenanted with the Lord that if He would spare me, I would in future serve Him in "newness of life," at the same time laying firm hold on Christ as *my* Saviour, and made a full consecration of all, even for life or death, into the hands of my Heavenly Father. A peace such as I had never known before now filled my soul; though in midwinter, all nature seemed to wear a smile, and every person and thing seemed to contribute to my happiness. What could it mean? Was I losing my mind? I verily feared I was, and was relieved when my former state of feeling began to return. This lasted several weeks; but not knowing the "way of faith," and as the *feeling* left me, I gradually fell into doubts and despondency again. In this way I lived, with varied experiences, until the spring of 1871.

In January the condition of my health was such that I resigned my work. I concluded to visit a sister living in G——, Mo. Shortly after my arrival, a protracted meeting was commenced in the village. I was again powerfully convicted of my need of a deeper work of grace, and my want of resignation to the Divine will; for I was a slave to unbelief, fear, and despondency. My brother, a year or two before, had travelled this circuit. Being a reader of the "Guide," he loaned several copies to a friend, who had forgotten to return them. Groping in the dark, but earnestly seeking for light, I providentially called one evening at the house of this friend. Seeing the "Guide," I inquired if he was a subscriber, when he told me how they came there. I requested permission to take and read them, promising to send them to my brother. I now *felt* that I had found a treasure. My mind was prepared, as never before, to receive the truth. All earthly props had been taken away—the past was an utter failure—the future looked dark—very dark. In my distress, I cried earnestly unto God for light and help. I scarcely ate or slept for several days and nights. I was led to see the cause of failure in the *past*—just where I *then* stood—what the Lord would have me *do* in the future. Oh, what a trying hour that was! But—Glory to Jesus! the work of crucifixion began—dying unto self and the world. Truly, "we are crucified with Christ!" Such promises and assurances as these were given to me: "Blessed are they that hunger after righteousness, for they shall be filled." "In the day that thou seekest me with all thy heart I will be found of thee." "The day of the Lord is near in the valley of decision." Then, as if to forever silence every objection that I could offer (for I plead past failures—my want of faith—present weakness, future prospects, and many others), Paul seemed to speak to me *personally*, saying, "This is the *will* of God, even your *sanctification!*" Then I said, "*I will not resist the will of God any longer!*" He *wills* that I should *enjoy* His will, as well as *suffer* His will; and adopting as the language of my heart the chorus of a hymn used so often in our meetings then, I said, "I *can*, I *will*, I DO believe that Jesus saves me *now!* Glory to God! this was the beginning of the dawn. I had little ecstacy, but a calm, sweet assurance. Exercising what faith I had, I prayed for more. Seeing that I must now *confess* what God had done for me, before I had a right to claim more light or strength, I made up my mind to do so, and that night attended a meeting for prayer and experience. There was a strange commingling of joy and fear in my breast, as I entered the house of prayer. Up to this time I had not learned the "way of faith" fully—like the Jews I still "looked for a sign." The tempter at once began to reason with me; and heeding him, I soon fell into doubts and despondency again. A veil of darkness, worse than Egyptian, seemed to settle over my natural, as well as my spiritual vision. The agony of that hour has burned itself deep into my memory. Did I confess the blessing? No, Satan told me I had nothing new to confess—I was laboring under a delusion; and as proof of his assertion asked, where was my assurance? Why did I not have *liberty* and *power* to boldly

confess?—did not "perfect love" cast out all fear? All this seemed very plausible. I returned to my room with a sad heart, but fully determined never to give up the struggle.

The following day I was led of the Spirit to see my mistake. How my poor heart leaped for joy! had I attained the object of my search? Was it possible to be saved—saved fully, and yet not have the "sealing witness" at all times? was the sacrifice as truly accepted *before* (when "bound even unto the horns of the altar") as *after* it was consumed? Can it *be* that "we are saved by faith," though I know the Apostle so declares it? finally—was not faith *feeling?* and—*vice versa*—was not *feeling* faith? It seems incredible to me now that I remained so long "entangled with the yoke of bondage." Glory to Jesus! truly whom He makes free, is "*free indeed.*" I now calmly—firmly—"surely believed." Remembering the injunction, "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation," I resolved to obey, and began to publish, as opportunity offered (though in great weakness), "what the Lord had done for my soul." For a time Satan contended every inch of ground, and often I was almost constrained to cry out with Israel of old, "Is the Lord with us or no?" The twenty months since past have witnessed sore conflicts with, but signal triumphs over the powers of darkness. My peace has been truly "as a river," though more like one occasionally marked with dams or locks. Every difficulty, when overcome, has added new strength to my faith. Glory be to the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit!

OLATHE, Kansas, 1872.

BLESSED MEMORIES.

No. III.

REV. JAMES HARRIS.

"The memory of the just is blessed."

MY MOTHER.

Some of your readers may have seen an engraving representing the first sailing of the missionary ship John Wesley. Among the group therein represented as standing on the beach, leaning on the arm of her husband, was the subject of this sketch. Her eldest son was senior missionary on board that ship, and at that moment she was gazing upon his youthful, manly features, for the last time; for though still living, and preaching Jesus, he returned no more to his native shores.

Scarcely was this trial over than the same great missionary cause asked another gift. This time it was a daughter, to go alone to the far-off Indies, and there join one who had years before won her heart and sought her hand. All the mother in her womanly nature again rose against the sacrifice, but again her faith triumphed, and her Emma, in 1849, was given up for the mission-fields of the East; and she, with her husband, the Rev. John Walton, continued for many years to labor in Ceylon. Nor yet had the ship which bore away her daughter reached its distant port when her third son came unexpectedly home to beg permission to go abroad too; and, if so called, to become a missionary too. What a struggle her heart experienced before the unwilling "yes" was given, only ye mothers can understand; but when the surrender was fully given, she never regretted or repined.

It had long been the boast of Britain's monarch that the sun never set upon her dominions, but this mother in Israel could say even more. Bowed in prayer for her *children*, the thought flashed into her mind: "The sun never sets upon us as a family. Thomas in Australia, Emma in India, their father with ourselves in Old England, and James in Canada, and all in the missionary work of the Church." With what increased faith now that the thrice demanded sacrifice was given she offered the prayer, "Thy kingdom come," may be imagined.

Her time was now largely occupied in praying for and directing and encouraging her children, while her highest joy was to hear of their welfare and success in winning souls. In 1858 her husband retired from the activities of the itineracy to Bristol, and in 1863 she became a widow. But these changes produced no diminution in her own activities in the service of Christ. From Birmingham she removed to Leamington, in 1871, and wrote: "I have now made my last removal till I remove to my home *above.*" That final removal was much nearer than any one anticipated.

On Friday, November 3d she met her class-meeting, and spoke with remarkable clearness and vigor. She spoke of all the way in which the Lord had led her. She especially mentioned her visit, when young, to Mrs. Fletcher, of Madeley, and to the hallowed influence of that visit upon all her future life, and then she prayed for her class with great fervency. The following day was her eighty-second birthday, and she wrote: "I have passed the day without an ache or a pain." On Sunday she thrice went to the public services of the sanctuary; and no wonder she enjoyed them, for she was treading on the border land. On Tuesday she set her own house in *order*, for it had been shut up for a few days. It was a new home, and had only just been entered upon. Then she returned to her eldest daughter's, not to die, but to pass triumphant home. She was suddenly taken ill, and it was soon apparent her illness was unto death. The Master had come, and He found His handmaid waiting. Of late the language of our Lord had been much on her lips. "I have glorified Thee on the earth," she would say, placing special emphasis on the words, "On the earth." It is not necessary to wait till we get to heaven to glorify God. We may glorify *Him on the earth*. How far she had been permitted to do this her life answered; and now she would glorify *Him* on a dying *bed*.

Tread softly as you enter the room:

"The chamber where the good man meets his fate,
Is privileged beyond the common walks of life,
Close on the verge of heaven."

The shivering fit is over; the slight apoplectic stroke has passed away; the calm, lucid moments presaying the end has arrived. A saint is passing home, to join the ransomed ones. Of her eight living children but one is personally with *her*—her eldest daughter, who for fifty years had been her inseparable companion. It was right she should fall asleep in her arms. How does the dying saint now look upon her life? Listen: "He hath loved me with an everlasting love, and with loving-kindness hath He drawn me." Her breathing becoming more difficult and labored, but her recollection did not fail, when she exclaimed with almost expiring breath:

"I'll praise my Maker while I've breath,
And when my voice is lost in death
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life or thought or being last,
Or immortality endures."

How true the beautiful language of England's greatest living pulpit orator:

"Our warring days shall have a close,
Our waiting days shall have a close,
Our wanting days shall have a close,
Our watching days shall have a close;
But our day of days shall ne'er be past,
While life or thought or being last,
Or immortality endures."

The last day of her life was spent calmly waiting the end, reviewing the years of her pilgrimage, sending messages of love to her absent children, and wafting her prayers on their behalf on the wings of faith to the throne of *grace*. Ah! those last prayers of God's dying saints, breathed just as the port is gained, when the hand is on the door-knob, and the gate is ajar, and the throne is almost in sight, one foot only on earth, the other just fallling on the threshold, and the soul pauses to breathe one prayer more for the loved ones about to be left behind. Oh! methinks if ever prayer has prevalency it must be that last prayer, breathed so near the throne. The incense of those last prayers seems to have been casting a fragrance of holy influence around her children ever since, lifting them into the higher state, where heavenly breezes ever breathe. On Thursday afternoon, says her daughter, she mentioned all her precious absent ones by names: "My precious James, my precious Daniel, etc., my love to them. Tell them I have prayed for them; and I have prayed for their children, for my children, and my children's children, and the promise is to thy seed, and to thy seed's seed." This she repeated several times.

The doctor, coming in, asked how she was. With a beaming countenance she answered: "Jesus Christ has given to me that which He gave to His disciples, He has given me *eternal life*." Soon after she seemed very weary, and as a babe falling asleep on its mother's knee, so she fell back. With her hand in her daughter's hand, and her head resting on her arm, her breathing gradually became softer and softer, till without a struggle or a groan she passed away.

She entered into life. The narrow stream was almost imperceptibly passed; and as she winged her way to the celestial city, we could imagine that, as Bunyan saith, "A

company of the heavenly host came out to meet her and saluted her with ten thousand welcomes, that the harpers harped with their harps, and all the bells of the city rang again for joy; and it was said unto her, 'Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.'"

Loved Ones Gone Before.

WITHIN THE VAIL.

REV. M. P. BLAKESLEE.

Nancy Demmon Bunce died in Butler, N. Y., Oct. 31, 1872, aged 58.

For forty-five years she had been a burning and a shining light. Her faithfulness when passing through the danger of girlhood was so marked as to command attention and respect from all who knew her. Her religion was her life. The beauty and joy of Jesus' love vitalized every thought and every deed. Faith and love, not a smiting conscience, moved her to work for God. No work which God pointed out was hard either for her faith or her hands.

She improved every opportunity to recommend Jesus. One who knew her well, remarked that of the large number who passed around her open coffin at the funeral, there was scarcely one but she had conversed with upon her all-absorbing theme—her Jesus.

Her strength and clearness of faith, and her intimacy with her Saviour, found frequent expression in the saying, "Jesus is right here." Moment by moment she claimed the merit of His blood to cleanse her from all sin, and this was her uninterrupted testimony for twenty-seven years.

The "Guide" was her chosen reading next to her Bible. For twenty-four years she had been its faithful subscriber and fellow-helper.

Her last years were full of bodily suffering, yet her constant testimony was, "All is well, all is peace." Her last class-meeting testimony was, "Anywhere, any time, I am ready." The last day of her life was obscured by the delirium and stupor of disease, but just before passing into such state she was in an ecstasy, saying, with hands clasped, "Precious Jesus! Precious Jesus!" This was her last lucid utterance.

Blessed indeed are they who have known the *holy* ones of earth, but more blessed are those who discern in Christ the power of a holy life, and follow on.

The sainted dead are not far away:

"Just gone within the vail, where we shall follow,
Not far before us, hardly out of sight—
We down beneath them in this cloudy hollow,
And they, far up on yonder sunny height."

Editorial.

SANCTIFICATION OBTAINED AND RETAINED BY FAITH.

A present and full salvation would not have been made available unless it were needed, in order to glorify God. But we must experience this salvation in order to know its excellency—its entire adaptation to every want. Oh the fallacy of the observation, "If I get the blessing I shall never be able to keep it!" It is precisely what is needed in order to produce that stability of soul which renders us less liable to vacillate in our Christian course; or, in the language of an eminent minister, in answer to the objection of a trembling heart, "I fear I could not keep it"—"Brother, nothing but holiness will *keep you*."

Do you not think that there is too much mysticism thrown around this blessing? I have thought so, and this I believe to be the principal hinderance with many whom I approach on this subject. With the eye of carnal wisdom they seem to be looking at something quite beyond their present reach. Thus they overlook its simplicity. Now, for a soul all athirst for God, what is more easy than to come with a purpose fixed in the strength of the Lord Jehovah, to be His—irrevocably His—whether living or dying; and then, relying on eternal veracity for the acceptance of the gift, to leave there the offering upon the altar? Is not this being set apart for God? And, in its immediate effect, is it not the sanctification which God demands? "The altar sanctifieth the gift." (Matt. xxiii. 19.) The strength required in bringing the offering to the altar is wholly of God; and would He impart the power to do it, without fulfilling His gracious design in inducing the sacrifice?

REMARKABLE FOR DISTINCTNESS OF TESTIMONY.

The subject of Christian holiness was more urged upon the attention of the ministry at the last British Wesleyan Conference than for

many years past. The ex-President, in referring to men of mark of the past century, said:

The great lights among the ministry, Fletcher, Thomas, Walsh, Bramwell, Pawson, Entwisle, Trefry, and many of like experience, were remarkable for the distinctness and fulness of their testimony on the subject of Christian holiness.

In subsequent remarks the ex-President observed:

"If I may judge by what has recently come under my own notice, I may assure you that, in proclaiming the truth on this point, you will preach to appreciative and sympathizing audiences. I believe there is a revived and widespread yearning among our people for full salvation. I believe they will be unspeakably thankful to any minister who can clearly set the truth concerning it before them, and can help them to go up and possess the good land. Therefore, let this subject receive your special attention. You can hardly do the Church just now any service equal to that of urging upon our people that they seek to be cleansed from all sin, so as to love God with all their heart, and mind, and soul, and strength. Do this, whether you have yourselves attained to the blessed experience of it or not. In the faithful exhibition and inculcation of it, you can scarcely fail to become partakers of it. And this is what I want especially to say to you. Nothing can give such weight and influence to your teaching on this subject as a personal experience answering to that teaching."

"'What we have felt and seen,
With confidence we tell,
And publish to the sons of men
The signs infallible.'

"Oh give yourselves to earnest and importunate prayer for the baptism of the Spirit of burning upon your own souls. If you have not already felt the all-purifying power of the blood of Jesus, resolve here and now to seek it with your whole heart."

WAYS AND WORKS FOR JESUS.

TEN DAYS IN ALLEGANY, N. Y.

Allegany is a little town on the Erie R. R. not far from Salamanca. Within the last three or four years it has occasionally been favored with gracious ingatherings. But of the many brought out of spiritual Egypt, few seem to have entered the rest of faith.

"A rest where all the soul's desire,
Is fixed on things above,
Where fear, and sin, and guilt expire,
Cast out by perfect love."

While the army of Israel was compassing the mountain, they were not fighting the Lord's battle. Thus with God's Israel in this place, they lacked the power to go up victoriously. Our Allegany friends taking advantage of our views of duty, not long since expressed in the "Guide," in relation to going, not always where most *wanted*, but most NEEDED, we acceded to their solicitations, commencing our ten days' service Saturday evening, December 21st, and returning on the last day of the year 1872.

Entering upon our work for Jesus we said to the great Master, "These are Thy services, and we are Thy servants, teach us Thy way, O Lord, and lead us in a plain path." From some peculiarities which we need not specify, it did not seem to be the Divine Order that we should at once gather sheaves. Well do we know that God sometimes withholds an ingathering of sinners, till the stones are gathered out and the way of the people prepared, and the Banner, HOLINESS TO THE LORD, fully reared and displayed in the presence of the people. And this often is more than the work of an hour or day.

The work began with power on Sabbath morning. After we had addressed the people, scores rose to manifest their resolve that they would be holy. The congregation being dismissed, the time being already far spent, several remained, unwilling to leave the house till fully renewed in grace. Going to a young man who was weeping bitter tears in his pew, he cried out, "Oh, I have been in the wilderness, wandering around and around the mountain, and not going up to possess the good land!" For some time he refused to be comforted, but before he left the church, himself with three other young men that tarried, were enabled to enter the Beulah-land of perfect love and trust. And thus the work went steadily on from day to day.

Among many others who were subjects of the Spirit's special baptism was our excellent host and his beloved companion. Daily did the work of holiness deepen and extend among believers, and the flame of revival spread.

From lip to lip we heard it said, "Such a visitation Allegany never had before." Several sinners were also saved, and backsliders reclaimed, but the inclemency of the weather was great, piercing cold, heavy winds, and falling snow, almost daily, prevented the unsaved from gathering as largely as might otherwise have been aticipated. Still the Allegany ten days' meeting was a blessed success, and we do not doubt will lay the foundation for a glorious ingathering of souls. The beloved minister, Rev. C. S. Daily, and his estimable wife, were most blessed helpers in the Lord. With hearts deeply imbued with the spirit of holiness, they were ever ready for self-sacrificing work. Our last Sabbath afternoon was a season of more than ordinary interest. Several times during the week at the afternoon meetings special prayer had been presented, that He who in the days of His incarnation called children to Him, would grant the awakening drawings of His Spirit to the dear children of the place, inclining them in their tender years to come and seek renewing grace. Sabbath afternoon was the time appointed for them to be brought. Parents and other adults came with the children. But we had occasion to fear that much skepticism prevailed on the part of the adult portion of the congregation, in regard to the conversion of young. So we asked all that believed Jesus the same yesterday, today, and forever, was able and willing to receive the children who had now come forward to manifest their decision to give themselves to the Saviour, would signify it by rising up. A large majority of the adults arose and remained standing. Wishing to have all unbelief as far as possible banished from the house, we then asked that all who believed that the Lord *would* now hear prayer for the conversion of these children, and believe that Jesus would receive them now that had come to give themselves to Him, would manifest it by raising the right hand. Faith gathered strength, and many raised their right hand. An affecting season of prayer followed, and our hearts seemed to assure us that He who said, "Suffer little children to come unto Me and forbid them not," did receive those tender little lambs that now came flocking to His arms. We should judge that not less than fifty did on this occasion come to the Saviour. Seldom have we ourselves felt more of the sweet, tender, hallowing influences of Christ's presence, than on this occasion. Surely Jesus does say to all our dear little ones, "Come unto Me!" Oh, why do not all Christian people bring their little ones in *faith* to Him, assured that of such *is* the kingdom of heaven? He took us in early childhood as lambs into His fold, and God forbid that we should cease to show our gratitude by not laboring to bring the children to Him in every place we visit.

Our pilgrim sojourn was at the pleasant residence of E. Willard, Esq., who, with his dear family and many other beloved ones in the Lord of Allegany, we shall rejoice to meet in our Father's house.

News Along the Line.

WYOMING, PA.

We are thankful for the following interesting letter from our recent field of labor.—ED.

I wish I could tell you how wonderfully God has blessed us, both while you were here and since. The entire community is being leavened with the spirit and practice of holiness. In our service yesterday we received a baptism of the Spirit such as has not been experienced for years. Nearly one hundred testified to the power of the blood that cleanseth.

As to my own experience, I have everything to be grateful for. How much, under God, I owe to your visit here! The way of faith seems so much plainer and more precious than ever before. I am sweetly resting in Jesus. He is all the world to me.

> "Were the whole realm of nature mine,
> That were a present far too small;
> Love so amazing, so divine,
> Demands my soul, my life, my all."

I have not as yet reported the fruits of our meeting, hoping to see yet more and more; but, at present writing, I may safely report upwards of fifty, all adults excepting three or four. Is not this wonderful? Truly "the Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad." Your labor of love here will never be forgotten.

The books came safely; and the school, by a rising vote, wished me to return their thanks to you for them. We are circulating them in the Bible-classes, and their fruits are already being seen. Oh how much sweeter the work

of the Lord seems now that so many are making their watchword, "All for Jesus!" The Church is a unit, so far as I know, in defence of holiness. Many profess it, and many are pressing "toward the mark for the prize."

One of the most remarkable conversions here is that of a Brother L., who tells that he could not get rid of the question you asked: "*Where shall I spend my eternity?*" They (the words) kept ringing in his ears until he was driven to the cross. His wife has since been sweetly saved. The evening she was seeking he went to the side of the house where she was kneeling and offered a prayer, which, for directness, power, and beauty, I scarce ever heard equalled. I think he must be a leader in Israel. What hath God wrought!

"Thanks and praise to Jesus give!"

R. W. VAN SCHOICK.

ROLL OF PRAYER AND ITS RESULTS.

The Sunday afternoon meeting at Sister Windsor's, 418 Seventh street, S. E., for the promotion of holiness, has an average gathering of 120. It has been attended with glorious results. A roll of prayer was presented some weeks ago. For several Sundays subjects of prayer were given for the unconverted. A great revival has commenced at Ryland Chapel, a few squares from Sister Windsor's, and is still in progress. More than one hundred conversions are reported, many of them having been upon this roll. These young converts help to swell the number in attendance on this Sunday afternoon meeting, and are expressing their desire and determination to advance until they are filled with all the fulness of God, and enjoy the perfect love of which they have through the testimonies given. I have circulated in the meeting a large number of old "Guides" and tracts on the subject of holiness, which are doing much good.

As I have before informed you, other churches have their weekly meetings for the promotion of holiness—namely, McKendsee, Wesley, Foundry, East Washington, Waugh, Ryland, Gorsuch, and Hamline; also, at 3 P.M., at Four-and-a-half street Presbyterian Church every Tuesday, by Rev. George Hall, of the Young Men's Christian Association.

W. S. FORT.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 14, 1872.

SOUTHWICK, MASS.

Lovers of Jesus, rejoice with the angels over the salvation of sinners, and the entire sanctification of believers at Southwick, Mass. The prospect was very dark when we commenced, but faith would take no denial. The throne of God was besieged day and night, till one forenoon in my closet I prayed and prevailed, and gained the assurance that God would answer. The whole town is stirred, and some of the worst sinners are coming to Jesus; and one whole school was led to the foot of the cross, and nearly all of them could testify for Christ. It was blessed to hear the young men cry out, "God be merciful to me a sinner." The last night I stayed after the meeting had closed, I found a dear boy who wanted me to pray for him, and God saved him in answer to prayer. A similar work of grace was bestowed upon Sunapee, N. H. Praise God!

E. DAVIES.

MEETING ON HOLINESS IN TORONTO, CANADA.

Brother John Brandon writes: The meeting for the promotion of holiness which was commenced when you were here still continues, and that, too, with unabated power and interest. For the convenience of those attending, we moved it from my house to Queen street Church, where, at 3 P.M. every Saturday, Wesleyans, Primitive Methodists, and Presbyterians meet to testify to the power of the "blood of the Lord Jesus Christ to cleanse from all sin;" and although other meetings in our Church have at times been noted for the lack of power, our Saturday meeting has never been cold or profitless.

KEYPORT, N. J.

A glorious revival of religion is in progress at Keyport. During the past three weeks God has been pouring out His Spirit upon the people in a wonderful manner. The labors of the pastor, Rev. R. J. Andrews, have been abundantly blessed. Up to last Sabbath night, December 29, 115 persons had joined the Church on probation. Over 130 persons have been converted, and some believers have sought and found the blessing of perfect love. Bro. James Nicholson, of Philadelphia, spent two weeks there assisting in the blessed work. Dr. and Mrs. Palmer were also present four days, including two Sabbaths, and the Lord blessed their labors abundantly.

TRANQUILLITY, N. J.

A revival of religion commenced about six weeks ago in Tranquillity, Sussex County, N. J., M. E. Church, and is still in progress. About 200 persons have professed conversion, and the pastor, Rev. Mr. McCormick, is greatly encouraged.

BROCKETTS, N. Y.

We are in the midst of a mighty battle for Jesus. The fight has been a hard one, but the victory is glorious. Over seventy souls have already been converted, and still they are coming. Br. Thurston, of Syracuse, and the Ilion Praying Band, have given us very efficient aid in planting and watering, but to God belongeth the glory of the increase. Many are asking after the old paths, and some have entered the perfect rest of faith. Pray for us, and for the continuance of the work.

J. V. FERGUSON.

WILMINGTON, DEL.

Rev. H. H. Davis reports: "The Lord continues to pour out His Holy Spirit in Epworth Chapel of Grace Church, Wilmington, Del. Since our protracted meeting the work of conversion continues weekly. About eighty have found pardon. To God be all the glory!"

CHESTER, PA.

A revival of seven weeks' duration has taken place in the Church at Chester, Pa.—Rev. S. W. Gehrett, pastor—resulting in 118 conversions and 101 accessions. Within the year this Church has grown from a band of sixteen to 135 members.

THE revival at Middletown, Pa.—Rev. T. B. Miller, pastor—is going on with increasing interest. Ninety have professed conversion, and seventy-five have united with the Church.

THE meeting in the Second Charge at Annapolis—Rev. W. H. Laney, pastor—which had been in progress four weeks, closed a short time ago with glorious results. Over seventy persons professed conversion, all of whom were received into the Church.

BRITISH PROVINCES.

RIVER JOHN, 1872.—We are in the midst of a most blessed revival at Barriswa. A few meetings held there have been attended with remarkably gracious results. The quickening Spirit has been poured out *mightily* upon the people, old and young, and still continues to descend. Some of our next door neighbors who cannot understand these things, declare that "All Barriswa has gone crazy;" but *we* exclaim, "This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes." There is really, however, *no excitement*. The speaking, singing, praying, and the crowding forward of penitents, night after night, is all done in the most calm and deliberate manner.

OUR colored friends of the Fisk University, Nashville, Tennessee, are being favored with a most gracious outpouring of the Holy Spirit. Between fifty and sixty of the students have been converted.

QUERIES AND ANSWERS.

WANT OF FREEDOM IN PREACHING.

Your letter is just come to hand. I think your "want of conscious freedom in preaching" is mainly, and perhaps wholly, through the withstanding of the adversary. If you will resist Satan steadfastly in the faith, you will be *more than conqueror*. Doubtless the Lord has called you to the work. If so, He will sustain you in the way that will most glorify *Himself*, though it may not always be in the way that may most glorify you.

I would advise you to an utter abnegation of self. When John was asked who he was, he did not say I am John, but "I am the *voice* of one crying in the wilderness." If you will leave E. S. D. out of the question, and think of yourself only as an instrument through which the *voice* of God may be heard, you will soon lose sight of the difficulty of which you complain. And the one controlling question will be, Was God's message, as given through my lips, received?

Be willing, my dear brother, to be in the hand of Omnipotence, as unseemly as were the crooked rams' horns. God might have commanded that silver trumpets be used when the walls of Jericho fell; but in His wisdom he ordained that rams' horns should be used. How undignified! some beholders might have exclaimed.

Only persevere unfalteringly in the ministry to which God has called you, oblivious of self, and those to whom you minister will quickly see that the excellency of the power is all of God, and Satan, the great adversary, will cease to withstand you. May your triumphant song from henceforth be, Thanks

be to God who giveth me the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ!

Correspondence.

MY HAPPIEST MOMENTS.

I take the present opportunity to redeem a pledge I made last February, that if the Lord would restore me to health, I would write an article for the "Guide," and let the friends of holiness know how He has dealt with and sustained me in all my afflictions.

It affords me pleasure to state that about four years ago I found Christ a perfect Saviour from all sin. I had previously been trying to serve the Lord and get to heaven for about twenty years; but I did not find the yoke of Christ an easy one, and often found my spirit in opposition to that of Christ.

Soon after my conversion I had serious thoughts in regard to the ministry, but never stated my impressions to my nearest friends. Being naturally of a timid and retiring disposition, it was with great reluctance that I would attempt to speak in public, even in the class-room. However, in 1861, while attending school at Wyoming Seminary, I received license to exhort; but my timidity was so great that after several efforts to use my license I became discouraged, and refused to comply when requested to speak to the people. This also caused me a great deal of trouble, for it seemed as though I would be lost if I persisted in refusing.

After I obtained the fulness of the Gospel of peace, the subject was brought with redoubled force to my mind; and not satisfied with the evidence of my call to the sacred work of the ministry, I was induced to ask a sign of the Lord. It was this: I asked if I was indeed called to this work that I might have confidence, freedom from embasement, and clearness of thought while addressing a congregation. The next time I made an effort in public I was so remarkably sustained that I could not doubt but it was of the Lord. Thanks be to His name, He has sustained me in my public efforts from that time to this. My happiest moments have been while trying to present Jesus to the people as a Saviour from *all* sin. My trials have been great, but not worthy to be compared with the grace of God which has been revealed in me.

Last winter I suffered with a protracted illness more bodily pain than I had ever experienced before, but the presence of the Master was so sensible to me often that I could scarcely tell whether I was in the body or out. I was among strangers, but their kindness excelled anything I had ever before experienced.

Blessed be the God of Israel, who knoweth how to temper the wind to the shorn lamb, and to save His people in time of trouble.

The "Guide" is a welcome messenger to me in this new country. May the great Head of the Church superintend the cause it advocates until holiness to the Lord shall be the motto of all.

A. AVERY.

LONDON, Kans., 1872.

LEAF FROM DIARY.

Saturday.—I spent half the forenoon most diligently in housework; made some long-neglected calls in the afternoon. Only four at class in the evening; a very quiet, informal meeting.

The truth of one remark made by —— I doubt: "We love God, but just as much as we love the Church and the brethren; and *God loves us no more than we love each other and Him.*" Is this so? Can the utmost human love for God measure or comprehend His *infinite* love to us? While we were yet sinners, He so loved us as to give His only Son to die for us. We love God because He first loved us. Though I love Him with all my small heart, can I thus estimate the unwearying, unwavering, boundless affection of Him whose nature and whose name are love? Did I thus limit Him, I'm sure I should seldom dare to trust Him. Human love toward man or God is fickle at the best. We accept and rejoice in it now, but who dare trust his friend's regard for twenty years in the future? Who cannot trust God's love forever? Glory, all glory to His unchanging, boundless love!

Monday.—I awoke in an atmosphere of prayer and holy calm; had a sweet season of soul-communion with God. . . . Ma came in for an hour; and now, poor inconsistent mortal, I am shrinking and tempted because she is going for the first time to the "meeting for holiness." This subject is a great stumbling-block to those who have no experience of its power. Lord strengthen me

for whatever cross Thou givest me to-night.

9½ P.M.—Have just returned from meeting, where I found the cross of witnessing plainly to full salvation, even in ma's presence, very light and very sweet to bear—all because I trusted in Christ for strength. My only shrinking from the cross comes from the view of my own imperfections, and a sense of personal unworthiness. One look at Jesus brings strength and power. My soul to-night is full of a quiet joy. Blessings come to-day, not like the rain, in showers, but silently and gently distilling like the dew of evening.

I used to weep painful tears of regret over what seemed to me my wasted life—wasted in little common-place duties, when I longed so much to make some great sacrifice, or do some great thing for the Lord. I feel differently now. Little things make up the sum of most human, especially woman's, lives. Common-place every-day duties, if done as unto the Lord, become acceptable service, well pleasing to Him. I have somewhere read or heard life compared to old Gobelin tapestries, which were wrought only from the wrong side, presenting to the eye of the worker only an inharmonious jumble of bits and tangled ends of divers colors, with no seeming order in design. Looking at the fabric from *above*, the Designer sees the bright web and woof growing into figures and beauty, and blending into marvellous symmetry and completeness. So to God and the down-looking angels my little broken, tangled work, with its bit of gold here and scarlet there, mixed with sombre threads of neutral tint, may be growing above *my* sight into a finished pattern of celestial beauty. It may be so, though not even a reversed corner reveals to *me* the upper side. Work on then, weak, unskillful fingers. Look steadily at the pattern, dim, wavering eye. Trust the great Artist to choose the colors, and combine into patterns of heavenly radiance the finished work.

WHAT MADE HIM MIGHTY.

REV. ELBERT OSBORN.

Many of the readers of the "Guide" remember with admiration the piety and eloquence of the sainted Rev. Dr. Noah Levings. One glorious event in his religious experience I beg leave to record. I find it in the autobiography of Rev. David Lewis, formerly of the New York Conference, and afterwards, till his death in 1867, a member of the Ohio Conference. Levings' second year in the ministry was on Pownal Circuit, with Lewis as a senior colleague. Mr. Lewis tells that "he was a most amiable, lovely young man, of strong mind, deep piety, studious and industrious. In the course of the year he became deeply impressed with the necessity of a clean heart—entire sanctification. For this he sought with all the ardor of his soul, and was enabled to embrace and realize the fulness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ. After this," adds Mr. Lewis, "he appeared to move heaven and earth, in his religious exercises, and I doubt not he retained the enjoyment of perfect love to his dying hour. The reader will recollect that he died some years ago, in the city of Cincinnati, in the full prospect of heaven, esteemed and regretted by the whole Church. May we follow his example, as a disciple of the meek and lowly Saviour, and then, like him, die in full triumph of faith!" To this prayer let us all respond, Amen.

CAVEAT.

We differ with the writer of the accompanying article. That he may have been hindered by the absurd dogma here referred to, we must not, of course, deny. But though favored with an extensive knowledge of persons interested on the precious theme of personal holiness, we do not remember to have met with one of ordinary intelligence, but to our perceptions would not have felt his intelligence degraded had such senseless views been offered to his acceptance. We do not think that the writer of the following article can mean to favor the suggestion that he received the blessing of entire sanctification otherwise than by an exercise of *faith*, for the Bible presents no other way. We might multiply passages of Scripture to almost any extent to prove that God's way of sanctifying His people is through faith in His WORD. Sanctify them through Thy truth, Thy WORD IS TRUTH, runs as a bright, unbroken chain through the Scriptures of truth.

We need scarcely repeat here that for a person to believe he is sanctified wholly *before* he consecrates himself wholly, unconditionally, and eternally to God, *is not truth*. No one ever was, or ever will be sanctified through believing an *untruth*. Doubtless the difficulty with the thousands our brother speaks of (if such there be) comes from the vain and senseless effort to believe God *does* accept *before* the consecration is entire. As well might those Jews in the days of Malachi, who came with their imperfect sacrifices, have tried to believe that God accepted them. But how could they believe that God accepted, what they knew that He had said

He would not accept, their imperfect sacrifices? Who can believe a thing *is* so, when on the authority of God's Word he knows it is not so? Hence the manifest *absurdity!*

PATHWAY TO THE CLEANSING FOUNTAIN.

D. W. WHITING.

I was brought to the Saviour many years ago, and at an early age, and never saw an hour of my religious life in which I did not *fully* believe that God was *ready, able*, and *willing* to cleanse me from sin, as soon as I complied with the conditions on which He could impart that blessing. And during my pilgrimage, have had many severe struggles to obtain that precious boon, but failed, for want of correct views, and I have reason to believe that there are thousands to-day in the Christian Church whom, it would seem, had been well instructed in the doctrine of holiness, and who are willing and anxious to make any and every sacrifice to enter into the rest of faith, and are prevented by entertaining the same *absurd* views that I did, viz.—believe you *have* received, in order that you may receive! A hope of doing good is my only reason for giving very briefly my experience, as follows:

Last New Year's Eve I happened to be for one evening the only occupant of our dwelling, on the "western border of civilization," and as thoughtless as to the subject of holiness as a Christian well could be. I sat down for an evening of reading and meditation, with a little book in hand called "Christian Purity," written by Rev. R. S. Foster (now Bishop). I needed not the proofs therein, that the blessing had been wrought out, and was promised and attainable, hence I began in the middle. "Holiness! are you willing to receive it?" "Consecration is your work, God giving the requisite grace; when it is entire, sanctification, which is the work of the Holy Spirit, follows, always follows, immediately follows." Oh how clear and easy! I thought—the blessing is within my reach. Very soon I became vehement, and said with an audible voice, "My Father, I do believe the consecration complete; but if it is not, I beseech Thee show me wherein I fail, and I will contest the ground inch by inch." At this point the precious Saviour came! *Instantly* my vehement desire was turned to joy and thanksgiving. He spoke with that *inward* voice of God that cannot be mistaken, "All thy guilty stains are washed away." Oh! what a glorious personal presence! It seemed as though I could embrace the precious Lamb with these arms of flesh and blood, but human language utterly fails.

The sun in his midday strength and glory was never brighter than was the evidence given me that I was cleansed, and made pure and white in the blood of Jesus. I rejoiced until weary nature gave way to sleep, soon after the birth of 1872. Thus, from little or no interest on the subject, to rejoicing in its full enjoyment, in consequence of unexpectedly seeing it in a new and hopeful light, was less than two hours.

I had no trouble with Faith, or a want of it, but, just as I have stated, always believed the blessing awaited my compliance with the conditions, and had *no doubt* that the evidence would be given (as it was) as soon as the consecration was complete.

Oh! how fresh the blessing is to-day! I have walked by that light ever since, and have never doubted, and,

> "Where'er I am, where'er I move,
> I meet the object of my love!"

How easy now to live a Christian!

Oh! ye weary, heavy-laden believers, the gushing fountain is near you, sending forth a stream of life and salvation sufficient in volume and virtue to cleanse and save a fallen world.

SHELBY, Ohio, 1872.

HELP TO THE AFFLICTED.

During the last two years of sickness the "Guide" has been a precious book to me. I have found such sweet comfort in reading the experiences of the dear friends in Jesus, I would sacrifice a great deal before I would do without the "Guide." I wish all the afflicted could have it to read. I promised the Lord if He would raise me from my sick-bed I would write and tell it to the readers of the "Guide." Bless His holy name, He heard and answered my prayer, and I am able now to sit up much of the time; but I have not walked for almost two years, yet the blessed Saviour has blest me in a great many ways. What a precious Saviour to stoop so low to comfort one so unworthy as I am of His love! I often think of this passage of Scripture: "What is man that

Thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that Thou visitest him?" My sick room has been a profitable, and often a happy place to me. But I feel that I need the blessing of perfect love to make me perfectly happy and give me a complete victory over self and all besetting sins, so that I can be happy and rejoice at all times in a Saviour's love. We have had one sermon here on holiness.

MATTIE FOSTER.

OAK FOREST, Indiana.

Miscellaneous Gatherings

"LET THEM WATCH."

Beloved Christian friends, because you are God's, you will be looked at more than others; therefore glorify Him. You know it is not always the thing itself, but the ownership, that causes curiosity. If you were to go to a cattle-show, and it were said, "such and such a bullock belongs to Her Majesty," it may be it is no better than another, but it would be of interest to thousands as belonging to royalty. See here, then, such and such a man belongs to God; what manner of person ought he to be? If there be any one in this world who will not be criticised, depend upon it, Christian, it is not the Christian; sharp eyes will be upon him, and worldly men will find faults in him which they would not see if he were not a professor. For my part, I am very glad of the lynx eyes of the worldlings. Let them watch, if they will.

SHEEP DOG.

I have heard of one who was a great caviller of Christian people, and after having annoyed a church a long time, he was about to leave, and therefore, as a parting jest with the minister, he said, "I have no doubt you will be very glad to know that I am going a hundred miles away!" "No," said the pastor, "I shall be very sorry to lose you." "How? I never did you any good." "I don't know that, for I am sure that not one of my flock put half a foot through the hedge, but what you began to yelp at him, and so you have been a famous sheep dog for me." I am glad the world observes us. It has a right to do so. If a man says, "I am God's," he sets himself up for public observation. Ye are lights in the world, and what are lights for but to be looked at? A city set on a hill cannot be hid.—*Spurgeon.*

A SAD DEATH.

Died, at Laodicea, the *Prayer-meeting*, aged one year. The health of this meeting was poor most of the year, and its life was despaired of. But a few anxious friends kept it alive, and sometimes it would so revive as to encourage them. Discouragement at length prevailed, and the prayer-meeting is dead. It died from neglect. Not a Christian was present when it died. Over forty were living within a mile of it, and not one was there, or its life might have been saved, for "where two are agreed," etc. Two-thirds of the forty might have been there had they been so disposed; but they were not, and the prayer-meeting died.

WONDERFUL CAMP-MEETINGS.

A correspondent of "Every Evening," Wilmington, says that in 1784 the Methodists of Dover erected their first edifice to worship in, and called it "Wesley Chapel." In 1806, at a camp-meeting held on Dover Circuit, there were 1,100 conversions and 600 sanctifications, and at a camp-meeting held near Dover a month later there were 1,320 conversions and 916 sanctifications. About this time Governor Bassett and wife were converted and became enthusiastic Methodists, and Dover became widely celebrated for its extraordinary Methodist meetings.

A MERCHANT LAY PREACHER.

Mr Lockhart, a Liverpool merchant, is a very popular lay preacher, and supplies the pulpit of a large edifice similar to the London Tabernacle, in the south end of the city. On a recent Sunday he officiated in Mr. Spurgeon's pulpit in London.

MRS. KAVANAUGH,

wife of Bishop Kavanaugh, was present during the session of the Pacific Conference, M. E. Church South, held in Santa Rosa, Sonoma County, California. Toward the close of Conference she was invited to make an address, which she did, directing her remarks mainly to the ministers and the wives of the ministers. A correspondent says, "It drew tears from all eyes."

GAVE MORE THAN THEY ALL.

Simon Thomas, a colored man, of Toledo, Ohio, has purchased the Lutheran Church

at Perrysburgh, Ohio, and given it to his colored brethren in that place. He earned the money blacking boots.

The Tuesday Meeting.

Meetings for the promotion of holiness are held at the residence of Dr. Palmer,

316 East 15th Street,

opposite Stuyvesant Park, at 2½ o'clock, every Tuesday afternoon.

The meeting was opened with reading a part of 1 John, 3d chap., and singing the 732d hymn.

"CHRIST SATISFIES."

Dr. Boardman.—In Dr. P.'s prayer he expressed what I hope may be the case with us all to-day—that we give ourselves to the Lord anew. Always fresh blessings come with the assurance that we are unreservedly the Lord's. Mrs. President Edwards gave herself anew to Christ. She had nothing new to give, and the Lord took her and filled her until she was overflowed by the sea of His glory, so that her physical strength was prostrated. There are two ways of giving ourselves up to God. One is a consecration to a holy life. You may set your mark very high, striving in your own strength, and if others do not come to this standard lay on the lash. Six months before coming into rest, I went through the stripping process. Washing the outside of the platter does not make the heart clean. I next devoted myself to Christ's work, but I did it cowardly. The worst thing in this state was a spirit of censoriousness—a holy indignation. The aim was self-perfection. God graciously brought me out of these states. The Lord turned me away from this course by showing me that the consecration which He approves is giving myself to the Lord Jesus Christ as a person, and accept the fact that He accepts us and binds us to Himself. The instant the Lord led me so to receive Christ all self-perfection was removed, Christ satisfied me, and from year to year He becomes more and more a source of satisfaction, so that it seems that the vessel could contain no more.

ARE YOU A CANDIDATE?

Mrs. P.—I am kept dependent on the Holy Spirit. The praise of every virtuous thought and righteous act belongs to God. The Lord teaches me to feel daily that I am not sufficient of myself to think a good thought. I have an indwelling Saviour. My aspirations are constantly upward. There standeth One in our midst who baptizeth with the Holy Ghost and with fire. He wants to give this baptism. He would a thousand times rather give it than withhold it. We were present one morning when a father called on a minister, and said he wished to present his child as a candidate for baptism that morning; and when the time came, the child was presented. We are candidates for the full baptism of the Spirit. There are conditions. It requires an eternal and absolute surrender of all to God. We do not meet the conditions requisite to the baptism of fire short of surrendering all. If we have not done it, let us do it now. It is so strange that it takes so long to count the cost, when we all know that we are withholding that which belongs to another. How can we be justified, or sanctified, without giving up all? We cannot retain our justification if we knowingly withhold anything that belongs to God. The Lord save us from justifying ourselves when God does not justify. There is a wonderful work for us to do, and we must be filled with the Holy Ghost to enable us to meet our responsibilities. Oh that the living flame of love may be burned into our hearts, so that we may have the needed equipment to win souls to God! Let us have it now.

WHAT GOD WANTS.

Rev. H. Belden.—I live in God. I walk in Him. He is the one with whom I am most familiar. I want to turn to God at all times, and ask for His blessing. My faith is stronger. God's word is more precious to me than ever before. Those passages that were once shut out from me I can now understand. I am always striving in my weak way to spread holiness. That is what the Church of God needs most—workers to spread scriptural holiness. My soul is at rest and peace with God. I feel that I am called out again. I want holiness spread throughout the land.

JUST FROM THE BATTLE-FIELD.

Rev. Mr. Graves (a Baptist minister).—I know the language spoken in this meeting. I understand it. I am as heretofore when visiting this meeting. Every time when I come it seems that I am just from the battle-field. I think if this meeting never did any other good, it would pay even for my experience—the empowering it has given me to

bring Jesus out fully to others. Since I was here I have been testing this grace, and especially that verse :

"How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It sooths his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fears."

And of the Scriptures this verse, "The path of the just shineth more and more unto the perfect day," which indicates that the Christian should every day be nearer and nearer to Christ.

WALKING IN THE LIGHT.

Mrs. S.—"Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you." I am so glad that this power of the Holy Ghost rests upon us, even upon me. Hallelujah to Jesus! All the way along it is Jesus. I feel that I stand in this grace to-day, and the blood of Jesus' cleanseth from all sin. I do love to tell the story—"The old, old story." I walk in the pure light, and realize that Jesus' blood cleanseth me. Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, to Him be glory.

A MARVELLOUS THING.

A Brother.—There is in 1 John i. a very remarkable and instructive Scripture : "Fellowship with God," a marvellous thing. To know what God thinks. Partnership with God. Christ fills the Father's eye, and fills the Father's heart. Christ is all mine. I see what Christ is, I become perfectly satisfied with Him, not a wish ungratified. We have our hard questions, but Christ unfolds them all. I hence kneel before God, and find not a wish ungratified. We have fellowship with Christ : "Lo! I come ; in the volume of the book it is written of me, I delight to do Thy will, O God." At the well of Samaria there was perfect delight to do His Father's will. How much do we enter in God's thoughts about Christ? The Tabernacle was homely outside, but when the priest got in it was resplendent with glory. God help us to have fellowship with the Father in His thoughts of Christ, and the supreme desire which dwelt in Christ to do His Father's will.

JESUS THE STRONGEST OF THE STRONG.

Rev. Mr. Hepworth. —The marvellous friendliness of your meeting draws every one out. If my experience can cheer any poor seeking soul, now is the time to speak of it. I have passed through struggles without and within, and this was the road : When first I thought of these things, my heart was full of selfishness and ambition. Nevertheless, I wanted to be saved. To be *sure* that I was saved, and that right off, I could not hesitate. I said, "Who can save me?" My mother was a good Christian. She could not save me. My father was a lowly Christian, pure hearted, and pure in his life. He would walk with me in the twilight in the woods ; he would lead my mind from earth to heaven. He died, leaving his blessing on me : "George, try to be a Christian. Live as God and Christ would have you live" —words I shall remember to the day of resurrection, when that dear white-haired man will press me to his arms again. But my father could not save me. Then I turned to all the German philosophy could offer. There was a little spot in my soul it could not heal. The Greek philosophy would not satisfy me. I was too hungry for that sort of stuff. At last I came to Jesus Christ. I said, "If He is only man, He cannot save me either. Nobody but God Almighty can save me." That moment I felt God was the Father of my soul, the Creator of my spirit. I find Him the strongest of the strong. I kneel at the feet of the King of kings, and I find peace for my soul.

LOVE A PEARL.

Rev. Mr. McAllister.—Those who are engaged in getting pearls from oysters in the deep, find some with a hole in the outside of the shell. Then they are sure they have found a pearl. A worm bores a hole through the shell. As soon as it touches the quick, the oyster sends all its force there to close it up, and that substance that closes it up is a pearl. When anybody bores a hole in you, fill it in with love. That is a pearl. The religion of Jesus is love—one lump of love.

PRIVILEGE OF TESTIFYING.

Rev. Br. S. (Episcopal).—I almost wonder at the need of Sister B. asking the question in regard to testifying for Jesus, as it is out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. It seems to me if the love of Christ be in the heart it will out. God is infinite in wisdom, and is full of love. He will lead us to be silent or to speak, as He may please. I have found a great blessing in giving testimony. There is no friend, no place, no Church that I would not give up, if I had to

give up my privilege of testifying of full salvation. Many people think that joining the Church is confessing with the mouth. That is not enough—the mouth must be ready to declare what blessings God bestows. Whatever blessing Christ bestows upon us, we are commanded to make it known to the glory of the Giver.

WHAT STRENGTHENS FOR SERVICE?

Dr. Ward.—The consciousness of union with Christ strengthens us for service. That was proved as I came up in the cars. It inspires me, because I want to please Him. The devil asks, "Why do these little things?" I answer, "I do these things to those who do not know me, and thus the spirit that I show proves to them my alliance with the King of heaven. I know it pleases the Lord to have me do so. I grow stronger and stronger every day. Slavish service is hard service. I worked hard many years to please Christ, but now love is the ruling principle, and it is delightful to work for Jesus.

AS THOU WILT.

Mrs. B.—I yielded my will, and then the baptism came. My soul was so satisfied with Jesus that nothing else satisfied me. He answers my prayer. He says, "Be it unto thee even as thou wilt."

WHAT THE LORD WILL DO.

Rev. Bro. Hedstrom.—We need not fear that if we continue to pour out as God pours in but that the truth shall make us free; and, dear brethren, let us live the truth. It is about forty years since God sanctified my soul. We have a commander who will send us whither He pleases, and He can use us. God does not give us His great gifts to put aside, but to use for Jesus. The Lord will open the way God has wrought great things for us. In a letter to one of our ministers, I said first, "Love God with all your heart." Let us go out strong. The Lord will save us from persecution. The countenance of a man who is wholly free and wholly dedicated, in most instances will save him from the assaults of the wicked. Use light, and we shall have more and more. The Lord will make us a blessing to the wicked.

RESPONSIBILITY THROWN ON CHRIST.

Br. Hartshorn, of Rhode Island.—Man's extremity is God's opportunity. The reason we do not have our prayers answered is because we are not definite in our requests. We will pray for the President, and all the world, instead of what we most need. I do not believe that any one can obtain the blessing of full salvation until he is conscious of his need; and when a soul really feels his need, he will not have much trouble about believing, and will very soon receive the witness. I was talking to a young man from the Theological Seminary the other day, and I made this remark to him—that he could not come to an intellectual understanding of a moral truth until after he had received it. I then related my experience. The question is, Do you need a pure heart? Is it possible for you to have it? Is there any such promise in the Bible? Then, if you need heart purity, and it is possible, and Christ has left a promise for you; then, if you comply with the requirements, you throw the responsibility on Christ. I feel more and more my own weakness, and that I must look continually to Jesus for strength.

Children's Corner.

A PARABLE.

"Oh dear, I am so tired of Sunday!"

So said Willie, a playful little boy, who was longing for the Sabbath to be over, that he might return to his amusements.

"Who wants to hear a story?" said a kind friend who was present.

"I, sir," "and I," "and I," said the children, as they gathered around him. Then he told them a parable. Our Saviour, when He was on earth, often taught the people by parables.

This parable was of a kind man, who had some very rich apples hanging upon a tree. A poor man was passing by the house of the owner, and he stopped to admire this beautiful apple tree. He counted those ripe, golden pippins, there were just seven of them. The rich owner could afford to give them away; and it gave him so much pleasure to make this poor man happy that he called him, and said:

"My friend, I will give you a part of my fruit." So he held out his hand, and received six of the apples. The owner kept one for himself.

Do you think the poor man was grateful for his kindness? No, indeed. He wanted the seven pippins all for himself; and at last

he made up his mind that he would watch his opportunity, and go back and steal the other apple.

"Did he do that?" said Willie, very indignantly. "He ought to be ashamed of himself."

"How many days are there in a week, Willie?" said his friend.

"Seven," said Willie, blushing deeply, for he now began to understand the parable, and he felt an uneasy sensation at his heart; conscience began to whisper so him. "And ought not a boy be ashamed of himself who is unwilling, on the seventh day, to lay aside his amusements?"—*Sunday-School Banner.*

WAS THAT RIGHT, MAMMA?

"Now, mamma! mamma! was that right?" asked little Freddie, as he came softly in, his face glowing with delight. "There was a little bird lighted on a bough of the lilac-bush, and he sang a long time to me, and when he had finished I said, 'Thank you, little bird, for your song.' Was that right, mamma?"

"Yes," said his mamma; for she thought she would not tell her little boy that the bird was not singing to him particularly, or that it could not understand him when he replied; for she had taught him to say "Thank you" to those who did him any kindness, and was much pleased with this childish proof of his remembering her lessons and of his interest in the little birds.

PLEASE REMEMBER THE LITTLE ONES.

Do you know how much the *little ones* love the "Guide"?

My little girl three years old this month, has for more than a year welcomed it with *joy*, and could hardly wait to know if there was any little "children's corner" in it, and is so disappointed when I say no, darling. It often makes me sad, and she says mamma will have to write to them not to forget the little children next time, and I've resolved to do it, although it will be too late to change the next number. I did not know children *so young* could carry their trials to Jesus and *see* how He helps them bear them. She teaches me many a lesson of *trust*, even if she hurts herself; she goes and puts down her little head and asks Jesus to make it all well, and then it is all right. She *believes* He will do what she asks Him, and He does. She had a *very hard cough* the first of winter, which we all feared would prove fatal, as she was always feeble. But she commenced praying to Jesus to make it all well, and He *immediately* blessed the means used, when all the time before they had failed to do any good. I could only feel it was *the Lord*, and in answer to *her pure prayers*, for He had not thought best to answer mine until she prayed for it herself. Excuse if too lengthy, but please remember the *little ones*.

CHARLESTOWN, N. H., Dec. 12, 1872.

Book Notices.

HE LEADETH ME; OR, THE PERSONAL NARRATIVE, RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE, AND CHRISTIAN LABORS of Rev. E. Davies, author of "Believer's Hand-Book," &c. Published by the author.

This book is neatly got up, and contains a life-like engraving of the author. The reader will find, as the author justly says in his introduction in these pages, "You will find no attempt at any thing great, but a simple narrative of God's dealings with me, and my labors for Him and the cause so much loved for Christ's sake." The writer has recently entered upon the work of an Evangelist, and dedicates the book to those who have been converted through his ministry. It will doubtless be read with interest and profit by many where this useful Evangelist has and will hereafter labor. The Lord speed it on its mission for good!

THE KING'S HIGHWAY, a Journal of Scriptural Holiness. Edited by Five Wesleyan Ministers. Published monthly in London, England, by A. Osborne, 29 Farrington St., E. C.

This Magazine is ably conducted, and is given to the public at the lowest possible price for the sole purpose of advancing the precious cause of heart purity. We bespeak for it a wide circulation, trusting that it may lead many into the Highway of Holiness in the land of the Wesleys.

MATTHEW FROST, OR LITTLE SNOWDROP'S MISSION. By Emma Marshall. Carter & Brothers.

A touching narrative, teaching lessons that cannot fail to interest either youthful or adult readers.

THE MASTER'S HOME-CALL, OR BRIEF MEMORIALS OF ALICE FRANCES BICKERSTETH. By her Father, Rev. E. H. Bickersteth, author of Yesterday, To-day, and Forever. Carter & Brothers, 530 Broadway, 1873.

A precious little volume of mournful and most salutary interest. Thousands will wish to avail themselves of the privilege of a glance into the sorrows and consolations of the home life of the author of "Yesterday, To-day and Forever," as presented in this touching volume of less than one hundred pages. We specially commend it to the attention of those who wish a little holiday memento to dear ones in sorrow from the loss of the loved departed.

VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE FOR 1873.
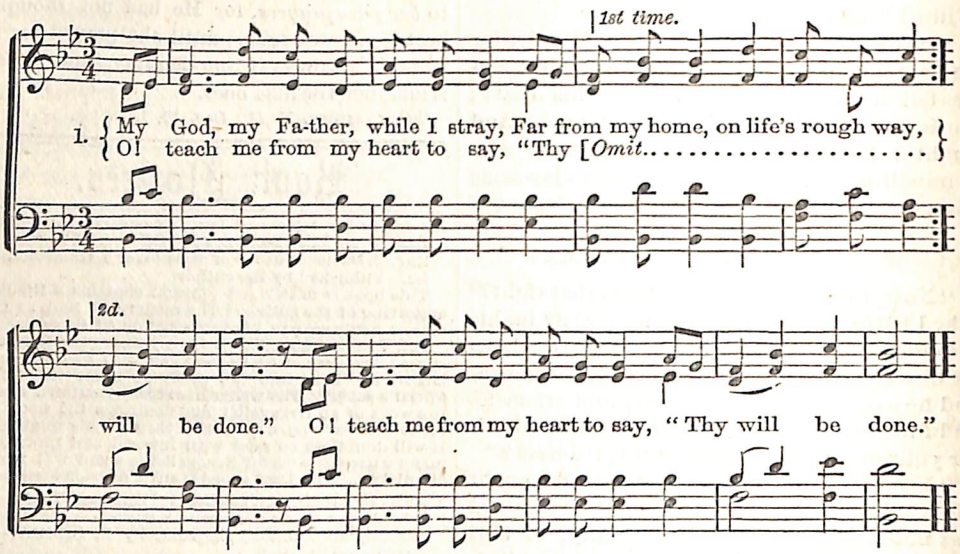
The *Guide* is now published *Quarterly*. 25 *cents* pays for the year, four numbers, which is not half the cost. Those who afterwards send money to the amount of *One Dollar* or more for Seeds may also order Twenty-five Cents' worth extra—the price paid for the *Guide*.

The *January Number* is beautiful, giving plans for making *Rural Homes*, Designs for *Dining Table Decorations*, *Window Gardens*, &c., and containing a mass of information invaluable to the lover of flowers.—One Hundred and fifty pages, on fine tinted paper, some Five Hundred Engravings and a superb *Colored Plate* and *Chromo Cover*.—The First Edition of *Two Hundred Thousand* just printed in English and German, and ready to send out.

JAMES VICK, Rochester, N. Y.

THY WILL BE DONE.

Music by VIRGIL W. KIMBALL, Niagara Falls, N. Y.



If Thou should'st call me to resign
What most I prize,—it ne'er was mine;
I only yield Thee what was thine;—
"Thy will be done."

E'en if again I ne'er shall see
The friend more dear than life to me,
Ere long we both shall be with Thee;—
"Thy will be done."

Should pining sickness waste away
My life in premature decay,
My Father, still I strive say,
"Thy will be done."

If but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to thee I leave the rest,—
"Thy will be done."

Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
"Thy will be done."

Then when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
"Thy will be done."

Guide to Holiness.

MARCH, 1873.

MINISTERS' EXPERIENCE.

REV. J. M. WASHBURN.

EARLY PERPLEXITIES.

I HAD a religious education, though not the most rigid one. From the age of twelve or fourteen and onwards, I had deep religious convictions; and between that age and early manhood, I shed many tears, and spent many sleepless hours in praying and weeping on account of my sins. At times my convictions were deep and pungent. At other times I was much troubled with doubts as to the truth of Christianity, because I could form no idea how it is that the Holy Spirit can so operate on the human heart as to regenerate it. So far as I can judge from verbal descriptions, it seems to me that my convictions were as deep as any I ever read.

REGENERATION AND CONVERSION.

My regeneration and conversion took place at 8½ P.M., March 27, 1847, while a student at College, and these were as clear as my former convictions had been pungent. The conviction had been long, and when conversion came it was sudden, clear, and powerful. I shall not forget the moment while memory lasts. It was like coming from midnight darkness to noonday brightness. More than fifteen years ago, after making a minute record of my years of conviction, I find recorded the following statement of my feelings at the time of conversion: "This was the crisis. 'Man's extremity is God's opportunity.' Neither tongue nor pen can express the emotions of that moment. A sort of nervous tremor pervaded my whole being. Oh transport! My material eye seemed converted into an immaterial something, through which, *by faith*, I saw, ere it reached me, the rich blessing of the Saviour's love. It seemed to me as if the light and blessedness of heaven had been imparted to my spirit. Inexpressible rapture! I knew not what to do. My joy was too great for expression. A thousand persons were present, and in violation of what I had, all my life, esteemed as inviolable rules of propriety, I uttered, in audible accents, the joyous emotions of my heart. The rapture of the hour, I am sure, I shall never be able to describe. I could not contain myself, could not sleep, could not be silent. While the meeting of the evening continued I rejoiced, and rejoiced until three or four o'clock next morning, before I fell asleep."

A more rapturous frame of mind could not readily be imagined, and it continued for many weeks. My conscience was also very tender, so much so that I was afraid to get my lessons in Latin and Greek, because, written by heathen, I was afraid of committing sin, and the Professors excused me for several days from studying those lessons. I was also afraid to talk lest I might say or think something wrong. I wanted to employ the time in praising God and rejoicing. But I was ignorant, and, not being properly instructed, I soon strayed from this first love, committed sin of heart, though no open, shameful ones, and so gradually lost

this acute sensibility of conscience. Still, all the time I attended Church, studied the Bible, studied sacred literature, and had a strong love for Christianity.

In the fall of 1848, I was brought near the grave by an attack of fever, had a grand vision of heaven, and was assured by a voice from heaven that God would raise me from the grave, because He had a work for me to do. I remember still the very words uttered to my spiritual ears, as I still see the glorious vision. But I was a young man, wayward and ignorant, and my experience soon became vacillating and changeable. I relied much on my former experiences; and, in my *darker* hours, looked more, I fear, to my former joys and vision than to my Saviour, to learn my true relation to Him. It is true that I was often blest; had many hours of communion with the Saviour; made some progress in religious life, conquering many evil habits; and many times had a realizing sense of the Saviour's goodness and love. I think I was as faithful and honest as the great majority of Christians. I tried hard to keep the requirements of the law, and mourned when I failed. I supposed I had my own part of the work to do in saving my soul. God, I thought, worked in us to will, thereby giving us strength; and then, in the use of that strength, I thought we worked, became more and more like Christ, until finally, having largely conquered our sinful nature, the residue was made pure at the hour of death. I regarded "Christ as the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth;" that is, the believer did his best to avoid sinning, and then, in consequence of his believing, Christ pardoned his sins and acquitted him from their final consequences, at the hour of death affording him triumphant and conquering grace.

I had no conception of *worship wholly inspired in the soul by the presence of the Holy Spirit*, but I thought all devotion was partly the work of the flesh, and so was mixed with sin. I was careful, therefore, to ask God to pardon the sinful part of the worship offered to Him; and I regarded this as a very humble frame of mind, and so a very proper one to cultivate. I studied theology with much perseverance, though I was never well satisfied with the reasoning by which any system is supported.

LOW STANDARD.

The standard of the Church I regarded as low, and was often impressed with the belief that the Church had lost the true understanding of the Scriptures. Yet I did not see how they ought to be understood. Theological dogmas lost place in my mind years ago, and, as they fell out of the mind, sectarianism disappeared. I still held, however, with tenacity the idea *that there must be a warfare in the soul so long as it remained in the body.* I had no idea of Christ's overcoming all for us and in us. I thought Paul spoke the experience of *all* Christians in saying, "When I would do good, evil is present with me." Only "dying and triumph and grace," I thought, put a stop to this conflict. I regarded this doctrine as humbling and modest in our human nature, and that it was suited to keep us from being "puffed up." I was much afraid of "perfection and sanctification;" and when the doctrine of the "Higher Christian Life" was proposed, I took a stand against it at once. I thought it must involve *human infallibility*, and so felt it to be my duty to oppose it.

MEETING ON HOLINESS.

Part of the time I attended a series of meetings, in the spring of 1871, held in the interests of the Higher Life, but regarded those who held the meetings as extremists. But I was introduced to the leader of the meeting, who was so kind and free from all formality and fanaticism that I was most favorably impressed. Hence, in thinking about the matter, I could not help seeing the unfairness of *rejecting* the teaching *without examination;* and so in earnest and without prejudice I began to examine what was said on the subject by those who believed in the Higher Life, and thought they were living in it. In this frame of mind I did not read long

till I saw clearly that the *intellectual argument* was against me. For the advocates of that life described just the life that I was living, saying they had lived it. They next described a life which they affirmed they were then living, and which I knew I was not living. I could not say that they were not living this life, for *my own* experience was no evidence against *their* experience. I saw, too, that many texts of Scripture were against me and for them, and could only be understood in the light of their teaching. When I saw the argument against me, I gave up the opinions of my life at once, and yielded an *intellectual assent* to the teaching. Moreover, I saw it must be a blissful experience, and determined to seek it, as my vacillating Christian life was not satisfactory. But how should I seek it? I could form no idea of what it was like.

(To be continued.)

For the Guide.

ECHO FROM PATMOS.

REV. W. H. POOLE, ONTARIO.

No. VII.

The name of this Church, as it is echoed to us, means Myrrh, *i. e.*, Smyrna. It is a name very fragrant, and has been so from its earliest history. All along the centuries of the past it has been like the groves of cinnamon, balm, and myrrh, sending out a rich, sweet, balsamic odor. This Church of sweet odors continues to the present day, and is now an important missionary post from which good influences go out on every breeze. What a difference there is between Churches! Some Churches are nothing more than the speechless symbol of departed piety; others are an offence to God and man; while here and there we find a Church in whose experience and history we have a fulfillment of the prophet's words, "Her branches shall spread, and her beauty shall be as the olive tree, and her smell as Lebanon."

The supreme divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ is here announced, "The First and the Last," a description which clearly denotes eternity of being, and consequently divinity. This very attribute is plainly declared of Jehovah Himself. Isa. xliv. 6, "Thus saith the Lord the King of Israel, and His Redeemer the Lord of hosts, I am the first, and I am the last; and beside me there is no God." Also, Isa. xli. 4, "I the Lord, the first, and with the last; I am he." "Hearken unto me, O Jacob and Israel, my called, I am he; I am the first, I also am the last."

How comforting to a sorrowing, suffering Church to be reminded that this Jesus is unchangeably "God over all, blessed for evermore;" that He changes not, but is just as able now as then to make all grace abound toward His sincere and sorely-tried followers! Surely no considerations could more powerfully tend to deepen their trust; to chase away their fears; to confirm their faith, and to nerve them for the coming struggle.

This Church at Smyrna was a working institution; an active, living power. Activity is the universal characteristic of life. We see it in nature, in art, in commerce, in every department of human enterprise where there is growth and progress. There are some of our Church-members like some of our Ontario streams, too active to freeze; others are soon chilled and frozen over, and inactive until the next freshet. We love to see activity and energy in all the walks and ways of life. It is becoming that "What the hand finds to do should be done with thy might." But more especially in the Church of God should there be earnest work. Jesus said, "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work." His command is, "Son, go work," etc.

On the question of works, I find some very erroneous opinions. One class of persons teach that by works; by watchings, and fastings, and penances; by voluntary poverty and by self-inflicted punishments, we can purchase the favor of God, and by merit claim heaven. Connected with this idea of works and their merit, Rome has her Purgatory and her sustentation fund. Another class denounce good works altogether, and, like Martin Luther, reject the Epistle of James, because it teaches that "Faith, if it hath

not works, is dead, being alone;" and that works is the evidence of faith; and that "By works was faith made perfect. For as the body without the spirit is dead, so faith without works is dead also." D. Dickson said, "I have taken my good deeds and my bad ones and thrown them both together in a heap." That was false humility. Works which please God; which are blessed in leading sinners to Christ; which build up the Church of God and profit the people; which are the fruits of the blessed Spirit; which adorn the doctrine of Christ, springing from love and promoting the divine glory, are not the filthy rags of Scripture, but gracious and graceful ornaments of a blood-washed Church. They are the "gold of Ophir," and "the raiment of needle-work," which ornament the bridal-dress of the Lamb's wife. Paul places works on a lofty platform, and exhorts all to good works: "For God is not unrighteous to forget your work and labor of love, which ye have showed toward His name." Nehemiah did not throw his good works away. He prayed, "Remember me, O my God, concerning this, and wipe not out my good deeds that I have done for the house of my God, and for the offices thereof." Well-doing on earth is connected with the "well done" in heaven.

The great Head of the Church, in His letter to this working band, said, "I know thy works;" I know and appreciate your active toil and earnest labor in my cause. An old commentator says, "Christ has a threefold knowledge of His people. He knows them with a knowledge of intelligence and observation; with a knowledge of approbation and acceptance; with a knowledge of care and protection." And He approves of their works of faith and labor of love. "Their works do follow them." "And the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works."

In the midst of all this working for Jesus, I hear the echoes of sorrow; for the condition of a working Church is always one of trial. It is remarkable that as soon as a Church shakes off dull sloth, and puts on her strength in the work of soul-saving, the storm of opposition begins to howl around her path, and Satan musters all his allies to the front to give battle.

Our English word tribulation comes from the Latin *tribulatio*, a kind of threshing sledge, consisting of a wooden platform studded with sharp spikes or iron teeth, upon which the sufferer was thrown, full length; and while tortured with this engine of death, he was beaten with clubs. It was distress and anguish intensified. This Church had *tribulation;* great trial from three classes of persons. From liars, a most odious character; from blasphemers, who reviled and calumniated God's people; and from hypocrites, who dissembled, being mere pretenders. Oh! if such persons were found in the Apostolic age, we need not wonder to find them now.

In all these trials we hear the echo of His voice, "I *know* it; it is I, be not afraid." "Fiery trials make golden Christians." A good old Scotch minister used to say, "If the cross be heavy, you have not far to carry it."

Another echo that reaches us of this Church is, that though so full of the odoriferous and the aromatic, she had to battle constantly against the crushing influences of POVERTY. It is very inconvenient to be poor. This is especially true of a poor Church. There are so many, even of the good and the great among ministers and others, who covet and caress a rich Church, who favor and flatter her sometimes even to her own hurt; while they lightly esteem a Church which, from her limited means, contributes much more largely than many of those in affluent circumstances. It has been always the lot of some of the Lord's true nobility to be poor in this world's goods; the poorest but the purest of the seven. Poverty is no sin, nor is there any virtue in being rich. Beneath a thread bare coat there throbs many a noble heart; while there are many of the world's rich, rich ones truly poor, because they are poor in grace. It is the possession of the circulating medium of heaven that makes men rich,

and the want of it makes true poverty. This Church was rich in faith; rich in love to God; rich in good works; rich in the possession of durable and unsearchable riches. Oh what an object of pity is he who has houses, and lands, and bank stock, and his coffers full, but whose heart is empty. His name may be written in honorable company here, but it is not recorded in the Lamb's Book of Life.

A CROWN, A CROWN. This is the last echo from this Church. A kingly crown; a queenly crown; a conqueror's crown; a crown of victory; a crown of life; a crown that costs life, that conveys life, that secures life; a crown of life, an everlasting life, including reward, work, honor, power, and immortality. "All heaven lies within that golden circlet."

FAITHFUL as a steward employed to manage the estate of another; as a watchman who keeps the city; as a sentinel who has a short time on duty; as an ambassador commissioned to represent the interests of his sovereign.

(To be continued.)

For the Guide.

WITHOUT BLEMISH.

REV. C. P. HARD.

No one can read the Bible thoughtfully without seeing that a very high order of things, a sacred state of being is designed for those who yield themselves to the "holy faith." A pure river of life runs throughout the Word of God, and whatever is touched by the holy waters loses its impurity and is washed white. Redemption is another word for holiness. The object to be attained, the method of the attainment, the motive which originated all the Gospel blessings, the character of the persons, and institutions related to this salvation—all are holy.

The great sacrifice for the world's redemption was preëminently holy. He who was to take away the sins of the world, was foretold in the type which was before the eyes of the Jews every day. Exodus, xii. 5, reads: "Your lamb shall be without blemish." Every time that a selection from the flock was made for the altar, Christ was prophesied. Each innocent mute sufferer that bled beneath priestly hands, had a lesson for the offerer concerning the Christ.

Frequent lavings were made obligatory by the Levitical law. Nothing of filth was to remain upon that which was offered; the most careful attention was commanded concerning all the articles used in temple service, and those things that might decay were removed duly and that which was fresh and pure substituted.

We have been redeemed in a holy manner by a holy offering. Christ has paid all our debt and brought in eternal righteousness, leaving no demand of justice unsatisfied, evading none of the claims of inflexible right. The example of Jesus is as spotless as his offerings, for his spirit is heavenly; his words true, gentle, and pure; his acts consistent and unselfish; his path bright with the glory of God. The spotless Shepherd of a "holy flock," he leads to "pastures green," The Church is sanctified by the holy Spirit of promise. Some authors have drawn inspiration from the purest scenes in nature, and have poured bright impressions upon their pages. But the Evangelists and authors of the Epistles were moved by the Holy Ghost, wrote with the perception and sanctity of those on whose souls God breathed. All their words are holy. No other such record can be found in any of the libraries on earth.

The result of the Gospel writing, and divine sacrifice and Holy Spirit work is designed to be, yes, is, holy. Christ's purpose is to present to the Father a Church that is without spot, without fault, without blemish, unreprovable, perfect.

The Christian may be "without blemish" in his motives. His heart may love God absolutely; and he may cherish his neighbor's good as his own. Without seeking his own honor, he may spend his days in doing the will of the Father.

His words may be "without blemish." Not that they shall be always the most wise and prudent, which a larger intellect might give, but they shall be so

filled with love and radiant with the same, that they shall bless always, and draw men to the Saviour of the saint.

His works may be "without blemish" —"wrought in God,"—"of faith,"—"of righteousness,"—"in truth,"—"of Christ,"—hence, "acceptable to God by Jesus Christ."

For the Guide.

CROSS AND CROWN.

LIZZIE H. F. BAKER.

My blessed Lord! I well can see,
How crosses should be given me,
Of many a form and kind—
And Oh! in deepest truth I pray,
That o'er each rugged mountain way
I still may bear them, day by day,
And leave all self behind!

The crimson cross on Calvary set.
With Thy most precious life drops wet,
By humble faith I view—
And by Thy love and anguish there,
I learn my own light griefs to bear,
My own small tasks to do.
I'd cherish, with continual care
Some cross, the journey through!

But, if I think of sorrows past,
Of conflicts ended—and at last
The shout of those who overcome—
The strange and peaceful "entering in,"
To mansions where all joys begin!
The wondrous, glorious "going home,"
And of the crowns the "saved ones" win
When all of earth is done!

Then, sweetest Saviour, to mine eyes,
Swiftly the gathering tears arise,
All crosses are my right!—
But what am I that I should stand
Safe sheltered in the sinless land,
In spotless robes, at Thy right hand,
And crowned in Thy pure sight?

Weak! sinful, frail! and yet Thy love
Shall lead me to that home above,
With every cross lain down;
And when Thy glorious face I see,
Oh! wounded Lamb of Calvary,
Some smile of Thine shall fall on me,—
And that shall be my crown!

SELINS GROVE, Pa.

For the Guide.

FAINTHEARTED UNBELIEF.

REV. ISAAC M. SEE.

Some tell us not to go too fast, else we shall leave them behind. What! beloved, can it be, with the nature of Jesus, which is love; with His promises, and with His Spirit and grace, you are not called the friend of Jesus? Or that you are afraid to call yourself such? Nay, that is not fear; that is unbelief. *All fear arising from your desperate condition is unbelief.* For God's way, and the way of the Fountain, and the way of true believers, is to come *just as you are*, and plunge, *with the desperate condition*, into the cleansing flood, and to believe that flood cleanses your stains and makes you white as snow. Faith looks upon things as Jesus does, and styles itself His friend. It has no questionings as to His willingness. Like Abraham, it considers that fully settled by the Word of God.

No, dear one in Christ, we will not leave you behind. Only "come with us, and we will do thee good." We are not going too fast. You are halting while believers are moving on to glory. Do not ask the whole procession of believers to stop for your unbelief. Fall into line at once. Believe the word of Jesus, and come in without delay. Your difficulty has been in waiting for the baptism before you believe. But to get the baptism, you must believe. The baptismal host move along at the word of our Commander, and their enemies are drowned with terrible destructions, while believers are baptized unto Jesus in the cloud and in the sea; and do all eat the same spiritual meat; and do all drink the same spiritual drink; for they drink of that spiritual Rock, and that Rock is Christ. Let the example of the Israelites be a warning to you, for "with many of them God was not well pleased," and "they were overthrown in the wilderness." Away with your unbelief. Taking the Lord at His own plain word, march on, and trust Him "to keep you from falling." Continue to eat and to drink of your Great Redeemer, and live forever.

For the Guide.

GATES OPEN.

D. P. POND.

I will cling to the Rock while the glory I see,
Shining brightly around and before;
And rejoice in the thought there's a mansion for me,
Just away on the glorified shore.

As the day is far spent, and the night coming on,
I must hasten to gather the grain;
For it soon will be said that the summer is gone,
And the reaper is laid with the slain!

I would go to the land where the nations are blest;
Where its people are healthful and free:
'Twill be sweet to commune with the myriads at rest,
And the gates are wide open for me.

OLENA, Huron Co., O.

For the Guide.

HOW OLD ARE YOU?

MISS ABBY MILLS.

For years you was reckoned among the living by earthly eyes; but one who discerned spiritually could only class you among those dead in trespasses and sins. But at length Nature's night passed, the sun of righteousness arose, and you awoke to a life in Christ.

Days, months, years may have passed since then, according to the measurement of Time. But do you think to guage that which is spiritual by that which is of the earth, earthy? Not thus are soul growths reckoned. It is not so much a question of how long since you were born again, as, What advancement have you made since you became "Babes in Christ?"

How old are you? "Guess," do you say? Many mistakes are made in such guessing in common life. With some childhood seems to linger; while the years roll on there is lack of development from want of training, or too much indulgence and softness. Others grow prematurely old, while exposed to hardships, suffering, want, and sickness. Another class, while they preserve the simplicity and freshness of childhood, show robust frames and well-balanced minds. These, as the years pass and their temples are covered with silver locks, cannot be called old.

You point to a time in the distant past and say, "Then and there I was converted." So long ago, and yet no marks of manhood about you! The fathers and mothers in Israel must have been delinquent towards you in your spiritual childhood, or you must have been a very wayward child; you have exercised too little; you have not worked together with God, hence you are dwarfish and weak.

But you say, "Perhaps my friend will suit you better; see how weary and careworn he looks."

Did the easy yoke tire him so? That is not the appearance of spiritual maturity that he wears. He seems rather to have been trying to serve two masters. While wishing to be counted among the sons of God, he has lusted after worldly things, and he has had a hard time of it between the cross and the world. The Master's service never gives men such a jaded look as that; he looks old enough, but, turning to God's calendar, you will find that he is but an old-looking child after all.

But see, there is one of Christ's millionaires! You remember when he first wanted to be taken as one of God's coworkers, how many said he was too young to be of any service; but how rapidly he grew! He did not try to keep on year after year living upon milk. He found that meat in abundance was provided for him; he ate, and stood ready when he should hear his Master call to answer, "Here am I, send me." Going upon one of the Lord's errands, he came to a fountain, and over it was written, "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." He plunged in believingly and went on his way singing, "O bliss of the purified, bliss of the free," &c., and he has kept singing many such-like songs. See how strong he looks! how restful and happy; and well he may be, for he is heir to a princely inheritance, and has all his need supplied now. Time's years are pressing heavily upon him, but in spirit his youth seems renewed day by day. He says that Christ has given him eternal life, and he expects soon to reach the evergreen hills of Heaven, where he will know more of this wondrous gift than he can now comprehend. Surely he has

found the elixir that gives eternal youth, and the best of all is, it is *free to all.* Does your thirsty soul say, "Give it to me"? Then come, "cleanse yourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God;" He will withhold no good thing from you if you walk uprightly. Have faith in God.

For the Guide.

FIFTY YEARS WALK WITH JESUS.

MRS. MARY D. JAMES.

(*Continued from page* 42.)

NEW TESTS.

During the long period of confinement in the sick room, the invalid had been comparatively free from the burden of family cares, the Lord having mercifully provided her a competent housekeeper, thus verifying the divine words, "He stayeth His rough wind in the day of His east wind." Now, as her strength increased, she again entered into the strife and tumult of household cares and trouble which seemed more formidable than ever because of her family being enlarged.

Often she longed in spirit for the quiet and rest which the seclusion of the sick-room had afforded. But now the grace imparted in sweet communion with God while shut in with Him from the world was to be *tried*; for that is the order of God, to *have all the grace He gives subjected to the furnace fires.*

The greatest trouble of the young housekeeper was the impossibility of having everything in perfect order, because her own hands could not do it, and no help could be procured that would be as neat and particular as she desired. Now came the strong

TEMPTATION

to fretfulness; and the daily rasping of her nerves with the vexatious things she had to bear interrupted the tranquillity of her spirit, and she found herself sometimes for a moment yielding to irritability. Burdens were accumulating, which seemed to weigh her down. She would often go to the great burden-bearer and cast them upon Him and feel relieved for the time being, but soon they would come again and the sad depression would be seen by those around her.

Just in the time of her extremity

DELIVERANCE

came: not by the removal of the trial, but by a great increase of spiritual strength. Another blessed verification of the previous word of God, in *His keeping power:*—"I the Lord do keep it; I will water it every moment, lest any hurt it; I will keep it night and day."

MINISTERING ANGELS.

"The Lord knoweth how to deliver the godly out of temptation," and by means that we would never think of, "He works His soverign will." Mary's pastor at that time was an inmate of her house, came to her and said, "two of my valued friends from upper Jersey are at the door in their carriage, Rev. Brother Baker and his wife, on their way to Conference. It would give me very great pleasure to have them entertained here, but as you are in the midst of house-cleaning, you cannot accomodate them."

She replied: "I would be glad to entertain them, but I don't know how we could possibly do it at this time. Our carpets are all off the upper rooms and we are in such confusion." "Well," said he, "I will take them over to brother M—'s," and started to the door. At that moment the words were spoken to her heart: "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares." Immediately she ran and reached the door just in time to say, "bring them in; we will take care of them." As they stepped into the porch at the first glance she saw the impress of Heaven's seal upon their faces, and as she cordially grasped their hands, her heart said *Come in ye blessed of the Lord.*

Having conducted them into the sitting-room, she hastened into the kitchen to prepare their supper. The frowns and cross words which met her were disheartening; but she made due allowance for the poor girl who was very tired after a hard day's work, and said "I will help you." "But how are you going to lodge them?" asked the vexed girl. "O, we

can manage somehow, and they will excuse the appearance of things; they are very reasonable good people, and may be *God has sent them to do us good.*"

Tea over, the two ministers went to prayer meeting and the two ladies were left alone to spend the evening in sweet converse on the things of the kingdom. Good Mrs. B's recital of her own experience was just what the tried housekeeper needed, to show her that the gracious power which had kept her in perfect peace during her sickness, could also keep her spirit calm amid the perplexing cares and annoyances incident to her present situation, and Mrs. B's. experience of forty years of intimate companionship with Jesus, amid varied trials shed much light upon her path and brought to her such a wealth of spiritual knowledge, as made her feel that God had indeed sent to her an *angel of mercy* to strengthen her fainting heart.

At family prayer that evening, the saintly couple seemed to bring down Heaven's benedictions upon the household, as with mighty faith they besought the Lord in their behalf. Another season of supplication the following morning before they started on their journey brought repeated blessings, the influence of which was cheering, and caused the favored family to anticipate with joy the privilege of another visit on their return.

WHAT A WONDROUS POWER

there is in *pure Gospel religion!* How its influence *moves, and melts, and renovates!* Had those persons been *ordinary* Christians, had their hearts not been overflowing with the love of Christ, their conversation would not have been of the deep things of God,—the glorious privilege of the believer,—the power that lifts the soul above the groveling things of earth, and *brings it into communication with Omnipotence.* Nor would their prayers have been with that holy unction which brought down the Divine blessings; and that poor frail one who was sinking beneath life's heavy burdens, would not have been enabled at once to cast them upon the Lord and find such sweet rest in Jesus.

HOLINESS IS POWER.

How weak are Christians without it! How little energy and efficiency they have in their communications and intercourse with the world without the *Divine anointing!* How many useless visits are made by professors of religion and even by many ministers and their wives? How seldom we hear of such results from their visits as above narrated! Why is it? Must it not be that the love of Christ is not the all engrossing, all controlling interest of the soul? Hence, the *conversation is not seasoned with grace* and consequently *does not minister grace to the hearers.*

If such rich blessings may be imparted through human instrumentality by the indwelling Holy Spirit, then *how deplorable the failure to be "filled with the Spirit," thus investing us with power to bless the world. The loss both to ourselves and to our race is beyond computation.*

Said a chaplain in the army, in speaking of a young soldier who had on the panoply divine: "*Charlie is a*

SUNBEAM

wherever he goes. He does more good than any ten men of ordinary religious experience; he is so full of the Holy Ghost, and all the men believe in his religion."

This is the kind of Christians that would convert the world.

For the Guide.

THE ANCHOR HOLDS.

Heb. vi., 19.

W. H. HOLMES.

It is now some twenty years since the Suspension Bridge was thrown across Niagara River. The question of its safety has of late been raised, and, accordingly, "experts" were appointed to make a thorough examination of the entire structure, and report its condition to the company. While pursuing their investigations the engineers caused twelve feet of solid masonry to be removed from the cables, which are attached to ponderous anchors firmly cemented in the earth beneath. Upon removing the paint from the wire of which the cables are made, they proved to be as bright and sound as when the bridge was built.

The anchors were seemingly unaffected by the almost hourly strain to which for twenty years they had been subjected by the weight of passing trains. The *anchors hold the bridge.*

In the month of December, 1863, the writer was making the voyage from New York City to Alexandria, Va. We arrived in Chesapeake Bay off the mouth of the Potomac River about twelve o'clock at night. At this time boats were not allowed to pass the bar later than nine o'clock. Thus the transport was anchored for the remainder of the night. Morning at length dawned. The wind was rising, and threatened a furious gale. Anchor being weighed, an effort was made to cross the bar and enter the Potomac. But the wheels moved not; the engines refused to work. The ship was at the mercy of the waves. The *breakers* were but a league to leeward. We were rapidly drifting towards them. The only *hope* now remaining to us was in the *anchor.* Immediately the anchor was dropped, but soon the cry passed from lip to lip, with almost breathless emotion, "*It drags!*" The anchor did not hold; our only hope had failed. Brave hearts stood still then; cheeks were pale, and lips were white that never blanched before the cannon's mouth. Madly the wind swept us into the jaws of death, and the angry billows lifted up their great foam-tipped lips to swallow us up. But a moment's space now separated us from those jagged rocks. Suddenly there was a jerk; every one held his breath; the boat trembled an instant, and then the stern swung around to leeward. "She holds! she holds!!" wrung out the cry above the tempest's roar; the anchor had caught upon a rock! it held the ship! we were *safe!* Yes, though the waves were angry and the winds were high, yet we were safe! we had a hope; we were *anchored* upon a *rock.*

It is now over five years since, upon the staunch ship "Zion," we started on the voyage for Heaven. Over many stormy seas have we ridden, and at times our anchor has "dragged," and sometimes the water has been so deep that the anchor did not reach the bottom. Satan desired to have us, that he might sift us like wheat; but Jesus prayed for us that our *faith* fail not; and while upon our knees, praying in the language of Charles Wesley's "Wrestling Jacob," with these words upon our lips,

> "Through *faith* I see thee face to face;
> I see thee face to face and live."

the overshadowing blessing of the Holy Comforter's presence was vouchsafed unto us. By *faith* the anchor touched the Rock, and here "in the rifted Rock I'm resting."

"Hope reaching to that within the vail," and catching upon the promises of God is "an anchor to the soul, both sure and steadfast." Here is rest and safety; here is "peace and joy in the Holy Ghost." All danger is removed when hope comes in contact with the promises of God; and being held by this anchor the soul may be loaded with trials and afflictions, or tossed upon the waves of temptation and confronted by the rocks of worldly care and sorrow, while from the heart shall ring out, 'midst Hallelujahs, "None of these things move me." Then,

> "Let cares like a wild deluge come,
> Let storms of sorrow fall;
> So I but safely reach my home,
> My God, my Heaven, my all."

I know nothing with more certainty than that I'm anchored upon the Word of God. No evidence can be more convincing or absolute than the testimony of God's Spirit witnessing with mine, "telling me I am born of God." And though an angel from Heaven were to stand before me and declare my acceptance of God, such evidence would be less certain. It would give room for doubt; my senses might possibly deceive me; it might not be an angel sent from God; and were I to credit this testimony it must be through a *consciousness* of the sensation arising from the apprehension of the angel. Thus the question must be referred back to consciousness for decision. It is through the testimony of consciousness that I *know* I am sitting here by this table, with paper and ink before me; and by this same testimony

do I *know* that God saves me, that God's Spirit witnesses with mine, so that with spontaneity I cry, *Abba, Father*. It is this "*full assurance*" of our acceptance that gives us "a strong consolation, who have fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before us, which hope we have as an anchor to the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the vail;" for "the anointing which ye have received from him abideth in you, and ye need not that any man teach you; but as the same anointing teacheth you of all things, and is the truth, and is no lie, and even as it hath taught you, ye shall abide in Him."

Dear reader, does the *anchor hold?* I tell you the truth—Jesus Christ is the *only anchor* to the soul. Faith, that works by love, is the *only cable* making connection between the soul and Christ the anchor, and *God's promises* form the *only rock* upon which this anchor can hold.

EVANSTON, Ill., Jan. 25th, 1873.

For the Guide.

For Special Meetings.

"BE NOT AFRAID; ONLY BELIEVE."

REV. ALFRED J. HOUGH.

Trembling heart! Oh fear no longer,
Hear the words which Jesus spake;
Let your faith grow brighter, stronger!
Trust Him for His mercy's sake.

Can you doubt when He has spoken
With a voice so clear and plain?
Though your heart may now be broken,
He will bind it up again.

Do not wait for deeper feeling,
That is only Satan's snare,
Come into God's presence, kneeling,
Claim the blessed promise there.

Do not fear the people staring
On you, from the crowded pews;
Think of angel harps preparing
To proclaim the glorious news.

One more snatch'd from endless burning,
One more wandering sheep brought in,
One more prodigal returning
From the far off land of sin.

Without Christ earth is so lonely,
You have felt it—feel it still.
Oh come now, believing only,
Christ can cleanse you, and he will.

If you let the world affright you
From Heaven's gates now open'd wide,
God may never more invite you
To the Saviour's bleeding side.

Some are thinking on the story
Of a Sainted Peter's fall.
Angels would not be in glory
If they had not tried at all.

God will give you grace to cherish
And perform your every vow;
If you linger you may perish,
If you come Christ saves you now.

WALDEN, Vt.

For the Guide.

UNANIMITY IN THE CHURCH,

REV. D. NASH.

In the February number of the "Guide," its readers have seen how indispensable is "Love in the Church" to its happiness. It is also as necessary that there should be unanimity. Uniformity may exist where there is no agreement of *active* mind, nor cordiality of thought and affection. There may be the uniformity of death or inertia. Indeed, the more an unsanctified Church is dead, the more it is likely to be uniform. Things divine do not occupy the thoughts of its members, so they never disagree about them, they have no war against the world, the flesh, and the devil, so they have no discord of effort. They aim not at the glory of God, by exhibiting the beauty of holiness, so they have no quarrels about discipline. As they do not hear the truth to practice it, it is of little importance to them if the teaching be not quite correct. It is an awakened, half-enlightened, stirring Church, but not pervaded with the leaven of divine love that is most likely to be disunited. Each member begins to think how he would have things done and without paying scrupulous regard to the will of God, or the claims of Christian brotherhood, he strives to promote his own sentiments

and bring about his own purposes; this may be done from a belief that his opinion is right, and that his way is best, but he is apt to overlook the paramount claims of Christ in a submission to His will and way. Love is to reign over zeal. Love should stimulate, pervade and regulate all our exercises of thought and action. If any device, word or deed would infringe upon the superior rights of love, it is a sign that the thoughts want regulating or the tongue needs bridling. We know what kind of a spirit should be found in the society of the faithful; it is enjoined that they be of one spirit, striving with one mind for the faith, of one heart and one soul, of one accord, that they dwell together in unity, that they pray with one accord, that they be intent on one object, that they walk by the same rule and mind the same thing. This is Gospel unanimity. Where this is absent, some will complain that *Peter* is in a large room, *John* occupies a lower apartment, and *Paul* has only an attic. You think the arrangements should be changed; *Matthias* is promoted to a post of honor, when in your opinion it ought to have been given to *Justus*. Then, one says, *Peter will* be foremost, though *James* is far more prudent, and *John* far more amiable. Others, on the contrary, say that *Paul*, tho' only a foster-brother of the family is likely to outshine us all, and to become so great as quite to throw us in the shade. Well, what does all this signify? Keep pride, envy, and vanity out of the house, and all will be well. Another finds fault that Paul has given to Timothy and Titus a piece of preferment which *he* had hoped to enjoy. Then let us rejoice that there are at least *some* men more worthy than ourselves, and esteem them highly. We are not only to be humble, but to be "clothed with humility," that is, to *show* it to the world. Would it not be a most melancholy idea, to think that we with all our failings, were the best or wisest in the Church. What a poor notion we must entertain of God's people, if we for a moment suspect that *we* could direct them *all*, and that their united understanding is inferior to ours.

When we can find a man who easily obtains preëminence by his superior wisdom and talents, let us rejoice to hold him forth to the world as a good specimen of the power of divine grace and a noble trophy of the cross of Christ. Happy the Church whose members have learned in honor to prefer one another! Let all strive to "learn of Christ, who was meek and lowly in heart, so shall they find rest to their own souls," rest from passion and discontent, so shall the Church be unanimous in her efforts, shall revive as the corn, and the world shall be blessed through her instrumentality. The stormy season of dispute, and the frosty days of disunion, are not favorable times for building the temple of God. The summer of love and unanimity in the Church is the hope of the world. For this the Saviour prayed in the night of His agony, connecting this peculiarity in the character with the success of His gospel and the universal spread of His religion. They stand in a near and tender relation to Him, they are His sheep, His lambs, His brethren, His bride, the purchase of His blood, are destined to be seated at His right hand forever and are beloved for His sake. At the same time, they are related to each other as brethren, being equally members of the family of God, they enjoy "a common salvation;" they live in the enjoyment of the same spiritual blessings, they stand in the same relation to God, to Christ, to the Holy Spirit, and, having individually received the gift of the Holy Ghost, they are drawn, not merely by a sense of duty, but by a sort of spiritual instinct, to one another, and in the love and unanimity of the spirit they realize and exemplify, "the communion of saints," and it is a communion which none but saints can truly understand and appreciate. It is immensely superior to any external uniformity of ecclesiastical order and forms of public worship, which can indeed be exemplified by the unsanctified as well as the most devout. It is a oneness of mind and heart, a oneness of heavenly love, an inspired gift of God, productive of mutual delight, and an earnest yearning for each other's spiritual welfare, so

that the happy subjects of it sing, with corresponding feelings:

"Subsists as in us all one soul,
No power can make us twain,
And mountains rise and oceans roll
To sever us in vain."

This true communion of saints is not even dissolved by death. Living believers are come to the spirits of just men made perfect in the paradise of God. Believers that sleep in death, "sleep in Jesus.

"One family they dwell in him;
One Church, above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death."

The spiritual members of the living Church, therefore, sing in a rapture of hope;

"Even now, by Faith, we join our hands,
With those that went before;
And hail the blood-besprinkled bands
On the eternal shore."

May the Lord cause His righteousness to shine, and by the radiant beams of His love cause His people to be one, as He is one. Then shall the world believe in the universal Saviour.

CHESHIRE, Conn.

For the Guide.

"THE PROMISE OF THE FATHER,"

[By the author of the "Way of Holiness," etc., a new edition.]

REV. HENRY BELDEN.

There are three good reasons for the republication of this book at the present time. First, *because of the great subject of which it treats*, the promise of the Father, which is the endowment of power from on high. This is the sublime idea of the present dispensation; and its fulfillment is the complete preparation of human instruments to consummate the work of redemption. The Pentecostal baptism poured upon the sons and daughters of the Church, filling them with the "Spirit of prophecy," which is "the testimony of Jesus," is the manifestation of God, and the method of His working for this age. The prevailing scholastic theology which still lingers, and to so great an extent rules in the Church, has sought but too successfully to contract and limit the great promise of God by denying to the greater portion of His children, viz. His daughters, the blessings and privileges which He had equally promised to all. More than this: it has mostly made void the promise itself by substituting human reason for the Holy Ghost. Sister Palmer's book is a vigorous and most satisfactory defense of the Scripture teaching on this subject, as well as an earnest appeal to all Christians that they may no longer neglect the great specialty of the Christian dispensation.

Second, *because of the great and rapidly increasing interest felt in this subject.* The baptism of the Holy Ghost, alike upon all and the perfect freedom and responsibility of the daughters as well as the sons to testify of his mighty working, profoundly interests Christian people of every name throughout the world, and this interest is increasing every month. There is much of questioning and dispute, just as there always has been, in the outward advance of the truth; but in proportion as the spiritualizing influence of the Holy Ghost is felt, the opposition ceases, the blessing is sought, and the testimony of the Sisters is welcomed, and encouraged, and acknowledged to be in the power of God.

Third, *this book is an admirable presentation of the whole subject.* It examines with care and entire fairness what the Bible says on the subject. Some writers make use of the Bible to support a preconceived opinion; but this book reverently and earnestly follows the Bible and defends it from false glosses by which its meaning has been perverted.

Sister Palmer's book is very interesting to the reader, as well as instructive, being filled with illustrative and appropriate anecdotes and personal sketches. As an argument the book is convincing; perfectly so to any unprejudiced mind; as an exposition of Scripture, it is honest, clear, and satisfactory, and in its spirit it is not only free from all controversial severity, but eminently sweet and pure. It was evidently written to honor the Master and benefit His people. There are probably but few books so well calculated to do good at the present time.

May it have a rapid and extensive circulation.

For the Guide.

LESSONS FROM EXPERIENCE.

ADDIE A. ALLEN.

I have a peculiar sympathy for invalids. I enjoy talking with them, and am interested in their peculiar experiences. Dear invalid brother or sister, who may read these lines, I would like to tell you of my own experience.

There was a time when, to my imagination, the life of an invalid seemed inviting. To be so patient and lonely, so quiet and gentle, so wise and thoughtful as some of whom I had read, was, indeed, a life and character to be desired. And so I thought I would like to be an invalid.

Well, I have been there. I have occupied the invalid's couch, sat in the invalid's chair, and filled an invalid's place in society, which, to outward appearance at least, is a very small place.

Many happy hours were given in those days and months of seclusion. The flowers of affection and fruits of peace have been mine to gather, and I remember those days with pleasure when physical weakness was made to bring forth rich treasures of enjoyment. Though the body was a prisoner, the mind and soul were free, and, through God's grace, were led out into a *large place*. With such experience an invalid's lot can hardly be called an affliction. Then came intervals of comparative health, and a measure of strength was given, with a little work of love to do. Then was life indeed delightful, when I felt that I could be of some use in the Lord's vineyard. With such variations much of my life has passed away.

But I have known less pleasant experiences as an invalid.

The friends of my youth have passed away by the changes that time brings, and I have felt myself alone and isolated, opportunities of usefulness were closed, and my feeble efforts to do good seemed so futile; I have been brought into peculiar mental conflicts, seasons of mental depression and darkness of mind which, if not wholly caused, were greatly heightened by physical weakness and derangement. I have found such experience a very great trial of faith and patience.

None know the suffering caused by mental depression but those who have experienced it. Such a sinking of the soul in melancholy, such thick clouds over some of the mental faculties, such sudden and overwhelming fears, such a flood of confused ideas which the mind seems powerless to control, while the soul struggles to keep its peace and faith in God, sink the mind to a depth of gloom and spiritual inaction very oppressive.

But it is not wise to dwell on such experiences. I would rather record the goodness of God in sustaining and delivering.

I have learned that His love can indeed find a thousand ways to relieve the depressed and troubled soul.

For all these innumerable forms of depression and darkness I know of no remedy so effectual as simple trust in God, believing that He is still the same, that His truth and promises are still the same, though we cannot feel the comfort we desire.

With the grasp of a drowning person I have clung to the promises, and said in my heart I *will* trust in God, and if then the suggestion came, "You are not trusting," I would answer, "I *will try* to trust in Jesus," for well I knew that was my only hope.

Nothing but faith can sustain the tried soul when the enemy comes in like a flood.

How encouraging the promise that we shall not be tempted above that we are able to bear.

How many times have I been brought out of such darkness and made to rejoice in my God. "When He giveth quietness who then can make trouble?"

There is one thing I have found especially important for an invalid who would avoid the misery of depression. It is, to keep as fully employed in doing

something useful as possible. At any rate, keep busy about something, whether of much importance or not. "An idle mind is the devil's workshop." The one talent, be it ever so small, *must* be used. It is not easy always to do this, but 'twill bring satisfaction to the soul.

"Do something for somebody" is a prescription which every invalid will find beneficial, if not to the body, yet to the soul, and peace of mind is health to the soul.

Dear Christian, whatever your experience as an invalid, whatever your trials, ever *try* to live by faith; however weak and small your faith may seem, *try* to exercise it. It is perhaps to make our faith stronger that we are tried.

How sweet was the blessing God gave me when I felt and knew that I trusted in Jesus to make me pure in heart. There my faith is still anchored, and whatever my feelings, I have found the only way my soul could live was by casting myself ever on Jesus as a poor sinner, needing to be made holy, and trusting in Him to make me pure.

For the Guide.

CHRIST REBUKING THE TEMPEST.

ANNIE A. CLARK.

"And He arose and rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Peace, be still, and the wind ceased and there was a great calm." Mark, iv. 39.

The night was calm, serene, and beautiful,
Not one dark cloud stole o'er the azure sky,
The gentle winds had lulled themselves to
Rest, the silver moon cast her pale splendor
O'er the sea, as the bark sailed gently
O'er the ocean waves which bore the Saviour and his
Heaven bound followers. No sound save the voice of
the
Deep was heard, and sea birds' cry as o'er the
Waves they flew and dipped their pinions in
The sparkling flood. The precious Saviour, wearied
With the toils of day, had bid soft wings of
Rosy slumber wrap His gentle breast. Sweet Saviour,
He who left His Father's glory and the joys of
Heaven, and came to live and die in this dark,
Thorny world of ours, thus rested in that
Humble bark. How different from His rest
In Heaven; though all so mild, and nature in
Her sweetest loveliness. Ere long a cloud
Arose and spread with fury o'er the distant
Firmament above, the slumbering winds
Awoke, and o'er the deep in all their
Terror swept. The storm raged. The mighty
Swelling waves were sinking fast that light, frail
Bark which bore the God of Love. The fearful
Crew expecting soon to perish in the
Deep, with trembling voice awoke their Lord.
Come save us, for the storm beats high, and foam
Capped billows dash across our deck. And
Lo! He came, the God of beauty, power and
Wonder upon the deck of that sinking
Ship, and with His dove-like voice rebuked
The waves. They sank in peace and ebbed again.
He bid the howling winds be still and rest.
All nature smiled at His command. No cloud
Obscured the moon and stars; they cast their
Gentle lustre as before o'er those calm
Waters. So may the pilgrim when the waves
Of grief swell high in the lone heart, go to
That loving Saviour who can calm each woe,
And give the weary pilgrim *perfect* rest.

ALUMN BANK, Pa., *December* 26, 1872.

For the Guide.

THE SOUL'S NEED.

MRS. C. NICHOLS.

Very many have learned the precious lesson of faith in the world's Redeemer. Jesus taught them when they were willing to be taught. He led them when once they were willing to be led; He led them even to the fountain of living waters: He placed their feet upon a rock and established their goings, and now they know, by sweet experience, the meaning of those precious words, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee." Happy, joyful hearts whose language is

Henceforth I feast, but at no cost of mine;
Henceforth I drink life-giving heavenly wine;
Henceforth with flowers are crowned my every cup;
Henceforth with Jesus as my guest I sup;
Henceforth my mind, my heart, my being whole
Is made a glorious palace for the soul;
And at its table, most divinely spread
I feast, and feast again, on "Living Bread."
Here with my Friend, my Brother, Priest and King,
Joy fills my every sense, His praises now I sing,
And day by day new beauties do I see,
For He has come to me, even unto me.

But all have not this experience. Alas! the majority of professing Christians know nothing of the sweetness of resting in Christ. Admitting that they started right, that they climbed not up some other way, but entered through the wicket gate which stands at the head of the way, through the door which is Christ, what rugged, up-hill business have they made of the Christian journey! How

often have their feet been ensnared! What "sloughs of despair!" What mountains of difficulty and slippery places have been trodden by their weary, bleeding feet! What lions and giants have they encountered; how often have they been hunted and harassed by the arch enemy of souls! At best they have borne the toils and burdens of the Christian life without its joys.

Will they never come to the land of Beulah where the sun ever shineth? Where the birds sing and the flowers bloom all the year round, and music from the heavenly shores steals over the senses, and soft breezes laden with heavenly incense revive and invigorate the drooping, fainting heart.

Poor trembling heart! Will you ever learn implicit trust in Christ? Can you not let go of every earthly prop and self-reliance and sink or swim in the ocean of God's boundless mercy? What would you think of the drowning man who should clutch at the driftwood around him and refuse to seize the rope which was the only hope of safety held out to him? The Word is full of directions, encouragements, and promises; elevating, soul-lifting promises. Is it so very hard to believe in Christ? Would you not grieve if a child or friend should refuse to take your word? Would you esteem it a virtue in your child should he refuse the bounteous and kingly favors which you were minded to bestow, and accept only the meanest and poorest of them when he would honor you by accepting the whole, and dishonor you by refusing? Should a loved friend, thousands of miles away, write to you that he should visit you at such a time, how eager would be your expectation; how carefully would every preparation be made, that you might enjoy his company while he remained. And if one should say, "Why this ado? you have no certainty of seeing your friend. True, you have a letter purporting to be from him, but might not some one else have written it to deceive you; or if written by himself, how can you be certain that he really intends what he says?" Would you not indignantly repel such an insinuation? Yet when the Lord Jesus who is the perfection of truth and holiness says, "Behold I stand at the door and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him and will sup with him and he with me," we are ready to cry out "It is not for me, Lord, it is not for me; I am of unclean lips."

But what does He propose to do for thee? Oh! He will supply thine every need. When Jeremiah said "I cannot speak, for I am a child," then the Lord put forth His hand and touched his mouth saying, "Behold, I have put my words in thy mouth," and when Isaiah cried out, "Woe is me, for I am undone because I am a man of unclean lips," then flew one of the seraphim having a live coal in his hand and laid it upon his mouth saying, "Lo, this hath touched thy lips, and thine iniquity is taken away and thy sin purged." And when Moses complained that he was slow of speech, the Lord answered: "Aaron thy brother shall be thy prophet." There is no lack to them that fear the Lord.

Are you groaning to be freed from sin and corruption? Leave off this groaning, this mourning and struggling; it avails nothing. Rivers of tears could not wash away a single sin; but come straight to Jesus just as you are and take Him for your present, perfect Saviour. Surrender yourself, a willing captive to His will. Give all, take all. What a glorious exchange. Rest for unrest, joy for sorrow, light for kindness, an obedient heart for a wayward one. You give up nothing that is of use to you, but you receive a rich supply for all your wants. Christ is the soul's need.

O, that every professing Christian in the length and breadth of this happy land was wholly the Lord's! They would turn the world upside down. "One would chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight."

THE WORTH OF A SOUL.—The effort to save souls is the only sublime act of humanity. The Church is paid for any cost where it has won a soul.—REV. T. COLLINS.

CONVICTION FOR SANCTIFICATION.

F. G. HIBBARD.

(*Continued from page* 45)

Settle it, then, with yourself once for all, that conviction for sanctification grows out of a close scanning of your practical life, and the habitual frame of your experience, as compared with your "higher calling of God in Christ Jesus." It arises wholly out of the practical sphere. Sanctification is not an embellishment of character, but the ground of character. It is not a fancy article that is beautiful indeed to possess, and put on for adornment, but the supply of an original and daily want of our being. It is not a merely optional privilege, held out as a stimulus and a reward of holy aspiration, but it is the essence of that salvation which the Redeemer came to provide and proclaim; it is the power by which we glorify God on earth, and the qualification for admission into that city wherein "nothing shall in anywise enter that defileth, or that worketh abomination, or that maketh a lie."

If you are not in the habit of reviewing your daily life; if you are not seeking to know all the will of God; if you are not in the daily practice of bringing the Word of God to the close measurement of all your acts, words, and tempers; if you are not aiming to glorify God in the sphere of your daily duties, relations, and trials; if it be not the boding, longing desire of your soul to be what the good pleasure of God has chosen you to be, you are not in a condition of mind to be likely to receive the conviction of which we are speaking. Conviction for sanctification is of a twofold character: it is a painful knowledge that the present state of life and experience is below the standard of Gospel provision and requirement, accompanied with a clear and unquestioning perception of that fullness in Christ which meets all our wants, and restores us to His full image and stature; conviction for holiness is the perceived discrepancy of our state to the standard of Gospel salvation. It is not conviction of actual sin, but of habitual incapacity to glorify God with our body and spirit, which are His. Here is deep, spiritual knowledge of self, and clear, spiritual apprehensions of God. The fault to be corrected lies in the *nature* of the person more than in his *outward* life; in the *state* of the soul more than in its *overt* acts.

"I went forward for prayers," says one, "under a general invitation for all to come who were seeking sanctification, for I thought," said he, "that if there was anything more in the Gospel than I had received, I wanted it." The result was he did not receive the blessing, but left the altar in a confused and unprofited state of mind. He never after that believed in sanctification as a distinct work. Now, all this was but natural; nay, inevitable. He had no conviction, and had, consequently, no definite idea of what he needed. How could he pray? He had no clear idea of the provision of the Gospel, the breadth and fullness of the promises, how could he exercise faith? To pray, "Lord, give me sanctifying grace if I need it, and if there be any such grace," is no prayer; it is not of faith. The poor man who could only say, "If Thou canst do anything, have compassion on us and help us," was fully convinced of his need, but not clear in his apprehension of Christ's power. He came more from a felt want than from a conviction of duty. A conviction of duty to go to Christ for any blessing implies a clear consciousness of our want, and an apprehension of His ability and sole prerogative to perform the request. The poor man alluded to was in great measure ignorant of Christ as to His all-sufficiency and infinite willingness; but being humble and candid, was readily led into full, reliant faith. I knew an earnest seeker who started from the twofold conviction that he was not able, in his present state of grace, to glorify God according to the high calling of the Gospel; and that sanctification comprehended and denoted the grace he needed. Unable to define doctrines, unskilled in all dialectic art, the soul was prompted by a sense of its own wants, and guided by such conception of the Gospel provision as a child might attain; and the Spirit led him into the glorious light and liberty of a full salvation. Here, then, is the starting-point; here is the encouragement. It is the *hunger* and the *thirst* for righteousness which we first need. This leads to where David was when he cried, "My soul thirsteth for Thee; my flesh longeth for Thee." The pain of hunger and the desire of good are correlative terms. So with conviction for holiness and the desire for holiness. Such feelings give definiteness to prayer. "If a man ask *bread*," supposes

conviction like painful hunger to be definite, and prayer to be a definite petition. No wandering of desire; no vacillation of purpose; no vagueness of prayer here. "What wilt thou that I shall do unto thee?" called forth the definite answer, "Lord, that I may receive my sight." The Saviour asks the same of thee, reader; and if thy soul is now painfully penetrated with its want, and thou suggest, "Lord, that I may be made clean," He will now say, "I will, be thou clean."

CLIFTON SPRINGS, N. Y., 1872.

Loved Ones Gone Before.

MARY SUTHERLAND.

Mary Sutherland was born September 8, 1823, in Lancaster co., Penn. In her eighth year she emigrated with her parents to Springfield, O. Here, in April, 1840, under the ministry of Rev. William Young, she was converted and baptized, and joined the old Columbia street Church. August 28, 1845, she was united in marriage with Rev. Wm. H. Sutherland, now of the Cincinnati Conference. For more than twenty-five years she shared with him the toils, the trials, and the joys of the itinerancy. She was a dutiful daughter, an affectionate wife, a devoted mother, a faithful friend. Truth, prudence, purity, and benevolence were predominant traits in her character. In all her life she never uttered an untruth. She avoided that outward adorning of putting on apparel, but chose rather "the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit." Naturally timid, she shrank from conspicuity; and few, even of her intimate friends, were fully aware of the gift of God that was in her, until it was developed in the reception and influence of the blessing of perfect love. This "pearl of great price" she sought and obtained, February 19, 1870, at the altar of prayer. Of this "great grace" she was ever an humble, a prudent, and yet a courageous confessor. She never offensively obtruded the subject on any; and yet never "hid her light under a bushel." "A godly walk," "a holy conversation," a life abounding "in every good word and work," evinced to all the sincerity of her profession and the divinity of her religion. Her fatal illness was fibroid tumor of the throat. Her sufferings, which at times were excruciating, were protracted for ten months. During these weary months she was unmurmuring, submissive, serene, and cheerful; willing to live, and yet even desirous to "depart and be with Christ," which she was assured would be "far better." She would frequently exclaim, "I never appreciated so highly as now this blessing of *full* salvation. What should I, what *could* I now do, without the support and comfort of God's perfect love?" To the writer she often said, "I am *waiting*—waiting for the rumbling of his chariot wheels." To her husband and relations it seemed deeply mysterious that one so innocent and so useful should be so great a sufferer. A single remark of hers was sufficient to resolve the mystery. Her husband had been reading to her about those white-vestured ones before the Throne, who came out of great tribulation and "who had washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb," when she exclaimed, "I know what it is to be washed in the blood of the Lamb, yet I have had but little tribulation in my life, and I suppose I am receiving my portion now." Her triumph over death was complete and glorious. "Jesus loves me!" "Jesus is precious!" "All is well!" "I see my way clear to glory!" "Not a cloud, not a shadow!" were among her dying declarations. Her last intelligible words, uttered while her features beamed with unearthly radiance were, "Farewell! Farewell!" Thus, on Monday morning, October 28th, passed away from earth to heaven, our beloved sister, one of the purest, gentlest, and most unselfish of beings. Her husband, her children, and the large circle of her relatives and friends, miss her—O how sadly! But they sorrow in hope of a happy reunion in the better land.

A. MEHARRY.

REV. WM. FORD.

Departed this life in Paw Paw, Michigan, Rev. Wm. Ford, aged 51 years.

It was my privilege to be with him the most of the time after he was confined to his bed. For two days before he died, he slept most of the time. When asked if it was all bright, he replied, "As bright as the noon-day sun." At other times he would rouse up and express himself thus: "The royal band!" "There is one bright particular star, Glory be to God!"

His disease was ossification of the heart, from which he has, at times been a severe

sufferer. Mr. Ford combined in a more than ordinary degree all those qualities so important to a successful ministry. He was a ripe scholar, an excellent orator, and a thoroughly practical Christian gentleman. In the pulpit he was dignified and eloquent; in social life, genial, kind, and affable. His last sermon, preached two weeks ago, was from the singularly appropriate words of St. Paul to Timothy: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." Although a great sufferer during the past few years, during the latter portion of his last sickness, his body was free from pain, and he went down into the "dark waters" without a murmur, that faith which upheld him during life being his solace in death.

CATHARINE VAN NOSTRAND.

Died in Johnstown, Fulton co., N. Y., Nov. 22d, 1872, Catharine, wife of R. W. Van Nostrand, in the 61st year of her age.

She was converted in the year 1831, and has been a consistent member of the M. E. Church forty years. Ever striving to live a true Christian life.

For the last twenty-five years she has enjoyed perfect love, and felt that nothing but God's redeeming power could sustain her through the trials of this world.

She loved the Bible; it was her constant guide. Next to her Bible, "The Guide to Holiness," was her favorite book; she was a constant reader of it for the last year of her life.

Her seat in the Class and Prayer-meeting and at all other means of grace was seldom vacant. She desired all to see the "Light" she was blessed with, and all her efforts so far as she was able to do, were put forth to show that "Light." Among her last labors here on earth was getting subscribers for "The Guide to Holiness." She knew its worth and felt, perhaps, it might wake up some despondent soul to make greater efforts to see the Christ she saw, and to feel His soothing power as she felt it.

She was not destined to fill out the list. Death claimed its victim. She passed away, not in fear of the future, but with a hope that her faith in Him who had been her guide through life would not desert her at death.

She is gone.—No more that voice will be heard! Death has closed her labors here below. She has passed over the "River," and, as we hope and believe, is *one* of that great throng, singing praises to her Redeemer, where we trust we may meet her.

MR. L. STAGNER.

Mr. Lewis Stagner was born in Montgomery, Pa., March 23, 1809, and died January 24th, 1873, aged 64 years.

At the age of twenty-seven he was converted at the house of Bro. Colson, in Gwynedd, Pa. Soon after, he united himself with the M. E. Church, of which he was a faithful and consistent member upwards of thirty-five years. He leaves a family to mourn his loss yet waiting the summons to come up higher.

Bro. Stagner was one of those gentle, loving, cheerful, sympathizing spirits that scatter sunshine all around them, and withal was a sincere, consistent, earnest Christian. With strong, unwavering faith in God, and with warm love for Him, he sought to imitate the Master in doing good. His house was the home for many ministers of the Philadelphia Conference, and many friends who enjoyed his generous hospitality will long cherish his memory. He lived to see nearly all his children active and useful members of the M. E. Church.

Bro. Stagner was for many years an active and influential member of the Board of Stewards and Trustees. Indeed, the Montgomery Square M. E. Church has met with an almost irreparable loss. Few there are comparatively, who possess such a spirit of punctuality and such a willingness and promptitude for the performance of every duty assigned them. For a number of years he was sorely afflicted in body, but amid his greatest suffering he was able to trust fully in Christ. His constant desire was to be ready at the coming of his Lord, realizing that "for me to live *is* Christ, and to die *is* gain."

During his last illness he expressed to the writer that "he had no other comfort but Christ; that he was resigned to the will of the Lord." Peacefully and without a struggle he passed away to be forever with the Lord.

"O for the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord!
O be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward."

D. F. UNANGST.

MRS. SARAH A. E. EDWARDS.

Mrs. Sarah A. E. Edwards died in Cartersville, Ga., Dec. 8, 1872, in the fifty-fourth year of her age.

She walked in the King's highway of holiness. Of her conversion she said, "O it was peace and joy! Everything seemed to praise God. My enjoyment was too full for expression: and during the thirty years that have intervened, I have passed through many sore trials, but out of them the Lord hath brought me safely." Again she said: "I have been brought into the light of heart purity. I had consecrated myself and all to God as I thought: but I was brought to see that the surrender had not been entire. Then how earnestly did I read my Bible and plead with Jesus in my closet for a clean heart. I there laid all upon the altar, and it sanctified the gift. O what a blessing I received! It seemed to me the place was holy—none other than the house of God, and the very gate of heaven to me. Jesus is become my all in all. What perfect love! What casting out of fear!"

She was a widow, passed through great tribulation and was not able to attend services in the Church, but she was washed in the blood of the Lamb. Our meetings for the promotion of holiness were held at the house of her son-in-law, where she lived. She gave a glorious testimony for Jesus. It was an *abundant* utterance, fulfilling the Scripture: "They shall *abundantly* utter the memory of Thy great goodness." Next to the Bible, she seemed to love the "Rest of Faith," by Rev. I. M. See, it being one of the instrumentalities in bringing her to entire santification.

It pleased God to give her the privilege of leaving a dying testimony. She said, "I shall not be with you long. Jesus has sent for me; yes, He has sent for me and His will be done. I am in His hands ready to live or to die. I shall see Jesus—O what joy! He gives me *Himself* now. All is perfect peace! I wish I could talk more and tell of His great salvation. Jesus is with me—saves me all the time. His blood cleanses and keeps me. I am nothing of myself, but Christ is everything." Her last words were, "Jesus is with me all the time." All glory to the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost for raising such a witness that "Jesus is mighty to save."

GEO. R. KRAMER.

Ga., 1873.

CAROLINE BYERS.

Departed this life, Nov. 8th, 1872, aged 24 years.

She lingered with consumption for two years, but having been converted in the sixteenth year of her age, she was greatly sustained by grace. She said to her pastor that she thanked God for her affliction, for it had brought her near to Christ; and if she never should get well, she would thank God; and if she should, she would never get through praising Him.

Sometimes her health would seem to improve, and she would entertain a hope of recovery; but Jesus seemed to be her most intimate friend. She would often put her arms around her mother's neck and say, "Oh, mama! how I love you. You have been so kind to me."

Once she said, "I have One whom I love better; that friend is Jesus. He has done so much for me, He is with me all the time and He can go with me through the dark valley of the shadow of death, and I shall fear no evil, for His rod and staff they comfort me." She gave God all the glory, and was glad she was near her heavenly rest. Rejoicingly, she exclaimed, "Oh death, where is thy sting? Oh grave, where is thy victory?" She would often say, "Oh, how sweet my rest will be, after suffering here so long." She had many friends she loved much, but desired most of all to be with Jesus, yet she would say, "the will of the Lord be done. I am willing to wait."

About midnight preceding her death, she asked her pastor if she would die before morning. He said he thought she would. "Oh, glorious thoughts" she exclaimed, "I will be in heaven before morning." About three o'clock she said, "Why cant I get through? come blessed Jesus," and then exclaimed, "He has come!" and shouted "glory! glory! He has come!" and from that forward her moments passed sweetly on until five o'clock, being about two hours, when she fell asleep in Jesus.

Editorial.

HOW TO BELIEVE.

At our recent Revival services in Toronto, a lady presented herself as a subject of prayer, who said that she had come twenty-six miles

hoping that she might find the Lord, as she had been in distressing perplexity about the salvation of her soul *twelve years!*

"Have you not been looking at your sins, and at your hard heart, or at your feelings, instead of looking to Jesus?" I asked. "If so, never can you get salvation in that way. If those Israelites who were bitten by the serpents in the wilderness had looked at their deathly wounds, or their feelings, or anything else, instead of looking up at the brazen serpent, they would have died; for there was no other possible way provided by which they could be healed. But remember as many as looked lived; even though so badly bitten that they were ready to take the last dying gasp, it was only to look and live. Now, as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so has the Son of Man been lifted up. Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

"I know all that, but do not feel that I am saved. *What* must I believe? Tell me *how* to believe."

"Believe that Jesus died for you; that He bore all your sins in His own body on the tree; that He was wounded for your transgressions:

> "'Believe in Him that died for thee,
> And sure as He hath died
> Thy debt is paid, thy soul is free,
> And thou art justified.'"

"I know all these things, but do not feel that I am saved. I want to know *how to believe.*"

My very soul was pained for her in her perplexity; and remembering how the Divine Teacher made truth tangible by simple illustrations, I said:

"Suppose you were greatly in debt in this city, and your indebtedness was so large that there was not the least possibility of your ever being able to extricate yourself. Your friends all know your embarrassment is so great that there is no hope of your ever being able to pay the first cent. In the midst of all this trouble, a friend that loves you hears of your helpless condition. His heart is touched with pity to such a degree that he actually takes upon himself the whole debt. He is abundantly able, so he pays it all, and then writes you word, saying you need not distress yourself any more about that debt, for I have paid it. You have no thought about your feelings, or anything else. All that you would think of would be the *fact.* Rejoicingly you would return hearty thanks to the friend who had paid the debt, and would hasten to tell your friends around you that you are free from the debt. If they should say, How do you know? you would reply, Why here is my friend's letter! Look at the fact. Here is a statement of it in my friend's own handwriting. Now, is not the Bible God's letter of love? And does it not stand written here that Jesus has borne all your sins in His own body on the tree? If He was wounded for your transgressions, bruised for your iniquities, and the chastisement of your peace laid upon Him, then all that you have to believe is the glorious FACT, *by His stripes I am healed.*"

Truth flashed upon her mind as a sunbeam, and she exclaimed, "I see it now; I DO BELIEVE!" and from that moment every breath was praise.

OUR WORK FOR JESUS IN TORONTO.

We clip the following from the *Christian Guardian.*

GREAT REVIVAL.

"God has been graciously owning the labors of Dr. and Mrs. Palmer during the last two weeks in Queen Street W. M. Church. Meetings have been held every afternoon and evening, when the altar was crowded with earnest seekers of salvation, and at times a number of the pews were also filled with penitents. Scores of precious souls have been born into the kingdom, backsliders have been reclaimed, and very many of God's children have sought and obtained the blessing of entire sanctification. Drunkards have given up the intoxicating cup, smokers have abandoned their tobacco, and ladies have laid aside their jewelery, thus manifesting the genuineness of the work of grace in their hearts.

"Many of the youth and children of the Sabbath-school have enlisted under the banner of Emmanuel. Strangers have come from a distance, either from curiosity or in expectation of receiving good, and some of them have returned to their homes rejoicing in the Lord. O, that this wave of salvation may sweep not only over the city but over the whole country, and may all the readers of the *Guardian* say, Amen!"

In regard to the remarkable work to which

allusion is here given, we will present some particulars as noted at different points, in correspondence with friends during the progress of the work, which during our thirty days visit resulted, we trust in the sanctification of many scores of believers, and the conversion of between *three and four hundred* precious souls.

Dear Brother W :

The Lord is doing excellent things here. Isaiah says, "Make mention that His name is exalted; declare His doings among the people." And Paul, imbued with like inspirations of lofty praise, designating the wherefore, exclaims, "That through the thanksgiving of many, praise may redound to God."

Our hearts are ascribing eternal praises to the Triune Deity for the wonderful work that through the Great Three in One is being accomplished here. Two weeks ago, we left home, in response to the call of the Church in this city. On the evening of Jan. 9th, we commenced our toils for the blessed Master in the Queen Street Church, Rev. H. Johnson, pastor. Day and evening meetings have since been held, and in all our assemblies, the power of the Lord has been present.

During the first two or three days, the manifestations of Divine power were not remarkable. The Church was not as well prepared to come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty as we had anticipated. We commenced our work for Jesus on Thursday evening; but it was not till Saturday evening that the preparation, on the part of the leading men of the Church, was marked and decisive.

We refrained from saying much to the unconverted, feeling assured that judgment must begin at the house of God, and the way of the Lord be prepared by the uplifting of the standard—"*Holiness to the Lord.*" We called, in His name, for the office bearers to rally round it. Immediately the altar was surrounded. All the members of the Official Board, with but one or two exceptions, seeking definitely the witness of purity. Nearly all were enabled to testify at the close of the meeting, that the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin.

From that hour, the God of battles wrought gloriously. On the Sabbath, many sinners were saved, and many of the Lord's people, we trust, entered into the rest of faith. The succeeding days have all been signalized by glorious conquests, in sinners being brought to the Saviour, and believers plunging into the cleansing fountain.

Scores of believers have been sanctified wholly, and about two hundred born into the kingdom of God. Honor and praise to Jesus! Many of these are heads of families, and others, young persons just merging into manhood and womanhood, and others in childhood. All ages and classes are represented; and still the work goes on. It is just two weeks yesterday since we came, and never was the work more encouraging than last evening. People were convicted all over the house. The altar was crowded, and the front seats also, in demand for seekers. Some were converted in the congregation—one a gentleman, who from physical disabilities, was unable to come forward and kneel with the penitents. Another, while the hymn "Jesus paid it all," was being sung, electrified the congregation by starting up and crying out in a loud voice, "He has washed me white as snow."

The flame of Revival spread from Church to Church. We labored at four different points in the city, spending one Sabbath at Yorkville, where the Lord poured out His Spirit in Pentecostal showers, in the sanctification of believers and the conversion of sinners. The next scene of labor was at the Metropolitan Church, where day and evening, during one week's labor, believers sought and obtained the gift of power, and souls were newly born into the kingdom. But at no place was the power of the Spirit more signally manifested than at Berkeley St. Church, our last scene of toil and triumph in Toronto.

We had far exceeded our intentions, and so many calls demanding our time, that we conceived it impossible that we could remain more than one Sabbath with this dear people. What a Sabbath was that! Multitudes were brought low down in the valley of decision. Hundreds rose simultaneously, resolving that they would go up at once and possess the good land. Morning, afternoon, and evening were all gloriously signalized by remarkable manifestations of divine power to save to the uttermost, and in the conviction and conversion of sinners. Yet as we had already prolonged our ten days to over twenty we felt

constrained to say adieu to the many who seemed most persistently resolved to detain us. Some who were strong in faith said, "the Lord will not let you go. If prayer will detain you, you will remain."

The next morning, though the arrangements were all completed for our departure, and friends were gathered at the railroad depot to participate in affectionate leave-takings, we felt a divine pressure upon us that forbade our immediate return. A soul-assuring conviction came that the Lord would have us remain a few days more and gather many more sheaves. Doubtless the prayer of faith had prevailed.

"O wondrous power of faithful prayer!
What tongue can tell the Almighty grace,
God's hands are bound or open are
As *Moses* or *Elijah* prays."

Most gloriously did the results of that one last week's stay with the beloved friends of Toronto prove that we had obeyed the Divine order in yielding to their importunities. The names of over *one hundred* were added to the newly blest. Every day the work increased in power. Of those who had been most richly blest with the baptism of fire, was the beloved minister and his gifted wife. And under the impulse of the new baptism, they were helpers indeed, in the Lord, and mighty in bringing souls to Jesus. And thus also with the Official Board, all seemed to be newly baptized into one Spirit in working for Jesus. The sudden outburst of revival flame burned with yet greater intensity with each passing day, and at no point exceeded Sabbath evening, Feb. 9th, when we held our *Farewell service*. Would that we could describe how manifestly the power of the Lord was present in convicting, converting, and sanctifying influences. The altar surroundings were, as usual, crowded with seeking ones. The Ever Blessed One dispensed rich blessings. All, as far as we could ascertain, received the blessing sought and we parted amid the tears and grateful benedictions of a multitude of dear ones, whom we shall love to remember as long as eternity endures.

Our delightful home while at Toronto, was with a brother beloved, J. Brandon, Esq., who with his estimable lady is given to hospitality. Many pleasant reminiscences of our thirty days visit we would love to record here, whose record is on high, and will be recalled with acclamations of praise in heaven.

DAYS OF MARTYRDOM UPON US.

The last number of the *Missionary Chronicle* gives an account of a massacre in Uea, on the Loyalty Islands, showing that the same blood-thirsty spirit still prevails where Romanism gets in power, as in the former days. Let Protestants who listen tamely while Father Hecker and a host of Jesuitical propogandists are boldly training their people up to the idea that Romanism is shortly to be the ruling power in the United States read the following:

From an account in the London *Record*, by Rev. Samuel Ella, it appears that on the 24th the Roman Catholic natives were assembled from all parts of the island on the pretence of celebrating a festival. At night they attempted to carry out a plot that had been laid to massacre the Protestants, commencing with the principal village. The first who fell were four men engaged in fishing at a distance from the village. One was shot in his canoe, and the others were bound and conveyed to the beach. A message was then sent to the Papist chief to inform him of what had been done, and he ordered the prisoners to be killed, and their bodies to be cast into the sea. This order was executed. Another mob fell upon two Protestant families engaged in their evening worship, and killed four of the men, and wounded some others. These families resided close to the priest's house. Other houses were attacked in a similar manner, and four more were killed. Here a slight defence was made, and one of the murderers was slain. The Protestants then fled to the bush, leaving some of their wounded, who were afterwards brutally mutilated and killed. The Papists then burned down the Protestant village, and took possession of their lands. After this, messages were sent from the Papist chiefs to the Protestant refugees, requiring them to abandon their religion and become "Catholics," and threatening to exterminate them unless they obeyed. One of the teachers wrote to me from the place of refuge that they were houseless, destitute, and exposed to starvation in the bush, and threatened to be exterminated unless they would become Papists. Providentially, Mr.

Sleigh arrived from Lifu on a visit to Uea, ten days after this horrible massacre, and he exerted himself to stop these proceedings, and deliver the persecuted Protestants.

Those who imagine that the Papists are more tolerant now than when by a sudden Popish mandate from Rome they commenced their midnight slaughter of thousands of Protestants on St. Bartholomew's day, or when they consigned thousands of martyrs to the flames, or the yet more dreadful torments of the Inquisition, are mistaken. What Romanism was she still is, and will be, till He shall come Whose right it is to reign. Then shall the Beast be slain, and his body destroyed and given to the burning flame.

We propose in future numbers to give some thoughts in regard to the times in which we live, as we have for the past thirty years had, from a careful reading of the Scriptures, comparing Scripture with Scripture, had some long-settled convictions in regard to the signs of the times.

PIETY IN HIGH PLACES.

We have long believed that since the death of Prince Albert, the Queen of England has been truly pious. In this opinion we have been confirmed, particularly through conversation with a friend residing on the Isle of Wight. The Queen, from her childhood days, has spent a portion of her time every year at Osborne Castle. Here she has quite extensive grounds, a tenantry, beautiful farm and farm-houses, which we have looked upon as a model of rural quietness and comfort. When her tenantry from age or illness require the consolations of religion, she does not leave the work of visiting them at their houses wholly to the clergymen, or her private chaplain; but visits them in person, reads, and prays with them, proving that her piety is unofficial and sincere.

Added to this, we clip from a contemporary the following: The Queen is not only decidedly religious, but has that catholicity of spirit which relishes Divine worship whether performed in an imposing cathedral or a humble kirk in Scotland, and enjoys Divine service whether conducted by a Cairns or a Macleod. The Premier of the Empire is an earnest Christian man. The Lord High Chancellor of England has long been a professed follower of Christ. The English Attorney-General is said to be a man of unaffected piety; so is the Duke of Argyll, a member of the Gladstone Cabinet. The Earl of Shaftesbury is well known for his extensive Christian philanthropy.

DEATH OF A STANDARD-BEARER.

Col. E. Ball, who for some time past has courageously displayed the banner, "Holiness to the Lord," in Canton, Ohio, has recently been called from the host militant to the ranks of the redeemed in heaven.

He was a man of mark, always ready in the spirit of meekness to battle for the right. We doubt not but an abundant entrance has been ministered unto him into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. His memoir may be expected in our next.

JOHN M'LEAN.

We have known him ever since our childhood days as an earnest, buoyant, active Christian. He loved holiness, and his career was a living exemplification of its power to transform in heart and life. His departure from earth is thus announced in a contemporary paper: "A Cedar in Lebanon.—'Fat and flourishing' in the house of God was John M'Lean for more than half a century. Bedford Street Church, in New York, will miss him, and the Methodist Zion will miss him; for he was known in all her streets, and in her great annual gathering at the Croton and Sing Sing camp-grounds. Friday, January 24th, while showing his parlors, which he had fitted up for the Lord, to an old disciple, and relating the joy he had in giving his best to the Lord, and also his glorious anticipations of shortly being in his heavenly mansion, he seated himself in a chair, as if in a sent chariot; and, though in apparent perfect health, in a moment he was there. His age was 76, and during all the latter years of his life 'Holiness to the Lord' was his constant theme."

News Along the Line.

LETTER FROM A BAPTIST MINISTER.

REV. A. P. GRAVES.

More than six months ago the dear Lord of the Harvest permitted me to attend the Tues-

day meeting. Dr. and Sister Boardman and Dr. Ward and many other of the vanguards of Jesus were present. Brother Belden had been stricken with sickness. There was a precious refreshing from the presence of Jesus. I felt it. My heart was

NEWLY ANOINTED

for my great work. The next day I started on a trip up the lakes. At Buffalo we took the boat for Duluth, and during our nine days' passage the Lord enabled me to gather the passengers together for prayer and song, and expounding the precious Word of God each day, and for preaching on Sunday. The Captain (although a Catholic) and many others gave close attention to the things which were spoken.

Our arrival in Minnesota found us in the midst of a

FRUITFUL HARVEST

for Jesus; and, after a few weeks' rest, we put in the sickle with earnest consecration and faith. Jesus led the way from point to point. Never have I felt more the presence of the Mighty One to sustain temporally and spiritually than the last few months. God has opened the windows of Heaven almost continually upon these feeble and oft-times distracted frontier churches. My own soul, by day and night, has felt the ravishings of His love. At Anoka, Newport, Mankato, Lake City, Garden City, Minneapolis, Hastings, Kasson, and many other points, the Word proved "quick and powerful;" crowds of people everywhere attended the meetings, and oftimes the congregations were larger than could be accommodated in any house in the place. At no time did the people seem so much blessed and sinners converted as when I preached on the direct subject of the "Higher Experience" in Jesus.

In many places the dear children of a king felt that the "day star" from on high had dawned upon them. How refreshing to thirsty souls are such seasons. They are like an oasis in the desert.

Leaving the far Northwest last week, I came to help a few weeks in this region. Last Sunday was a

DAY OF DAYS

in the Zion of this city. The refreshing from the Lord's presence came on pulpit and pew, and the congregations and Sunday-schools; several of the Pastors could not preach to their people, but laid their sermons aside and talked from their hearts for Jesus. Their tongues and hearts had the Spirit's touch; they were set on fire of divine love.

And when we met in the Union Meeting in the evening, very many came to tell what great things the Lord had done for them. This week we are pushing the battle for greater victories on the side of King Jesus. After a few days more here I am to fill other engagements, holding meetings in Erie, Pa., Troy, N. Y., and Lowell and Charlestown, Mass. But how sad is my heart that I cannot say yes to all the calls for help in revival meetings. There are now before me invitations from eleven different States, ranging from Boston to San Francisco. Will not the Tuesday Meeting still pray for me, and pray the Lord to raise up more Evangelists?

DIXON, ILL., *Jan.* 9, 1873.

KEYPORT, N J.

In answer to many inquiries respecting the revival now in progress in our midst, we may say it commenced with a village camp-meeting held on the first week in December, and has been going on with increased interest and power since that time. The Wesleyan doctrine of holiness has been fully accepted by our people, and a multitude have sought and found the blessing of heart-purity. The Holy Spirit has been poured out upon the congregation and town in a wonderful manner, and some of the hardest sinners have been converted. Up to this writing over three hundred have joined the Church on probation, and the prospect is that many more will be brought to Christ. A number of brethren in the ministry have come to our help, and God's own people are coming up heartily and unitedly to the help of the Lord. It may be said of them, they are willing in the day of His power. Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, of New York, spent two Sabbaths with us, remaining each visit to Tuesday morning. The ministrations of these servants of God were accompanied by such manifestations of divine power, and were followed by such glorious results as we have scarcely ever known in the same time. God evidently owned their labors, and the people who heard their words exclaimed, "These are the servants of the most high God, who declare

unto us the way of salvation." Brother Nicholson, of Philadelphia, also did us good service. We hope to be able to say that Keyport is taken for the Lord Jesus.

R. J. A.

MAYFIELD, N. Y.

A glorious revival at Mayfield, Saratoga District, Troy Conference. Union meetings have been held for eleven days, under the effective management of Rev. E. Davies (an Evangelist), of Reading, Mass., resulting in two hundred conversions. It was a mighty time. The influential, heads of families, business men, old and young, were brought to God. Amazement and joy took hold of the people; such an outpouring of the Holy Ghost was never witnessed in this region. Whole families have been saved. Already 106 persons have joined the Church of their choice; between sixty and seventy persons have been baptized. Glory be to the Triune God. E. POTTER, Pastor.

February 5, 1873.

MARSHALL, ILL.

When I wrote you last I was lamenting the spiritual dearth here in our Church, and all the Churches. O how my heart longed to see the work of the Lord revive here in Marshall, and I wrote to you to pray for us here, as a Church, and for *me* and my dear *children*.

There has been over one hundred and fifty accessions to the M. E. Church, and last week I received the glorious news from my daughter living North, that my dear son, for whom I had prayed so long, and for whom I had asked your united prayers, had been *powerfully converted* to God; his entrance into the Kingdom was most triumphant and glorious; he talked, and shouted, and leaped, and praised God. Before the meeting closed they called on him to pray; he commenced, but his prayer was turned into praise.

Our meeting was commenced nine weeks ago, and is still going on; the interest is still deepening and widening.

H. J. POOL.

February 10, 1873.

ALLEGANY, N. Y.

Brother Willard writes: "Since you left us, some twenty to thirty have been converted and are rejoicing in the pardoning love of Jesus. To Him be all the glory; and still the work goes on, in the village and on either side. The seed sown while you were here is springing up all over this region, and the glorious results will only be known after we are gathered with the redeemed hosts beyond the tide.

"In this I now see the hand of God. We had a building in Allegany, but the foundation was not perfect, and God desired a perfect structure, that the building might stand on the Eternal Rock, a sanctified membership whose motto ever shall be, 'Holiness to the Lord;' and now the building is commenced on the solid rock, God is owning and blessing our labours, and the people are being saved. Glory to the Lamb! O praise God, the foundation does not totter any this morning. By faith we are on the Gospel granite cemented with the precious blood of Jesus."

TUESDAY MEETING IN NEWBURGH, N. Y.

The readers of the "Guide" will be interested and gratified to know that a special meeting for the promotion of holiness is held in the city of Newburgh, N. Y., at the house of Brother O. B. Welling, No. 102 Third street, between Grand and Liberty.

Brother W. and his beloved wife having entered into the precious rest of faith themselves, have shown their love for the doctrine, and their desire to aid others in obtaining the experience, by fitting up their parlors in a neat and inviting manner and opening them for a weekly gathering of the wholly sanctified, and for those who seek to know that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.

The meeting is about one year and a half old, and is under the leadership of Dr. John J. Mitchell, formerly of New York, who, by his presence and testimonies, contributes largely to the success of this valuable institution. About twenty have entered the Canaan of Perfect Love through this instrumentality, and the good work is going on.

The writer has an occasional privilege of meeting with this band of earnest disciples, and always finds it a refreshing spot at which to stop and gather strength to travel on the glorious "highway." Bless the Lord for these multiplying means of "spreading Scriptural holiness." May they still increase until the whole earth shall be filled with the knowledge and praise of our all-sufficient Saviour.

W. G. BROWNING.

REVIVALS IN IRELAND.

We learn that extensive revivals are in progress at several points in connection with the labors of the general missionaries and stationed ministers. In the county of Fermanagh a very encouraging work of grace is in progress. The Rev. Thomas Forde writes from Brookboro':

"Night after night, up to the present, God has in an extraordinary manner blessed our efforts, converting sinners and quickening believers. It would be impossible to give anything like an idea of the remarkable manifestations of God's converting power which have been vouchsafed, or of the intense interest which, among all classes, this blessed work has created. Prejudice and sectarianism have been laid aside, and all denominations have alike partaken of this "baptism of fire." Still, it is but just to remark that God has principally smiled upon our own efforts, giving us unusual power when ministering in holy things, and abundant fruit for our labor. Had a stranger, during the past week, paid an evening visit to Fivemiletown, where only a few months ago we had not even the prospect of a lodging place, he would have seen nearly every shop closed and many houses almost entirely emptied of their inmates. So great was the desire of all classes to attend our services, that we felt it to be our duty to request all the shop-keepers to close their houses at the hour at which our meeting commenced. Strange to say, both Roman Catholics and Protestants consented to do so, and night after night many came to our meetings and got their souls blessed who had hitherto been prevented. Valuable help has been given by our Primitive Wesleyan friends. Ministers and Leaders have assisted us, and in striving to water others, have been watered themselves. Up to the present we have had upwards of two hundred hopeful conversions, while nearly a hundred more have professed to have obtained the blessing of entire sanctification. Some idea of the present aspect of this work may be given by the fact that on last night (Sunday)bein g unable to find even standing-room for all who flocked to our service, we had to hold at the same time a similar one in the Primitive Wesleyan Chapel, and there also the converting power of the Spirit was abundantly realized. At several of our meetings we have also advocated the Total Abstinence cause, and have started a new Society, with upwards of a hundred members."

GLORIOUS NEWS FROM SWEDEN.

Superintendent Witting writes:

We have been favored during the whole year, in all our stations and appointments, with gracious revivals. Some of these have been very powerful because of the extraordinary outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon the people. This is especially the case in several new places, where Methodism never before had been preached. As a consequence of this more than a thousand souls have been received on probation during these ten months of the year, and nearly as many in full connection. All our older societies are steadily growing in membership, and in power for good, and several of them are already doing something toward self-support. We are gaining more and more the confidence and respect of the community, and, our opportunities for doing good are greatly increased. The whole country is open to us, and if we only had the means we could successfully plant Methodism in every village, town, and city of Sweden today."

WORK IN NEW ALBANY, IND.

Dear Brother and Sister Palmer:

On the 12th of January, Sister Jennie F. Willing began a series of meetings in Centenary M. E. Church. Thank God, believers have been sanctified, backsliders reclaimed, sinners converted, and still the good work goes on.

Among others who have entered into the "Rest of Faith," and *publicly* professed "perfect love" are the four preachers in charge of the four M. E. Churches in this city.

On the 26th inst. Bros. Inskip and McDonald are to be with us for a ten days meeting, and we are asking "all New Albany for Jesus." Thank God for the "Guide," and the good work it is doing. Praise the Lord that He has led you to sow so much precious seed for Jesus all over this land. and now is permitting you to see and help reap the glorious harvest! Pray on! toil on! work on!

for soon—O, how soon God will say it is enough, come up higher.

Yours in Jesus' Love,

W. C. DePauw.

N. B. We have not since heard from Brother DePauw of the result of the ten days' visit of our brethren, Rev. Messrs. Inskip and McDonald, but have heard incidentally from another source that their visit was greatly owned of God, in the sanctification of believers and the salvation of souls. Brother DePauw's letter did not come to hand in time for our Feb. issue, but the many who so joyfully hail "News from along the line," will say "better late than never."

ENGLAND.

We make the following extract from a private letter of the Rev. J. E. Page, one of the editors of the "King's Highway."

"There are with us here many evidences that God's sanctifying work is spreading. The Churches are waking up, everywhere holiness is talked about, and many are enquiring after the 'way.'"

Rev. Dr. Prime, author of "Around the World," says: "The whole Oriental World from Turkey to Japan gives signs of the coming of the Sun of righteousness, assuring us that the night is far spent, that the day is at hand."

Correspondence.

VOICE FROM THE BORDER LAND.

Nearly a year ago I gave the readers of the "Guide," a sketch of my experience. Since then, and for some weeks past especially, I have been sweeping along close by the borders of the eternal world. For three score years I have been sailing on the Gospel ship, and now the port is almost in sight and I expect soon to drop the anchor and join the redeemed around the throne. The doctrine and the experience of holiness are increasingly dear to me. My covenant-keeping Saviour, who in the days of my bodily health gave me grace to do His will, now in my age and feebleness gives me grace to suffer His will. In 1816, my husband entered upon the work of a travelling Methodist preacher, and four years thereafter I became his companion and helper. For more than half a century we have labored and suffered and rejoiced together. Now in our superannuated home, we comfort ourselves both with the memories of the hard-fought battles that are behind us, and the anticipation of the glorious crown that awaits us. The glory all belongs to, and shall be given to Him who has redeemed and washed us in His own precious blood. If we should not live to gather up the names of the patrons of the "Guide" another year, we shall not doubt that the magazine we have loved and labored for so many years, will still preach "*holiness* unto the Lord" and lead the disciples of Christ into green pastures and by the side of the still waters.

Sarah Stewart.

OUT OF DARKNESS INTO LIGHT.

When from all over the length and breadth of our land, so many from their abundance are adding to the rich treasury of Christian experience, shall I refuse to cast in my mite? No; I'll not keep silence, though mine be but the faintest note that helps to swell the great song of praise to Him who hath redeemed us; who hath bought us with a price and through whom we walk in the light. Once I walked with uncertain steps; sometimes with faith, sometimes cast down with fear, sometimes anxiously longing for that holiness without which no man shall see the Lord; and again, weakly yielding to the allurements of sin: often asking, Is this all? Has religion nothing more to give? Is there no sure rest for the weary child of earth? But my prayers were heard of Him who sendeth none away empty. Jesus was leading me out of darkness into the light, and now, at the beginning of this new year, I feel that I am all the Lord's. "Though thy sins were as scarlet, they shall be white as snow." Blessed be Jesus, there is not even a stain remaining. To Him be all the glory, now and forever.

A. P. Leach.

Humphrey, Nebraska.

The Tuesday Meeting.

Meetings for the promotion of holiness are held at the residence of Dr. Palmer,

316 East 15th Street,

opposite Stuyvesant Park, at 2½ o'clock, every Tuesday afternoon.

INDWELLING OF THE HOLY GHOST.

A Congregational minister had requested

the prayers of the meeting previously for an outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon his people, and the Lord was answering prayer. He felt a strong conviction to labor for souls, and never found it so easy, there seemed to be such a nearness and intimacy ; and yet those words did not express it : it is a union with the Holy Ghost, that He dwells within me. Oh what a blessed union this full sanctification brings to the soul ! God formed the soul of man to enjoy himself, and short of this the soul is unsatisfied. The remark of St. Augustine is true, that the soul of man can only be satisfied with infinity itself.

CASTING ANCHOR WITHIN THE VAIL.

Mrs. P.—I am endeavoring to cast anchor deeper within the vail with every passing day. The Bible says, "Know ye not that your body is a temple of the living God ;" and "If any man defile this temple, him will God destroy." Sin defiles the temple. Not a person here but may be saved from sin. The blood of Jesus cleanseth us in the present tense. Every one present may know the power of the blood before passing the threshold of that door. If the body is the temple of the Holy Ghost, we are to let Him do the work. The Lord saves me from the idea that I can do anything of myself. It is all through the power of the indwelling Spirit. The Holy Spirit, through this weak instrumentality, has condescended to work to the saving of precious souls. Christ will not take possession of an unholy heart. It is an insult to ask the blessed Holy Spirit to abide in an unholy heart. The fountain is opened in the house of David for sin and all uncleanness. Christ's object in coming to this world was that He might deliver us out of the hand of our enemies, that we might serve Him without fear, in holiness and righteousness all the days of our life.

ALL PASSED OVER TO JESUS.

Rev. Br. S.—I became deeply interested on the subject of holiness when pastor of a Church in Fiftieth Street. The Rev. Br. Ford, a Methodist minister, and myself were in the habit of meeting together each day to read and pray, and for mutual improvement. It was after reading the little tract "Living Christ" that I made an entire consecration. I took an inventory of all I possessed, and passed it over to Jesus without any reserve, and He took full possession of my all, glory be to His name ! It took all the old Dutch prejudice out of me in regard to terms. Br. Ford would always be very careful in our conversation not to refer to doctrinal terms. Some have a great objection to the word Perfect. The word perfection would have aroused me ; but after Isaac M. See had been fully slain, and Jesus had taken entire possession, the word perfection was understood very differently. When my first-born was put into my arms, my first enquiry was, Is it perfect? a perfect child, not, of course, of full growth. There is perfecting holiness in the fear of the Lord. If Jesus does not save from sin, what does He save from ?

POWER OF FAITH.

Rev. H. Belden.—If I believe, the Spirit will make me to know that I am accepted. In my early experience I knew I was a Christian, but I did not feel that I was wholly the Lord's. I gave myself wholly to Him, and then I was clear. I felt *I must* believe the Lord accepted me ; if I did not believe it, I should, as John says, "make God a liar." I launched my whole life into the arms of God, and said : "Thou dost receive me, because Thou hast said Thou wilt receive all who come to Thee." I saw I was accepted of God, and I went on, knowing I was in a state of wholeness, through simple faith in God's Word. This is a "*now salvation.*" All possible obscurity relates to the present. There is no obscurity as to the past. I rest in Him. I shall never get beyond the perfect simplicity in which any child may go and enjoy God's presence.

CHRIST A GIFT.

A Brother.—Jesus is a gift that meets my necessities. I need not wait twenty-five years longer. I may take Christ now, if He is a gift. I was under deep impressions of my need of Jesus, and just then Jesus passed that way ; the same Jesus who died on Calvary eighteen hundred years ago, now our living, risen Jesus. I am His, and He is mine. This life in Christ, free from sin and its dominion, we can all enjoy. Jesus is here ; a simple faith accepts Him. It is a gift that takes all the honor from me and puts it upon Him. Let Him come in, He wants to deliver you. He is a present, a living Saviour.

GOD MANAGES MISMANAGEMENTS.

A Brother.—When I was first brought in I did not rest. I thought I had given up all

the little impediments in my way, but I was not quite satisfied. I told Sister L——. She told me "to let the Lord manage my mismanagement." I had to be willing to become anything or nothing. I made confession, and made restitution in some things, and when there was nothing more to do I rested. Now I am in a clear atmosphere, with a fair wind. We read that "Enoch walked with God." If we are in the light, as He is in the light, we shall walk without sin.

SAVED FROM SELF.

A Minister.—Before I came to this meeting I used to go to Fulton Street Prayer-meeting. There I never dared to open my lips. I was afraid of my utterances. I was so long measuring certain utterances, the time was taken up in measuring. I had a man-fearing spirit, yet I abhorred it. I had been through college, through the theological seminary, and was in the ministry, and yet I was afraid of my utterances. I had such a sense of my incompleteness that I felt, "Oh! if there were a hole in the floor under this pulpit, that I need not meet this people." I longed for the approval of men. Yet what a short time it takes to turn men around when God snaps their slavish chains! God came to my help, and for the great love wherewith He loved me He brought me into a large place. There was a time of consecration when everything went over. I did not want a grain of it back. I put all on the altar. Before, I felt my people were cheated; my preaching was not such as they ought to have received. Now they heard a certain sound: it was the cross. It is my happiness now to tell the story of the cross. I always used to be trying to do a great thing, but could not. When I was nothing, He filled me with Himself, and set me to tell the story.

NIGHT OF PRAYER.

Rev. Mr. Bingham.—"Called to be saints." I never knew what that was. I did not know I was called to be a saint when I was first converted. To be nothing in yourself, everything in Christ, that's what it means. If all the Church felt called to be saints, what a Church it would be! If I had had thousands in my pocket, I might not have learned to pray the Lord's Prayer, "Give me this day my daily bread." I have had to pray for my daily bread, and I am glad He brought me there. My good father was eminent in prayer. Near him lived an infidel who thought he could contend with anybody in argument. My father spent a night in prayer for him, and went the next morning to see the infidel. He took his hand and held it, but could not say a word. After he was gone, the infidel said to his wife, "Deacon B—— has been here, and I never saw a man act as he did." What did the infidel do? He got into his sleigh, and drove to my father's house; and they did not separate till that man's face shone like Stephen's. It was a long time before I saw that this faith was the gift of God. We can never tell how the gulf is bridged over; one side in unbelief, the other side faith. We must rely on God to do the work.

GOD'S PARENTAL LOVE.

A Brother.—We see how the Lord worked by that man's silence. If we let the blessed Spirit work in our hearts, He will use our silence. My highest power of loving goes forth to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, and is strengthened when I remember how parental love acts and lives. Hours pass, and parents and children are busy away from each other; and when they return they are not disturbed, because a thousand things have occupied them in their separation. We are at first in bondage to the imperfections of our being, yet by the grace of God we get to overcome that imperfection. I live in the sweet will of God. Things ripple the surface of my life, but do not disturb my peace.

A Brother.—Do all in your power—God gives you power—and leave the rest to Him. Trouble, toil, affliction; all things shall work together for good to those who love God. Put God's will above all else on earth. I can trust God for all I need. He knows what I need better than I do myself. It is better for me that God withholds some things from me. Let us abide in Him. He can do all things for us, and we can do all things through Christ strengthening us.

A Union Convention, to promote entire consecration to Christ, was held last week during several days, in the Methodist Church at Madison, N. J. The students of Drew Seminary attended in a body.

Children's Corner.

LITTLE BOY'S DREAM OF HEAVEN.

One day, when James was a little boy about five years old, suddenly awaking from sleep, he calling his mama hurriedly, said with delight that he had been dreaming about heaven.

"And what is heaven like?" asked his mama.

"It is all light," answered little James.

"Have they lamps there?" asked mama.

"No; they do not need lamps, because all is light: the ceiling is light, the walls are light, the floor is light, and the people are all light; and, oh! they were singing so beautifully."

"And *what* were they singing?" asked mama.

Little James, with much animation, replied:

"They were singing,

"'Come and be in this band, Alleluia!'"

DIRECTORY

Of places where special meetings are held for the promotion of holiness.

NEW YORK.

TUESDAY, 2 1-2 P. M., Dr. Palmer's residence, 316 E. 15th St., opposite Stuyvesant Square. (Established 35 years.)

THURSDAY, 3 P. M., Bedford St. M. E. Church, Bedford and Morton, one block east of Hudson. (Established 18 years.)

FRIDAY EVENING, 17th St. M. E. Church, between 1st and 2d Avenues.

FRIDAY EVENING, W. F. Plum's residence, 453 W. 35th St., near 10th Avenue.

SATURDAY EVENING, St. Paul's M. E. Church, 4th Avenue and E. 22d St.

SATURDAY EVENING, 2d Avenue M. E. Church, 2d Avenue and E. 119th St.

BROOKLYN.

FRIDAY, 2 1-2 P. M., Washington St. M. E. Church, between Tillary and Johnson, one block east of Fulton.

FRIDAY EVENING, J. Batty's residence, 234 Bergen St, between Bond and Nevens.

SATURDAY EVENING, S. 2d. St. M. E. Church,(Williamsburg.)

SATURDAY EVENING, S. 5th St. M. E. Church,(Williamsburg.)

SATURDAY EVENING, Dr. N. L. North's residence, 27 Bedford Avenue, (Williamsburg.)

JERSEY CITY.

SATURDAY EVENING, Hedding M. E. Church, Montgomery St. near Van Vorst Square.

SATURDAY EVENING, St. Paul M. E. Church, 3rd St, near Grove.

Book Notices.

CHRISTIAN ETHICS. By Dr. Adolf Wuttle, late Professor of Theology at Halle. Translated by John P. Lacroix. In two volumes. Volume first is a HISTORY OF ETHICS. The second volume PURE ETHICS, with an introduction by Dr. W. F. Warren, of Boston University. New York: Nelson & Phillips. 1873.

The author says: "What we attempt in the present work is neither speculative ethics, nor yet Biblical ethics in the sense of a purely exegetico-historical science; but, in fact, a system of theological ethics, based on the substance and spirit of the Bible, and constructed into a scientific form, not by the help of a philosophy foreign to that spirit, but by the inner self-development of the spirit itself.

DEWDROPS AND SUNSHINE: *A Collection of Poems about Little Children.* Edited by Mrs. J. P. Newman, and dedicated to her many friends, young and old. New York: Nelson & Phillips. 1873. Also,

MOTHER, HOME, HEAVEN. Edited by Mrs. J. P. Newman. A companion-volume of similar size, by the same enterprising publishers.

This handsome collection of poetical effusions contain many diversified, exquisite flowers of thought, indicating the taste of the amiable compiler for the beautiful. Either volume will present a delightful memento for the holidays, and all seasons of the year.

THE STORY OF THE NILE; Travels and Adventures in Nubia and Abyssinia. By the author of the "White Foreigners from over the Water." New York: Nelson & Phillips.

This is a very interesting little book of 157 pages. It is written for the young, but contains historical incidents not familiar to some of mature age; and in reading its thrilling details, not a few, both old and young, may be inclined to believe that truth is indeed stranger than fiction.

THE REVIVALIST.—A revised and enlarged edition of this popular work is now before us. A collection of choice revival hymns and tunes, original and selected. By Joseph Hillman. The title of the book is not simply a name. The adaptation of the work to the place it seeks has already brought out high encomiums to its success in meeting the needs of revival work. Gems of sacred song, both old and new, are here gathered. The closet, the fireside, the Sunday-school, the prayer, class, or conference meetings, as well as revival, will find whatever may be desirable. For sale at 14 Bible House.

MINUTES OF THE ANNUAL CONFERENCES OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH FOR THE YEAR 1872.

This is, as ever, a very interesting document. We do not see how any member of the Church whose interests it represents can afford to do without it. New York: Nelson & Phillips.

Bound volume of the GUIDE for 1873, with a life-like engraving of the lamented Rev. Alfred Cookman, making a beautiful acquisition to the centre-table, or library, of every lover of holiness. W. C. Palmer, Jr., 14 Bible House.

COMFORT YE, COMFORT YE; OR THE HARP TAKEN FROM THE WILLOWS. Being God's Words of comfort addressed to His Church in the last twenty-seven chapters of Isaiah. By J. R. Macduff, D.D., author of "Morning and Night Watches," "Memories of Bethany," &c., &c.
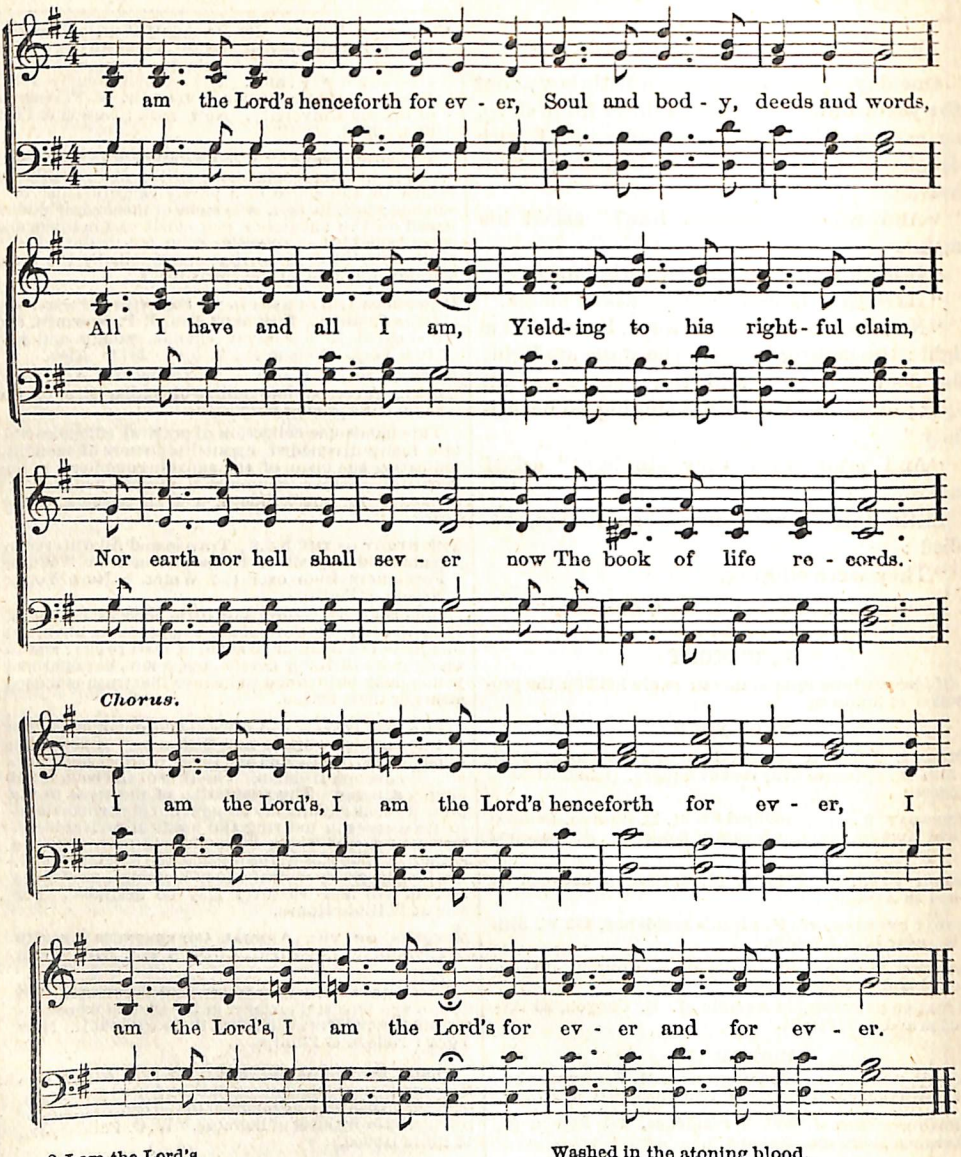
The name of the author is a sufficient guarantee for the superiority of the work. The writings of Dr. Macduff are deeply religious, vigorous, and pervaded through with spiritual unction, only to be attained by a close walk with God. This beautiful volume of about 500 pages cannot be otherwise than a deep well of consolation to the pious reader. Carter & Brothers, Broadway, 1873.

For the Guide.

I AM THE LORD'S!

"One shall say, I am the Lord's."—Isa. xliv, 5.

Words by BENJ. GOUGH. Music by MRS. J. F. KNAPP.



2 I am the Lord's,
Through Jesus' merit;
Bind the sacrifice with cords
To the altar of the cross;
Now I count all things but loss,
And yielding to the spirit,
Watch and wait for heaven's rewards;
I am the Lord's! I am the Lord's!

3 I am the Lord's,
Forever cleaving;
With the Lord my will accords;
Loving gentle, self-subdued,
Washed in the atoning blood,
All humble, all believing,
Oh, the rapture this affords!
I am the Lord's! I am the Lord's!

4 I am the Lord's,
This watchword glorious
Clears my way like flaming swords;
Satan, sin, and death o'ercome,
Soon I gain my heavenly home,
Eternally victorious!
Angels strike your loftiest chords!
I am the Lord's! I am the Lord's!

Entered, according to act of Congress, in the year 1867, by J. F. KNAPP, Esq., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of New York.

Guide to Holiness.

APRIL, 1873.

MINISTERS' EXPERIENCE.

REV. J. M. WASHBURN.

(Continued from page 69.)

HOLINESS AN EXPERIENCE.

I SAW that it was an *experience*, and so *knew* that it could be *understood* only by experience. Remembering how impossible it had been for me once to understand regeneration, I learned not to cavil at a thing, because I could not understand it. Soon I began earnestly to crave it. How blessed, I thought, it must be *to abide* in the love and conscious presence of the Holy Spirit! But the subject was dark, and I knew not how to seek the blessing. To tell me that the blessing was attained "by consecration" to God was to afford no aid, since I knew not how to make the consecration. Beyond the *intellectual* apprehension, the whole subject was exceedingly dark to me. The words used to describe the Higher Life I could understand, but they formed a *mere theory*, quite a different thing from an *experience*. But I desired that which I could not understand, and so I continued to search for it. I read the experiences of others, conversed with those who had the experience, and almost constantly thought about it and desired it myself. Still I had no oppressive anxiety, no feeling of despair as I had before conversion; yet I craved it, thinking that it must be a most blessed life.

I need not enter into further detail. I was not satisfied with my present experience, and wanted a better one. I thought I had two or three specially discouraging things to contend with. 1. My turn of mind had always been metaphysical and doubting. 2. I was surrounded by most oppressive and crushing worldly matters, which had been bearing me to the earth for more than a year. On Saturday, July 15, 1871, I had a free conversation with two friends, who were living the Life of Trust. One of them assured me that I was not far from entering into it. But it was *dark to me*. On Sabbath I read and thought on the subject most of the day; and in the evening the impression was made on my mind that that life would be mine some day, though I still had no anguish on the subject.

LIGHT BREAKING IN.

On Monday morning I awoke at about 6 o'clock, quite refreshed from sleep. The sun was shining beautifully in the room, and before rising I turned to engage a moment in meditation and devotion. As I turned—not having the subject of the Higher Life in my mind at the moment—the light of the Holy Spirit shone into my heart as gently, sweetly, serenely as the sunrays were shining in the bed-chamber; and the whole blessed Life of Trust was made plain to me. How gentle was the inflowing! It was the still small voice of the Spirit, showing the mind how to trust Jesus for all things. There was a real *showing* to the mind which before was dark. The Comforter was sent into the heart (John xvi. 15), and took of the things of Jesus and showed them unto me. No transaction between the mind

of man and man was ever more real and true. At the moment my mind was unusually composed, and God favored me to see the whole operation with great clearness. The first thing was new life imparted to the soul, and thence the light was imparted to the mind. These came gently and sweetly, affording a most subdued sense of sweet peace and rest.

2. The mental act was simple in the last degree—was the yielding of the human to the Divine will; and brought into the proper relation with the light of the mind, this was as easy as it was sweet and gentle. With the light, I felt new, sweet life flow into the spiritual nature. Or, as already said, the inflowing of life may have given the light, according to the teaching of John: "In Him was life; and the life was the light of men."

3. I had a conscious elevation, or lifting up of the faculties of the soul into Christ, constituting, as I suppose, the ingrafting of the branch into the Vine. With this sense of elevation there was a conscious re-adjustment of the mental faculties into greater harmony.

4. There was a flow of very gentle, sweet peace into the soul, with not the slightest agitation or emotion of the mind. This sense of sweet peace, I think, *resulted* from the elevation and re-adjustment of the faculties of the soul in harmony, as well as from the presence of the Spirit in the soul.

5. With great clearness I saw that the Life of Trust is a stage of Christian experience; and that it is attained by simple belief, not by mental struggling, nor inward agonies, nor even by prayer, but alone and solely by *trusting* Jesus. *I saw this with great clearness.*

A NEW POWER.

6. There was consciously bestowed on the mind a *new* power, whose office is to trust; and I saw that the Life of Trust is one not full of doubts and fears as my Christian life had been for nearly twenty-five years.

7. I saw the burden of my worldly matters, which had been crushing me for so many months, pass directly from me to Jesus, not to the Father, not to the Holy Spirit, but to Jesus; and, at the same time, I saw that hereafter He is to be my burden-bearer. With these temporal burdens, all other burdens passed from my heart. How sweet the peace and rest that took their place!

8. There was a singular power of watchfulness imparted to the mind; the ability to guard the heart, the passions, the feelings and appetites, with a singular ability to stay the tongue in silence; and with a very peculiar sense that the faculties of the soul which I had consciously experienced *to be lifted up* would hereafter keep watch over the temper, the disposition to fret and worry, and over all those passions and tempers which so easily lead us into sin. And I realize that there was more than a *presence* in the mind; there were *conscious powers left permanently in the soul*, practical principles which are to remain in the soul as the means used by the Holy Spirit to secure in me the Trust-life, to be worked out in every-day walking with Christ. There were not *new organs* given to the soul, but a *new power* of using those already possessed. I observed at once that there was no force whatever in the objections which I had supposed lay against the Life of Trust; nor was there the least force in the reasons which I had thought might hinder me from entering into it.

There are no feelings of pride in the blessed experience, but one is emptied of self and self-dependence. There is no feeling that "I am holier than thou," but in looking to Jesus the sight of self is lost. Nor does one feel that he is set free from human infirmity. On the contrary, he feels that he depends on Jesus for every thing, moment by moment. He has no sense of "perfection," but he sees more clearly than it was possible to see before his own utter *imperfection*, and total dependence on Jesus for all things. The frame of mind is more humbling far than the former one, though the mind is filled with a boldness to confess Jesus, which it never had before. The mental frame

is sweet, calm, and unanxious, with a wonderful power of watchfulness, as the means of abiding in faith and love. One is engaged in prayer and praise constantly, when the mind is not directly employed in other matters. His spiritual sky is also cloudless, and the communion with Jesus is conscious, and most precious to the soul.

"COME SUDDENLY."

In my own case the blessed Jesus was pleased to come suddenly to me, and show me the wonders of His love; and how I bless His name for it! I saw the whole operation in my own mind. But I converse with others on whose minds the *same results have been wrought*, though done gradually, and they cannot point to the moment when they entered upon this most blessed life. Although it is a joy to know the *moment* of the great change, the great thing is to know that the *change itself* has been wrought. God does not deal with us all alike, yet if we seek them He will give to all of us His most precious blessings.

Beloved Christian, why continue in your life of strife and struggling? You are not satisfied; your life is not desirable; and though a follower of the Master, much of your life is dark and dreary. The Life of Trust is as much superior to your present life of conflict as your life of conflict is superior to the life of him who is laboring under conviction. Why, then, not seek a higher, better Christian life? It is surely for you. You must believe that *that life is*, and then diligently seek it; it will then be yours, as many have testified to themselves, with an experience "exceeding abundantly above all that you had asked or thought, according to the power that will work in you." Give the matter the assent of your intelligence, and the consent of your heart; the blessed Jesus will do the rest. He will scatter the darkness, give the light, and bestow the blessing. It will fit you for greater usefulness, take you from the yoke of the law, and give you a sweetness of peace and rest such as you never imagined it possible to have while in the flesh. You will then see what it is *to live in Christ*, and have Him live in you. It will open to you wonders of love, and a richness of experience which hitherto you had thought reserved for heaven. You will see that all the precious promises belong to the children of God in this life, and that they may indeed enter into "*His* rest" in life.

For the Guide.

ECHOES FROM PATMOS.

REV. W. H. POOLE, ONTARIO.

No. VIII.

The Church of Pergamos was about sixty miles from Smyrna. This place was favored as the seat of learning, had a library of 200,000 volumes. On one of its rising slopes there stood a magnificent temple erected in honor of Æsculapius; it was the birth-place of Galen; is now called Bergama, and has about 20,000 of a population.

The name of this Church means *height* or *elevation*. It was highly favored in point of privilege, and as a general rule, the measure of our privilege shows the measure of our responsibility. Raised to the high altitude of privilege, her responsibility was very great. In those Churches there is much that is common, yet in each, there is a special point to be noticed, a central truth illustrated. So in Ephesus there was *orthodoxy* without *love*; of such Churches we have too many. In Smyrna we see *trial* and *triumph*, two things that always go together, if we are only faithful. Here, in this Church, *truth* and *victory* are echoed down to us. To the Church in Ephesus we have sent commendations, with rebuke and warnings; to Smyrna, commendation couched in terms of commiseration and approval; while to the Church of Pergamum there is abundant reproof, with faint praise, with solemn warnings and admonitions.

To each of these Churches we see Jesus presenting a different attribute or a different phase of His own character. To Ephesus, with a love declining, He is seen holding the seven stars in His right hand, and walking in the midst of the Seven Golden Candlesticks.

To Smyrna, threatened with poison

and actual death, His eternity and all-sufficiency is seen as the ground of comfort and consolation. Here, to Pergamum, (that is the correct name) Jesus is seen in His Judicial character, there was error in doctrine and practice that must needs be removed. Hence the "sharp sword with two edges"—the Word of the Living God. That Word of God is quick and powerful, and sharper than any "two-edged sword." This Word has not lost its power; some may say that the times has outgrown this Word: that the Gospel is not now *God's-spell*, or charm, or power; that in the march of progress it has been left behind. No! no! my dear reader. It is, as of old, "the power of God unto salvation, to every one," bless the Lord; "to *everyone* that believeth." It is still "profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness, in right-doing. That the man of God may be *perfect*, thoroughly furnished unto all good works." But the Word of God alone will not do, it will not profit without the influence of the Holy Spirit to illuminate, to soften, to renew, to bless. Without this it is but a dial without the sun, a dead letter, a sealed book. "The letter killeth, but the Spirit giveth life." The compass is of little use to the mariner unless he have light enough to see it; and neither compass, nor sunshine is of any use unless he have eyes to see. We need the Holy Spirit to open our blind eyes, to show us the path of duty and to nerve us for the strife and battle of life.

In previous echoes we had the "eyes," "feet," "voice," "countenance," etc. of the speaker, but the "sword," "the sharp sword," the "two-edged sword" is the voice or echo which is most distinctly heard from this Church. The "*sword*," not the helmet, or the girdle, or the breast-plate, or the shield, but the sword to cut, to wound, to carve the feelings and finer sensibilities, to chastise, to inflict punishment. This two-edged sword means business, it looks like *Work*. "Out of his mouth goeth a sharp sword, that with it He should smite the nations." The sword is the emblem of chastisement and destruction. Jesus is here, about to inflict punishment on a Church that would not be pure and holy. It is the very same Jesus, that is seen holding the seven stars in his right hand. He now comes with a "sharp, two-edged sword." "The Word of God is quick and powerful and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing, even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart." There is here a kind of spiritual anatomy, a dissecting process about to be performed, not a post-mortem, for the subjects are living, but a scrutiny as searching and as thorough. When the first Napoleon was suffering from a bullet lodged near a vital part, and the surgeon was searching for the ball, the knife had gone as far as the surgeon dared to go. Napoleon said to the Dr., "Cut a little deeper, Dr., and you will find the Emperor." The good physician often wounds to heal, often cuts so deeply as to wound the very soul, "piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit." The poison of sin lies very deep, and to heal, and restore, and save, he must cut deeper and deeper until he finds the Emperor.

"The Word of the Lord is quick and powerful." The reader probably knows some kinds of sharp edged tools that may be polished until they lose their edge; and I know some preachers of the Word, in whose hands the "sword," is so polished with human gildings and varnishings that it never cuts any one.

Jesus introduces himself to this Church as one coming with a two-edged sword, but he first, as His custom was, commends them for all that was praiseworthy. He never forgets what is commendable in His Church, and he always, in those letters expresses his approval of what was good before He censures what was amiss. He loves to commend rather than reprove. Praise comes before blame. How desirable is commendation from Him, and commendation with the sword in hand is much more valuable. "I know thee," to be pure and holy in times of general corruption and

impurity of manners. "I know thee" to be good in bad places and in the worst of times; "I know thee" to be loyal to truth and virtue in times of treason and rebellion. "I know thee" to have kept up my banner of holiness among the black banners of pirates and persecutors. "I know thee" to have gloried in My Name, and held it fast, and rejoiced in it when My Name was reproached and scorned. "I know thee" to have honored Me and My cause and My work when others despised Me and Mine; "I know thee" to have kept My faith, My doctrine, My ordinances, My honor, and My dignity when martyrdom and murder, and fire and fagot was the result of your faithfulness; "I know thee" that to thee there is something dearer than gold, more valuable than popularity, more desirable than life, that you can burn for Me rather than deny Me.

The sea-captain to save his vessel will shovel gems and precious stones into the sea; to save his life he will abandon his vessel, and leave it to destruction; but rather than dishonor his Saviour he would lay down that life and suffer a most painful death.

This noble profession was made in the stronghold of wickedness, where was Satan's throne and his cabinet in the metropolis of sin, where vice grew most luxuriant, there they cultivated the lovely flowers of holiness and purity. What an honorable commendation this is of that Church, what a consolation and happiness to hear such an echo from one so competent to judge.

The strict impartiality of Jesus at the same time when he commends this Church for what was commendable and praiseworthy, He reproves her for what was faulty and blameworthy. As a Church she has failed in executing Church discipline upon the disobedient and unholy. She had tolerated the habits and customs of the worldly and the profane. Worldly conformity and unholy alliances for temporary gain were allowed, and errors in doctrine and in policy from motives of peace were tolerated. Men who cast a stumbling-block in the way of the faithful members of the Church and who ought to have been excluded from its communion, were permitted to retain their standing in the Church, when the sword ought to have been applied and the purity of the Church maintained. A Church that will not use the knife, must suffer the consequences, and the sword will punish her for the sanction she gives to wrong-doers. A time-serving, worldly policy is sure to suffer chastisement. Want of zeal against sin and sinful indulgences, and sinful associations is the sin of many of our Churches now, as it was in the Church of Pergamum. Of the Church at Ephesus it was said: "Thou canst not bear them that are evil;" "which things I hate thou hatest." This could not be said of this Church.

Repent of your connivance at error and wrong-doing! be humbled because of your want of zeal for the purity of the Church of God; be sorry that you have allowed the impure and licentious to hold a place in the Church of God; reform; what God hates, the Church should not tolerate. Bishop Hall said, "No peace with Rome till Rome makes peace with God." We should say no peace with sin.

A Church may be condemned for error in doctrine or laxity in discipline, and yet to individual Christians there are great and gracious promises.

Hidden Manna. There is allusion here to the manna which was laid away in the ark, and was kept from generation to generation as a type of our Lord Jesus Christ. That pot of manna, it is said, was *hidden* when the temple was plundered by unholy hands, and that it has never been recovered. Many of the Jews believe that it will be found, and that its recovery will be a token of the restoration to the long lost tribes of their own land, and a signal to them that God again appears as their deliverer. To them it is *hidden manna.* That pot of manna was a memorial of His goodness and a type of Him who said, "I am the bread of life, I am the living bread which came down from heaven." The promise to the overcoming Christian is

that he shall partake of that spiritual food which is hidden or reserved for him, the hidden manna laid up in Christ for him. In him there is a fulness, "enough for all etc." "Except ye eat the flesh and drink the blood of the Son of Man, ye have no life in you." Oh, that we may learn "to feed upon Him in our hearts by faith with thanksgiving;" then will our "life be hid with Christ in God." Christ is our life, our hidden life, not seen or understood by the natural man.

White stone, an allusion to the manner in which the Judges in the Ancient Court decided the guilt or innocence of a prisoner. If they believed him guilty after a full inquiry into the whole case, they cast in the black stone in condemnation of him; if innocent, they threw in the white stone in token of acquittal. When the final court is opened, and the Judge seated upon the great white throne, and the books are opened, and the dead are raised, and either condemnation or acquittal awaits us all, that *white stone* in token of Divine approval, will be seen to have a value far above the price of coronets and kingdoms.

That *white stone* may be an allusion to the custom of the Judges in the Olympic Games, of giving a white stone engraved with the name of the victor and the prize that he won to each successful contestant, as the highest honor in the gift of the nation. Life's contest will soon be over. May we so run that we may obtain.

Or that *white stone* may be an allusion to the *tesserœ hospitalitatis* or family tokens, giving the family name, or secret signature, or coat-of-arms as a pledge of endearing relation, and a token, understood by the parties, that the possessor was entitled to a share of the family inheritance, and that in order to have, he had but to ask. Whatever else may be here meant, it is evident that it included all the blessings of holiness of heart and life, and all the immunities and felicities of the eternal life.

All the matter in the universe is but an atom to the soul, if once she plume herself for eternity, and seek her refuge and her rest in God.—*D. McNicoll.*

For the Guide.

"AS A LITTLE CHILD."

ABBY MILLS.

A little child, O Lord,
I come to thee for rest,
I'm trusting in thy faithful word,
While leaning on thy breast.

What wondrous love now fills
And rules my willing heart,
Jesus, thy voice the tempest stills,
And makes my foes depart.

A chastened child, I lie,
And now my Conqueror praise,
Who while, to sin and self I die,
Leads me in wondrous ways.

Father, supply my need
More than I ask or think,
On hidden manna let me feed,
From living fountains drink.

Each burden thou dost bear,
That I have called my own,
And when pursued by anxious care,
I hasten to thy throne.

Thou will'st my soul should stay
In Love's pure home and rest,
E'en while I tread the weary way
That leads me to the blessed.

A child, I love to sing
Of grace beyond compare;
My God is Heaven's glorious King,
Soon will he call me there.

For the Guide.

VICTORY BY SURRENDER.

REV. W. E. BOARDMAN.

A child, at seven years of age, learned how great a sinner she was, and how greatly our Lord Jesus Christ loves sinners, that He should die for them, and gave herself up to Him, to love Him and serve Him, and be saved by Him.

No one told her of any deeper experiences; yet in her earnestness to be like Jesus, she was led, at eleven years of age, to give herself up to Him, to be *saved from sin* as she had been before saved from its penalty.

The change in both cases was very great. The fruits of the deeper experi-

ences especially were wonderful. Of these I cannot now speak, but they have been even more wonderful than those specified in the Acts of the Apostles as following the baptism of the Holy Ghost. Not in miracles of tongues but in liberality and singleness of heart. She has not merely counted nothing of all she possessed as her own, for she has not possessed anything, but having nothing and having much to do in helping her widowed mother to maintain their little household, and nearly all the housework to do besides, and quite all the out-door work on their little place of twenty acres, and her own clothes to spin and weave and make up, and school to attend what time she could. She has in addition to all this picked berries and sold them, made hay, gathered stones in the field and laid stone fence for wages, and made maple sugar and syrup to sell—all for Jesus—and out of her nothing by the touch of her toil she has made the bushes, the grass, the stones, and the trees yield her eighty-two dollars in eighteen months and given, not a seventh or a tenth, but every cent of it for the cause of Christ.

A learned judge who had been many years a Christian, an officer in a Presbyterian Church, superintendent of a Sunday-school, president of the Young Men's Christian Association and an open air preacher upon occasion, did hear of a deeper experience, and attended a national camp-meeting for holiness to learn more about it. He rejected it however theoretically, and thought the proceedings of those who sought to promote it quite absurd.

The Lord however pressed him with a deep sense of his own lack of full consecration and led him at last to surrender himself wholly up to the will of God, as a man, as a husband and father, as a Christian, and as a judge, and the instant this full and unconditional surrender was made, the Lord gave him sweet rest, and filled him with a deep and full faith of His own living presence as his complete Saviour, and kept him in perfect peace.

Against his own theory to the contrary, the Lord thus brought him into deeper experience of salvation from the dominion of sin.

A wealthy farmer became deeply convinced of his sinfulness. He saw that God had wonderfully loved him, but he had not loved God at all: that Christ had given His life for him, but he had not given even his heart to Christ; that God had cared tenderly for him all his life long, but that he had never cared anything for God, only to be afraid of Him and to dread being called by death into His presence. He went by himself, into the middle of his own great stockyard, and there, on his face, surrendered himself to God without reserve, to be His, to love Him and serve Him all the days of his life. And he arose from his face with a deep sweet sense of sins forgiven, and of acceptance with God in his heart, and started to go to his house and tell his wife and children of the wonderful change he had experienced. Before he had got out of his stockyard, however, a conviction, like a voice from God, as it was, came into his soul, that the work ought to be deepened, that there was more for him than he had found. So he turned and went back to the same spot, and there again, on his face, he asked the Lord to show him what more he must do.

Immediately it was shown him that the very stockyard in which he was prostrated before God, was not given up to the Lord, but held as his own; nor his farm, nor horses, wagons, plows, wife or children, or money in Bank, nor anything of all he possessed, but that all was still held as his own, while he held himself as the Lord's; his own, quite true, for the Lord, yet still his own; the great principle of counting nothing of all he possessed as his own, but all as the Lord's he had not before understood.

Now, however, when it was shown to him, he did not reject it, but made an unconditional surrender of all up into the hands of the Lord Jesus Christ, as of right belonging to Him.

Then he arose and went to his house and told how great things Jesus had done for him.

His subsequent life in its peace and purity and power, and in the use he has made of all he possesses, for the Lord, goes to show that "Holiness to the Lord" is inscribed on him, and on his horses, money, and everything.

The minor point of all this is the evidence it affords of a deeper experience after the new birth, for in each of these cases, the deeper experience was unlooked for as such, and came as a great glad surprise to each of them. They probably would, neither of them have been much more truly astonished if instead of having heaven given to them, as it was within, in their own souls, they had been suddenly ushered into the heaven above.

But cases like these with those of others who seek the experience as such, and come into it, and what more evidence could any one have in the form of the experience of others than is thus given.

But the main point of all is this that the victory in each and every case is gained by an unconditional surrender. Not a surrender to the devil or to the world or to the flesh, but to Christ. Say what men may about the entire surrender at the time of the new birth, it is true that there is a deeper surrender possible afterward. The surrender is entire to the extent of one's knowledge in the new birth. Any condition imposed upon God, any known thing contrary to His will, not given up would be an effectual barrier to His work in the heart.

Nevertheless, as in the case of the farmer, there may be, all unknown to oneself, that which God may afterward reveal, which when made known to him by the Lord, must be surrendered as the condition of a deeper work in the heart.

Or, to put it more intelligibly, one pressed with a sense of his sinfulness, in never having served God at all, may unconditionally surrender himself to serve God as long as he lives. Yet, afterwards he may be shown that God wants him, not merely as a servant but as *a temple* wholly given up to Him to be possessed and filled with His presence, and to be held by the Lord as *altogether His own, in everything and forever.* And thereupon a new surrender must be made as the condition of the new relation God is calling him to accept.

But in every case, surrender to Christ is the pivot of Victory. In no case is there victory except by surrender. If those who are seeking holiness of heart will accept this, and just ask Him to shew them wherein they come short, what He will have them to do, and what He wishes to do with them, and will just simply surrender to Him without a condition, to do His will and to accept His will as He shows it to them, and leave themselves in His hands, *and not doubt, but believe that He accepts the surrender:*—and indeed, how could any one really, finally, and fully surrender without believing that He who demands it will and does accept the surrender when made. Such a one will quickly prove, as did the child, the Judge, and the farmer, that Christ is not slack concerning his promise, but does save to the uttermost, all who come unto God by Him. And will, by sweet experience, know with the child, in her own sweet words—that

"No sin doth reign where Christ doth reign."

and with her they soon will be able to say

"I cannot comprehend much change
When I my final heaven shall gain:
While I am here I'm wholly blest:
In every state in Christ there's rest."

For the Guide.

VARIETIES IN CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

REV. WINSLOW W. SEVER.

A mistake sometimes made by those who are earnestly desiring full salvation, is that they expect to be led in just the way in which some one else has been led, and to have reproduced in themselves another person's experience. They are distrustful of themselves either because they have not met with the same difficulties another has met with, or found the same results of faith, because they have not had the same previous pain or the same after joy. But surely it would be contrary to all analogy that

that there should be a uniform experience in this respect on the part of God's people. In other things there is great diversity. We neither look alike, think alike, nor feel alike. We are not first brought to Jesus all in one way. Why should we expect all in the same way to enter into what Charles Wesley so beautifully terms "that second rest." God has no cast-iron mould in which He fashions all His saints after one pattern. The same love of variety which He shows in all the works of His hands we would expect to find here also. And the Church is an immense gainer from the very fact that, with an essential unity of Christian experience, there is yet this endless diversity.

If you will consider attentively our Lord's miracles of healing, you will see that there is a great difference in the manner in which they were wrought; and there was always a reason, which in many instances is apparent, for His choosing His special mode of working in each individual case. He took that way which would bring the largest blessing to the one healed, and do most to strengthen in faith. When, for instance, the Centurion comes to Him with a faith not needing to be confirmed, but already greater than he has found in Israel, at once He grants him his request. "Go thy way, and as thou hast believed, so be it done unto thee;" or, when two blind men follow Him, imploring mercy, and in answer to His inquiry, "Believe ye that I am able to do this," can say unhesitatingly, "Yea, Lord," immediately their eyes are opened. Just so when the leper is so strong in faith as to be able to say, "If Thou *wilt*, Thou *canst* make me clean," on the moment the mandate goes forth, "I will: be thou clean." In another case, when a man is brought to Him, of whose faith no mention is made, and who appears to be healed rather at the request of friends than at his own request, He pursues an entirely different course: He takes him by the hand, leads him out of the town, spits on his eyes, puts His hands upon him, and asks him if he sees aught. The cure is but partial; "I see men as trees walking." Again He puts His hands upon his eyes, and the cure is complete. Would just this method have been chosen if the man's faith had been strong at the outset? Take again, the case of the Syro-Phenician woman. He seems unfeeling in His repulses, cruel in His replies; but it is only the cruelty of love, the unfeelingness of the skillful surgeon who pains that he may cure. See how, by His delay He builds up her faith until He Himself almost marvels at the result, as He exclaims, "O woman, great is thy faith: be it to thee even as thou wilt." In the cases of "the woman with the issue of blood," and the "man born blind." He first heals, and then leads them to a strong faith by causing them to confess what He has done. If the woman had not in the end come trembling, and falling down before Him, declared before all the people for what cause she had touched Him, she would have got but half a blessing; and the man's vision would have been little worth to him, had not Jesus revealed Himself to him, as the Messiah, and enabled him to say, "Lord, I believe," and to worship Him.

Now what wonderful variety we have here, and what equally wonderful wisdom in the variety! In each instance the way chosen is that which will make the cure of most worth to the one healed. May we not learn a lesson from this about our *heart-cure*, and be willing that the Great Healer should choose His own way, being sure that He will wonderfully adapt that way to His greatest glory in and by us? Shall we make another's experience our standard, and be restless, dissatisfied, because Christ's full manifestation of Himself to us has been in a different way than to them, and has produced somewhat different results?

To illustrate: There are those, and the number is large, who testify to great difficulty in making that full surrender which must be made before Jesus can become a full Saviour. It was like breaking their very heart strings to resign this or that thing. Here was their great struggle; and when victory came here,

it came all along the line, and with no effort to believe they went right in to the land of promise. Such persons generally stand steadfast, immovable. In my own case, no such difficulty was encountered. If the consecration is, as it undoubtedly is, more full and more willing, it became so almost unconsciously. There presented themselves at the outset certain doubtful indulgences, Will you give these up? Certain consequences, social and ecclesiatical, Are you prepared to meet these? To such questions there was a ready "Yes, Lord," for so deep had become the conviction, that this longed for deliverance was indeed the "pearl of great price," that there was a willingness to sell all to buy it. And so the consecration was easy, joyful, free.

There are others whose testimony is, that after their consecration, faith followed as a distinct, conscious act. Some definite promise of God's word was presented to them, and they, as it were, stepped out upon it, with the feeling that they were stepping out into "thin air," but the result showing that it was upon the Rock Christ Jesus. They were able to trace the exact mental process by which they passed from unbelief to faith. Some have just thus rested for days or even longer upon a naked promise, before the results of faith have been revealed in their consciousness. Many are led in this way. So was not I. With no difficulty about consecration, there was great difficulty about faith. Enlightened to see that the desired blessing could only come through faith, no effort was made to get it in any other way, but for weeks there was a very painful effort to *believe*, but all in vain, faith did not come. At length, brought to self-despair, even the effort to believe was given over. And then, when I ceased working, God in a moment wrought most wondrously: a flood of light seemed poured into the heart; and without effort, faith had come. Since then there has been no difficulty about believing. Breathing seems not more natural nor more easy.

Another, not uncommon form of testimony with those who find this deepening of Christian life, is, that the Bible becomes a new book in such a sense, that it can be opened almost always on any page, and read with great delight, and that acts of prayer are engaged in at almost any time with great emotional enjoyment. To this I cannot testify; I have indeed an illuminated Bible; its promises have a new depth and richness of meaning. Never has it been to me what it is now. But the emotions are not always deeply stirred in reading it, and I am more occupied with the *Christ revealed* than with the *Book revealing*. Prayer, too, is a new joy, and a new power. Even prayer, without ceasing, is no more a mystery. Unbroken fellowship is understood; but the emotions respond in different measures at different times.

These are but indications of the different ways by which the great Healer works our cure, and of the different results wrought in individual cases by His healing hand. Do they not teach the lesson that one is not to desire nor seek another's experience, but that each should resign himself to the Lord, to let Him work "His strange work" in His own way? David cannot go forth in Saul's armor. That would be an encumbrance, not a help. No more would another's inner life meet your need. If you will let Him, God, who divideth His gifts to every man severally as He will, will give them to you in just that kind and degree which will most promote the "glory of God by you."

For the Guide.

LIGHT AND LIBERTY.

A few days after the Convention for Holiness at Jersey City I received the following letter. The experience described in it has greatly interested a number to whom I have read it; and it is so clear, so Scriptural, and given with such genuine simplicity, that I think it cannot fail to do good to others. I therefore send it to THE GUIDE, in the hope that many may be benefited by it. Brother Howe is a member of the Baptist Church.

Truly yours, HENRY BELDEN.

JERSEY CITY, *Dec.* 21, 1872.

DEAR BROTHER B.:

I sit down this morning to write to

you with a heart overflowing with gratitude to the God of all grace for bringing me into the liberty of the sons of God. My experience for thirty years has been the same as that of many of the dear children of God. I have not time or space in the compass of a letter to tell it—nor need I: you know it. But I want to say just this:

"I asked the Lord that I might grow
In faith, and love, and every grace,
Might more of His salvation know,
And seek more earnestly His face."

And I could adopt the whole of that hymn of John Newton.

Now, my dear brother, I will tell you what the Lord has done for my soul within the last few days. He made use of your name to attract me to the meetings held here this week. I went, as I told you, with much prejudice against the peculiar views of the higher life, perfect love, or entire sanctification, as I understood it; and my opposition arose from an extravagance that has characterized the presentation of the subject to me.

The subject was presented at these meetings in so clear, so simple, yet in so forcible a manner, that I was led to see it was just what I was in search of. Yet, not feeling disposed to grasp at anything presented, however desirable, until I could see my title to it, and believing that it was the Word that was made the quickening power to my soul thirty years ago, and that it must be the Word through which I must be sanctified, I looked to that source for a release from my bondage. And, blessed be the dear name of the Lord, He has been faithful to his own promises. He led me first to 1 John ii. 6—"He that saith he abideth in Him ought himself also so to walk even as He walked." I said: "I have not walked even as He walked, trustfully, lovingly, joyfully, peacefully, and in oneness with my Heavenly Father. No! I am guilty, verily guilty." Then came the question, "Can I so walk?" "Yes! because it was so required. Then, if it be possible," I said, "how is it to be done?" The Spirit said: "Look at my Word in John xv. 4, 5—'Abide in Me and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself except it abide in the vine, no more can ye except ye abide in Me. I am the vine; ye are the branches. He that abideth in Me and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit; for without Me ye can do nothing.'" "Yes," I said, "but that is a branch of the vine, of the same kind and nature with the vine, and I am not so. Christ was holy. He was meek and lowly. He was the seed of the woman, made in the fashion of a man, but did not partake of man's sinful nature, as I have." This objection was met by the Spirit of Truth, who said: "Look at what I have written for you, by my servant, in Romans xi. 17—'And if some of the branches were broken off, and thou, being a wild olive-branch, wert grafted in among them and with them partakest of the root and fatness of the olive-tree,'" etc.; and here I was led to see my liberty. My poor polluted, sinful self as a wild olive-branch was grafted into Christ, and from Him is my fruit found. When this was opened to me, oh! what a flood of light poured into my poor soul, and upon the Word of God! It seemed as if the whole Word of God was upon this subject. Self was nothing. Christ was all and in all.

I cannot express to you a thousandth part of what I feel of joy, peace, love, and humility. This must be perfect love, for it has cast out all fear.

"This is the way I long have sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not;
My grief and burden long have been
Because I could not cease from sin.
The more I strove against its power,
I sinned and stumbled yet the more,
Till *late* I heard my Saviour say,
'Come hither, soul, I am the Way.'
Lo! glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to Thee as I am:
Nothing but sin have I to give,
Nothing but love shall I receive."

"I have cast all my *deadly doings* down,
All down at Jesus' feet,
And stand in Him, in Him alone,
All *glorious* and *complete*."

Blessed be the name of our God for this *great* salvation. All the Scriptures

seem to have a new meaning, and the songs of Zion that I have loved to sing so long have more sweetness, more adaptedness, than ever before. "How sweet the name of Jesus sounds in a *believer's* ear!" Join with me, my dear brother, in magnifying the name of the Lord. May God bless you, and continue to make you a useful instrument in leading poor benighted souls into the light. I feel a peaceful trust that He who has begun this good work in me will carry it on until the day of Jesus Christ.

Your brother-branch of the true Vine.

For the Guide.

INVOCATION.

MRS. E. V. KEEVER.

Let me feel Thy presence holy,
At the morning hour—
When I meekly come before Thee,
Let me feel Thy power,
Dear Lord, to bless.

As I pause mid cares and labors,
At the bright noon-tide—
May I know that I am walking,
Closely by Thy side,
To holiness.

When the shades of even gather
In the gleaming West—
Crave I yet the precious feeling,
That I still am blest
With Thy dear love.

Morning bright, or dewy even,
Living—trusting Thee—
Dying—rise to higher glories,
Where the ransomed be—
With Thee above.

LENA, Ill.

JESUS.

"The name of Jesus," says Bernard, "is not only light, but food; it is likewise oil, without which all the food of the soul is dry; it is salt, unseasoned by which, whatever is presented to us is insipid; it is honey in the mouth, melody in the ear, joy in the heart, medicine in the soul; and there are no charms in any discourse in which his name is not heard."

For the Guide.

FIFTY YEARS' WALK WITH JESUS.

MRS. MARY D. JAMES.

(*Continued from page 76.*)

THE PRECIOUS JEWEL

Lent her by the Lord, though fondly cherished, she held in readiness to return to Him at any time He should demand it, and several times during the period of his infancy she was brought to the test, when severe illness brought him very near death. The tender mother when her heart was bleeding, and her tears flowing, unfalteringly said, "*Thy will be done*" each time as he seemed within death's grasp. That her consecrated son would live to be useful in the world was a cherished desire of her heart; yet she said, "*It is the Lord, let Him do as seemeth to Him good.*"*

This submission to the divine will brought a rich blessing to her soul—the sweet savor of which remained.

The test had proved her fidelity to God, and He rewarded her by the abounding comforts of His love which made her heart as a watered garden.

Her joy at the restoration of her darling child was only equalled by the gratitude she felt to Him in whose hands are the issues of life.

During the infantile period of her precious charge, works of usefulness abroad were necessarily suspended, and home duties engrossed her attention. As a wife and mother she endeavored to be faithful, and the smiles of Heaven were enjoyed in the absence of sanctuary privileges and active duties in which her former life had abounded.

The value and power of divine grace were now proved in circumstances different from any she had previously experienced. Cares and labors of a new character brought into exercise graces which had never been tried. But *every trial was needed to perfect those graces, that she might be made more fully "meet for the Master's use."*

Her pathway was by no means a smooth one, even in her early married life. In her feeble health, and multiply-

* That consecrated son still lives, and for 17 years has been preaching the blessed Gospel of Christ.

ing domestic duties, burdens often devolving upon her to which her frail nature seemed unequal, she found it needful to have much help from above, and in order to obtain that help she must ever be

"LOOKING UNTO JESUS."

His gracious interpositions in her behalf to sustain, comfort, and uplift were daily cause of grateful praise.

A serious illness at one time confined her to her room four months. Amid extreme physical sufferings her trust was unwavering in the love and faithfulness of her covenant-keeping God. The assurance that she was in the hands of Him who loved her, filled her with a calm sweet peace, which was undisturbed throughout her sickness. Successive attacks of illness so enfeebled her system that for years she was an invalid. During this protracted period of affliction she found that

SUFFERING THE WILL OF GOD

tended to mature the gracious fruits of the spirit more than *doing His will*, as in former years.

In a conversation with an eminent Christian lady who was very prominent as a *worker* in God's vineyard, the invalid said to her, "O, how favored you are to be able to do so much for Christ! I have so long been laid aside, and have done nothing. How sweet would be the privilege of active service once more! I am tempted to envy you for the great good you are accomplishing."

"Ah, my sister," said the active Christian, "it requires *more grace* to be a *passive sufferer* than to be an *active doer*, and God is being glorified more, perhaps, by your sickness than He is by my activity."

These words were pondered in her heart; and she afterwards was convinced of their truth by the result of the *refining ordeal*. The image of the Heavenly shone out the more clearly, and many saw it, and acknowledged the power of His grace who enabled her thus to "*glorify Him in the fires.*"

The blessed revelations of the All-glorious presence made her sick room a Bethel, and the nights of wakefulness even more happy than the days; for the *voice of the Comforter was more distinctly heard when human tongues were silent, and the brightness of His countenance more luminous amid the midnight darkness.*

SONGS IN THE NIGHT.

Welling up from her glad heart often came notes of triumph as were brought to her remembrance the precious words of inspiration so rich in comfort. Sometimes, as with an audible voice, they would come and awake her from sleep, and then in hallowed communion she would for hours exult in the blissful realization that she was talking with her dear Saviour, and He was speaking such sweet words of love to her soul. Not wishing to disturb those around her, she would repress her strong emotions, and try to be quiet, but sometimes joyful exclamations would break forth as waters from a living spring. No language can give an idea of those blessed experiences but the *Bible words*, "*Joy unspeakable and full of glory.*"

Over two years had thus passed in feebleness, frequent sufferings of body, and great triumph of spirit when another

SEVERE TEST

was given her. She had always had a *peculiar dread* of *cancer*, and now a tumor appeared which had every symptom of that *terrible malady*. When it was pronounced a cancer the trial was tremendous; but, looking up to God, she asked that she might prove the sufficiency of grace to sustain not only, but even to render her triumphant. Immediately the grace was imparted, and her glad heart mounted above the affliction, and praised God for having given her the privilege of thus proving the power of His grace.

She could even think of the protracted anguish of cancer, and of an unsuccessful surgical operation (for she had no hope of a *cure*,) and even of the danger of dying under it (as had a friend of hers). All these were *thought of without dread*, for the Great God had spoken to her, and said, "*Fear thou not for I am with thee, be not dismayed for I am thy God. I will strengthen thee, yea, I will help thee, yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand*

of my righteousness." "What more could she want since the *Eternal God was her refuge, and underneath her were the Everlasting Arms?*"

Weeks and months passed away and no alleviation of the distressing symptoms, until at length the decision was fully made to have the tumor removed. An application recommended by a friend was first to be tried; if that should fail then the dreadful alternative—*the knife.* The first remedy proved successful, though the cure was slow, and the calamity was thus averted, to the great relief of the sufferer and her anxious friends.

The remembrance of that glorious triumph has caused her heart to rejoice many a time, and in other seasons of trial has made her faith stronger in the power of that grace which God causes so to abound towards them that love Him. She has also had many a privilege of comforting those who were suffering under similar afflictions, and often has she given expression to the feelings of her heart in the language of the Apostle Paul in 2d Corinthians, i. 3, 4: "Blessed be God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort; who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God."

As she has seen tears of joy, and heard expressions of gratitude from poor sufferers to whom she has been permitted to administer consolation, she has rejoiced that she had passed through the same trials, and could attest the power of divine grace to lift the soul above them, and cause it,

> "Like Moses' bush to mount the higher,
> And flourish, unconsumed in fire."

Many have been the happy hours spent in the sick room when its gloom has suddenly been dispelled by the brightness of His face, who to the eye of faith has revealed Himself while they talked together of His wondrous power to enable the believing soul to "*Glory in tribulations also.*"

(To be continued.)

For the Guide.

DRINKING FROM SALVATION'S WELL,

R. ILLA GREEN.

When ten years of age, my dear father led me to the altar of prayer, and after several weeks of earnest seeking, Jesus revealed himself in joy to my little heart. For many years I followed Jesus afar off. But in reading the Word of God, the lives of holy persons, and also in the experience of those around me, I was led to see there was something more satisfying in religion than I had enjoyed.

At times I would pray for this *deeper work* of grace, but I made no *decided, earnest effort* in that direction until the Autumn of 1868, when it pleased the Lord to direct my steps to Ironton, O. The "Guide" fell into my hands; its contents filled my heart with an intense desire to be *led* aright, and the holy lives and earnest words of dear friends around me greatly increased my inspirations to be *all the Lord's.*

As the old year was dying, how I longed to die to self and sin, that I might live for Christ! Could it be that '68 would pass away and I be no firmer, no holier, no more like Jesus than it found me? Would all my hungerings after righteousness—my longings after holiness and purity be unsatisfied?

Oh! I could not endure such thoughts, for I knew while my dear friends were praying, Jesus also was pleading in my behalf, and with all the energy of my soul I said, *I will be wholly Thine, I am wholly Thine.* Gradually faith rose on exultant wings, while the angelic hosts caught the echo and bore it aloft to the land of praise, where all were waiting with new strung harps to sound "the great transaction done." Oh! how sweetly did I sink into the arms of Jesus! There was no full bursting of sunlight, no rapturous ecstasy, but as I sat at the foot of the Cross, the sweet, gentle droppings from the "river of life" flowed o'er and o'er my thirsty panting soul. When asked by a friend to tell them what I was enjoying, I said, I'm *drinking*, DRINKING, DRINKING;

and oh, how rich, how full, how free, how inexhaustible is the fountain!

Four years have passed away. For the praise of Jesus I can say, still I am drinking from salvation's well, and the draughts are *clearer* and *sweeter* than before. The Bible is an unsealed book to my eyes. I never open it now but its pages sparkle with gems, and I read it with increasing delight.

To glorify my Saviour is the chief aim of my life, and if, by the aid of the Holy Spirit these lines may lead some doubting one to follow *Jesus more fully*, to Him shall the praise be given.

"Jesus saves me, He is mine,
Jesus saves me, I am His:
Jesus saves while I recline
On His precious promises.
Jesus saves, O bliss sublime,
Jesus saves me *all the time*."

NEWARK, O.

For the Guide.

MYSTICISM.

Q. Q.

"They yielded to the Spirit's love
And in silence felt its power."

There is quite a mistake in casting a slur upon that manifestation of spirituality called Mysticism, when it is spoken of as if it were, an idle, selfish enjoyment not having the fruits of the Spirit.

We should rather consider the circumstances of those who were shut up by their enemies, infidelity and popery, to a silent walking with God. They had no other alternative. They found no help to their spiritual life in barren forms and ceremonies, and were forced to retire within to find the presence of God in their hearts.

The spiritual Molinos thirsted for something beyond the tinsel of religion, and while he fed upon the Word of God, found food to his soul above and beyond the vain repetitions and idolatrous worship, and thus he resorted to abstraction from useless symbols, and gave himself up to seek in the Spirit, all his happiness in God, by the entire resignation of *his will* to the *will of God*, instead of his will to the will of man. Hence the persecution he suffered, because he chose the authority of God sufficient to control his religious life. It was a thrust at popery, and he found no other shelter at Rome after the publication of his work than a prison where his life was worn out.

Madame Guion of necessity fell into Mysticism when she became spiritual and sought an entire conformity to the will of God. She had no other resource but to learn in quietness and abstraction from outward wrongs and trials, to endure in silence and submission to the will of God her painful lot, for she learned the way of faith most perfectly. And through the instructions of her industrious life, multitudes were brought into the same spiritual state as the only satisfaction to their hungering, thirsting souls. And no doubt, many now in the Romish Church find their only comfort in Quietism, even while they conform to things of no profit outwardly, and thus avoid persecution.

Madame Guion's life was not one of idle revery, but one of zeal and earnestness to make known the teachings of the Spirit according to the Word of God. She delighted to communicate verbally or through her writings that which she found the better way, *the way of faith*, which she taught so clearly. In this she was more Scriptural than Fenelon. She took no self-crucifixion for the work of the Spirit, but as a means to an end. Light and knowledge followed her careful teachings, while the Holy Spirit was not sparing in its communications for her own comfort, and its sealing power upon hearts who waited upon her as an instrument in heavenly instruction. She suffered triumphantly in the will of God, and her works will praise her to the end of time.

Although we do not, and have not cause to choose her methods, yet we must not withhold from her the acknowledgment that she was only a mere recipient, but a co-worker with God, and no doubt, if she had enjoyed our religious freedom she would have uttered her exultant praises.

While we gather instruction from all parts of the Church, we must nicely discriminate between the times in which

they lived and those in which we live.

And for this reason, the writings of the Mystics, when translated for us, should be suitably accompanied with discriminating observations to save simple souls from falling into an undue and uncalled for restraint of their religious feelings. We have the accumulated light and experience of past centuries, and now the Word of God is not bound and neither is its experience to be hid, but set on a candle-stick that its light may be shed abroad. This is the privilege, as well as the duty of the Church in the present day—a witnessing Church; and this is now the great power of the Church, her liberty in relating this sweet experience of the soul in its way to heaven. This is our responsibility to publish the glad tidings. As the Church is one, and all her labors are one in the Great Head, we know not how many vials of prayers have been put up by those dear Mystics, and are now opened upon the Church, the fragrance of which will continue to the end of time.

"Awake, Jerusalem awake!
No longer in thy sins lie down:
The garment of salvation take;
Thy beauty and thy strength put on."

For the Guide.

"HOME, SWEET HOME."

MRS. M'DONALD.

'Midst meetings and partings
Of this chequered life,
Surrounded by sorrows,
By sin, and by strife,
How precious the thought,
The time's near at hand,
We'll all be at home
In the Heavenly land!

Chorus.—Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
With Jesus our Saviour
We'll all be at home.

Then let us unite,
While pilgrims below,
And use all our influence
Wherever we go,
To bring all to Jesus
Who are lost by the fall,
And tell the old story,
Salvation for all.—*Chorus.*

Refuse not the offer—
Salvation is free—
He purchased redemption
On Mount Calvary;
Then to glory ascended,
And our nature took;
Left the plan of Salvation,
There's life in a look.—*Chorus.*

Then look at the Saviour—
His hands, feet, and side,
His head crowned with thorns,
And hear what He cried:
"'Tis finished, 'tis finished,
Redemption for man;"
'Tis echoed in Heaven,
"Hallelujah! Amen!"—*Chorus.*

For the Guide.

AUNT NANCY'S EXPERIENCE.

MISS RENA GREEN.

It was fifty years on the 25th of last August from the time of Aunt Nancy's conversion at a camp-meeting not far from the present Newark, Ohio, camp-ground. At the first invitation given, she presented herself as a seeker, and believes she was blest, but not in the manner expected; so continued to seek during the entire meeting, when, on the last Sabbath night, she felt that she was going to be disappointed in the purpose for which she came, when suddenly her mouth was filled with laughter, and all nature seemed praising God.

From the testimony of her mother, she immediately felt it her duty to enjoy a deeper work of grace, and in about two years experienced the blessing of holiness, from which time she grew in grace daily.

On a sick-bed she was permitted to experience the deep things of God and fully resign her all to Him, and entered the land of rest—rest from inbred sin—"or just where she wanted to be."

About eighteen years ago, she was again brought near the pearly gates, when she saw a great company, clothed in white, on either side, and Jesus holding a crown and a palm for her, when she said, "Dear Saviour, let me in thy ineffable glory shine;" when He

said: "Not yet. Warn sinners, and invite them to come." She immediately felt that she should recover, although she did not fully for some time. Ever since she has been endeavoring to persuade all she meets to make *sure* work for immortal glory. Her ardor never abates, but her intense longings are that all His great salvation may know. The Lord gives her many who will be stars in her crown of rejoicing. During the past year, she has witnessed the greatest revival she was ever in, and feels that her fiftieth Christian year is the happiest one of her life.

For the Guide.

LED BY THE SPIRIT.

MRS. MARY L NATE.

Many happy thoughts present themselves in view of this subject; thoughts finite minds cannot realize without having first exercised faith in the atoning merits of Christ's blood, and receiving the pledge of his pardoning love.

First, we may consider the fact involved. Our duty is evidently to follow implicitly the direct influences of the Holy Spirit. In order to be guided thus, we see the necessity of living in all the light of God's truth, in order to rightly understand these holy promptings; failing to do so, however, how much of loss in the Christian life; ever learning, yet never coming to a knowledge of the truth. Trammeled with discouragements and failures, and not watching unto prayer, God's spirit gives a thousand promptings or constraining whispers which pass unheeded. Perhaps this inward voice has indicated some duty, which, through neglect, the tempter has availed himself of as vantage ground. Hence the need of the enlightenment of our perceptions, to prove the spirit of our minds. The important lesson drawn from these views is, the imperative necessity of the full consecration of our entire being to God, if we would make our Christian lives the complete success Christ desires, and our best interests demand.

We are all willing to say

"Every moment, Lord I need
The merit of thy death."

Then should not our hearts ascend to Him constantly saying, "what will the Lord have me do?"

When divesting ourselves of all self-righteousness and strength, coming in the attitude of trust alone, longing to be fully clothed with the garment of salvation, and to prove what are the heights and depths of redeeming love and dying grace, then the Almighty God will give us to know His power to keep and save. We shall have that holy anointing which *only* can enable us to "walk in the light as He is in the light, having fellowship with Christ, His Son;" and His precious love will distil upon our hearts as the "dews on Hermon."

So given up to Christ our growth in spiritual knowledge will be marvelous to ourselves, and our perceptions of duty become plain. "Armed with faith, and winged by prayer," we must dwell above the opinions of men, and so prove a blessing to immortal souls. Often humiliated in the eyes of the world, and yet within our hearts the heavenly light and love, exalting us to know and feel that we are of royal birth.

Constant nearness to Jesus is the only sure way to be susceptible to act upon the promptings of the Holy Spirit, and no more sacred thought can come to us in connection with our Christian life than this communion with Jesus. Deity approving to our poor hearts our course, marking out for us our way. Let us not slight this benign regard, lest He, weary of our slowness to apprehend His monitions, and unto another be given His inward voice, and our garment of praise. "See that no man take thy crown." Fidelity must, and will insure victories. It will clear the spiritual sight to follow on and know the Lord. It will prove a treasure-house in the soul, to enrich and beautify the life, and cause to be "pillars of strength in the temple of our God." Believers, let us come up to the privilege of our high calling of God in Christ Jesus.

Loved Ones Gone Before.

THOMAS A. LANKFORD.

Thomas A. Lankford entered into rest March 6th, 1873.

Our beloved brother was converted in his young manhood. A few weeks before he passed away from earth, he told the writer about the particulars of his great change, of his conflict with the powers of darkness, and the glorious transition that occurred, when, after a night of deep sorrow, he was translated out of the kingdom of darkness into the kingdom of God's dear Son.

Though not as outspoken in his religious experiences as some of his devoted friends could have wished, yet those who knew most of his inner life take pleasure in remembering his love to God, manifested by his great love for the WORD of God, ever making the devout reading of it the first business of the morning, and the last at night. Never through a pressure of business would he allow his seasons of secret devotion to be broken in upon. He habitually, till disabled by disease, rose early and offered the morning sacrifice. His heavenly Father, who saw him in secret, rewarded him openly. In all his daily walk in business-life, and in the social circle, he manifested that he possessed the ornament which in the sight of God is of great price. That which the worldling might have regarded as the result of remarkable natural amiability, we cannot doubt was the grace of God, given in answer to the supplications and trustings of the early morning hour. Who ever saw our brother in a state of impetuous excitement, however strong the provocation? Though firm for the right as occasion required, yet in patience he possessed his soul. If meekness and quietness in the sight of God be of great price, our brother possessed them in an eminent degree. A gentleman who has been in habits of the closest intimacy with him in business relations forty years, told us that he could not put his finger on a transaction he thought wrong.

He loved the Church of his choice, and sustained various official positions with marked interest and integrity. He who is infinite in wisdom appointed him a long illness. Though blest during a period of nearly three score and ten years with a vigorous constitution, the earthly tabernacle began to dissolve about two years since, when he was attacked with disease of the lungs. Loved ones watched with mournful interest the dear one who seemed to have lived to love and be loved gradually relinquishing his hold on life. Wearisome days and nights were appointed him. Said he to his beloved wife: "All the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change come." During the last few weeks of his life, his disease suddenly assumed a new and more malignant form. His sufferings were intense, but in the agony of nature's extremity he would often say, "I wish it were the will of the Lord to let me go, but the will of the Lord is best."

The 46th Psalm, commencing with "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in time of trouble," was with him a great favorite; and often during his protracted illness would he say, "Now read me my Psalm."

His last conscious act was the fond recognition of the one most dear to him on earth, on Monday last. He had been lying much of the time with closed eyes, when, opening them suddenly, he gazed for the last time upon her with peculiar tenderness; and calling her by her pet name, "Sister Sarah!" and pressing her fondly to his lips, embraced her again and yet again, exclaiming, "I love you, I love you! very, very, very much!" then closing his eyes, he opened them no more on earth. Three days he remained in a stupor, and then sweetly slept in Jesus.

Funeral services were held on Saturday morning, March 8th, at Havestraw, where the last few years of his life were spent. Rev. T. H. Smith discoursed with much solemnity from the text, "For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality." On the afternoon of the same day, the remains were removed to New York, where, on Monday, March 10th, the last affecting obsequies were attended by a concourse of beloved friends from the residence of his brother-in-law, Dr. W. C. Palmer. Rev. Bishop Janes delivered an address, which, for affecting interest, originality of sentiment, and soul-inspiring views of the believer's glorious future, we have not heard excelled. To God alone be all the glory! We think none present, though amid the mournful solemnities of the hour, but felt, perhaps as never before, that whether in

life or death the gain to the Christian is wonderful. The remains were interred in the family burial-ground at Greenwood.

RACHEL PARKS.

Died, in Housatonic, Dec. 5th, very suddenly, Mrs. Rachel Parks, wife of Erastus Parks, aged 48 years.

For some months our sister's health had been gradually failing, yet no one thought her end so near. I called several times to see her, and found her in a cheerful frame. She spoke of her *firm trust* in God, and also the pleasure and benefit she had felt in reading the "Guide."

A few months previous to her departure, she, with her companion and sister-in-law, had moved into their own new home. There she erected the family altar; and in her fervent supplications for her family and friends, she would frequently call them by *name*. The day before she *died*, she did most of her work. Her house was a pattern of order and neatness.

The next morning after learning of her sudden illness, I hastened to her bedside. As I entered her room, and took her hand, she said to me, "I am almost home." A dear neighbor and sister in the Lord, with whom she had been conversant more or less for the last six years, was sitting by her when I entered, listening to her joyful words of *triumph*. She asked this sister to sing. She commenced the verse,

"Come sing to me of heaven;"

but her emotion prevented her from finishing it, when our dying sister repeated it through. As I was requested, I knelt by her bedside, and commended her departing spirit to God, to which she most fervently responded; but not seeming to be quite satisfied, she requested me to continue my supplications. I again asked God to bless and take care of her companion, and only child (not yet arrived), and other friends. This seemed to be what she wished. I then repeated to her,

"Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,"

when, with distinct and audible voice, she repeated the last line,

"And breathe my life out sweetly there."

This was nearly her last. In a moment more she was at rest forever.

MRS. MARY A. WILCOX.

SARAH A. STOWELL.

Sarah A., daughter of R. W. and S. A. Stowell, was born in Fulton, N. Y., May 10, 1852, and died in this town, of consumption, Jan. 8, 1873.

In this sad bereavement the parents have not been left comfortless. We have not only seen how a Christian can die, but how these Christian parents, when called to part with the beloved one, could through the power of Divine grace calmly submit, without a murmur, and say, "Thy will be done."

Sarah received that religious counsel which led her to give her heart to God in the thirteenth year of her age, and to unite with the M. E. Church. About seven years she lived an exemplary life, but was moved to seek for higher attainments; and was enabled ere long to rejoice in the fulness of the great salvation, and to testify that the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin.

She spoke of her sickness as a great benefit, and thought she was being prepared for a life of usefulness. But the All-Wise was preparing her for His service in the upper temple. As she neared the dark river, her spirit was triumphant. At intervals, amid her dying struggles, she repeated, "Jesus is with me; I feel Him precious." The last moment approached. Her mother bent her ear close to her face to catch the last utterance. She whispered, "JESUS! over the river." Her mother said, "You see Jesus?" She whispered, "Yes!" Her feeble hands were uplifted in token of victory.

MRS. L. B. WHITE.

AFFECTIONATE TRIBUTE.

From an interesting letter from Mr. John Wincher we extract the following:

I have great reason for appreciating your efforts towards the promotion of Christian holiness, through the advocacy of the "Guide," on account of what has been accomplished through its instrumentality, for the benefit of me and mine. I had a beloved wife not long ago; she is not with me now, for God has taken her; but I have occasion for believing that the "Guide" was the instrument, under God, of much spiritual improvement to her. For several years prior to her death, she was a constant reader of its pages, noting carefully God's faithful dealings with His people, and gathering lessons of hope and confidence, until, I doubt not,

she was a vessel wholly sanctified to the will and service of God. Who could have had a better opportunity of observing the development of her Christian character, or of knowing the perfection to which it was brought than her husband? The "spirit of grace," improving upon a naturally amiable disposition, made her what she was, a promoter of "peace and good will" wherever her influence was exerted. Not exempt from such inherent frailties as are common to all, she was not betrayed, for she lived in the confidence of Him who suffered and conquered temptation. Neither was she overcome, for she was arrayed in all the panoply of God. During the last year of her life she was a constant reader of the "Guide," and her preference for it was quite determined; she treasured all its words as golden, and, for the benefit it might do, assisted to increase its circulation. Perhaps, partly as a tribute of regard to her blessed memory, I have also a like partiality. I wish to continue its visitation, and shall hail its monthly coming with renewed delight.

She was suddenly stricken from my side; her departure was unexpected as it was mournful; but I have this consolation, that the Jesus whom she loved has called her home, and to be with Him is far better. As the final hour drew nigh, her triumph was manifest; she waved her hands as if in token that she was embarking safely on the ocean of eternity, and that she would bid her dear ones on the shore of time good-bye. She realized, prior to her sickness, as if by some prophetic instinct, that her work was done, and that henceforth there was laid up for her a reward. She died on the 2d day of May, 1872, in the 54th year of her age. She was a member of the M. E. Church about 30 years.

AMOS CHEWVROUT,

Died at Portland, Meigs Co., Ohio, January 12th, 1873, aged 79 years.

Fifty-three years he was a follower of the Saviour, and a member of the M. E. Church. He loved the class-meeting, and the fellowship of the saints, and to speak of the abounding love of Jesus. When the all-important moment come, his lamp was trimmed and burning. When asked if there was any doubt, he smiled and replied, "Fear not; there is no room for a doubt." He closed his eyes as if going to sleep, and was not, for the Lord took him.

N. W. WHEELER.

Editorial.

OUR WORK FOR JESUS.

REVIVAL SERVICES AT NEWBRIDGE, L. I.

We have recently spent two Sabbaths in labors for Jesus on Long Island. The services at New Bridge were seasons of memorable interest. The leaven of holiness had been thrown in, and for months past has been silently working through the labor of some dear, devoted servants of the Master. The dear pastor and his lady, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Worth, Mrs. Feek, long known as earnestly contending for the faith that sanctifies wholly, and Rev. H. Belden, assisted by Brother E. Jones, of Illinois, who spent a short time here, have all been engaged in arousing the people to the importance of heart holiness. The four meetings we held with this dear people, were all most graciously owned of God in the sanctification of believers, and the conversion of sinners. On Sabbath morning scores rose, as seekers of the great salvation. In the afternoon we held a meeting for young people, when from forty to fifty professed to find their way to Jesus. At each service the altar was crowded with persons seeking either pardon or purity.

HUNTER'S POINT.

The succeeding Sabbath, March 3d, was spent at Hunter's Point. Here, also, the Lord made bare His arm in saving, and soul-cleansing power. The faithful, indefatigable pastor has been casting the net on the right side of the ship, and since he commenced his labors with this people, nearly doubled the membership. Of those who have recently been brought out of Spiritual Egypt, some are already going up to possess the land of rest from inbred sin. O! that all pastors might see that the attainment of this grace is the only antidote to backsliding. Had the tribes of Israel gone up at once and possessed the good land, as they might have done, all their wanderings in the wilderness might have been prevented. It is thus that the beloved pastor at Hunter's Point is endeavoring to bring forward the new-born lambs.

May he be enabled to present all, at last, perfect in Christ Jesus! He has some noble helpers who have, early in their Christian life attained the grace of full salvation, and are now blending their energies in helping others to the fountain that cleanseth from all sin. Here, also, we held four services, none of which was more manifestly blest with divine approval than the meeting for young people. Not less than fifty, we believe, decided for Jesus on Sabbath afternoon, and raised their hand in testimony that Jesus accepted. It is meet and right, and never before were we so deeply impressed with the fact that it is our *duty* at every place we labor, to have one or more services expressly for young people and children. In early childhood, we (Editors) were both brought to Him who hath said: "Suffer *little* children to come unto Me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven." If Jesus, the loving, tender Shepherd, has kept us, it is indeed meet and right, and our bounden duty to proclaim to the Church at large, that He still stands ready to receive all the dear youthful ones that are brought to Him. It is thus that we might witness many *children* brought into the *Church* in truth, not by mere "baptismal regeneration," or "birthright," but by the renewings of the Holy Ghost. Why is it, that so many who have arrived at maturity, when asked, "Why do you not come to Jesus," will answer: "My heart is so hard?" Not one of these hardened ones but can remember when in childhood, their heart was not hard. When Jesus called them in early life to come to Him, what softening influence accompanied the Spirit's invitation! Had the Church or some deeply pious Sabbath School laborer joined tenderly in the invitation and said, "COME?"—years agone all that hardness and impenitency now so fearfully jeopardizing the salvation of tens of thousands might have been avoided, and a multitude of sins covered.

CLOUD OF WITNESSES.

"Wherefore, seeing we are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin that doth so easily beset us."

Of whom is this great cloud of witnesses composed? Our fathers. Where are they? They have gone to the land of the living, and left us in the land of the dying. Where is Abel, Enoch, Noah, Abraham? Where are the Prophets and Apostles? Where are all those of whom the world was not worthy? They have gone to the shores of immortality. The most of them, perhaps all with the exception of Enoch and Elijah, have passed through the portals of death, and entered the regions of eternal life, where sickness and sorrow, pain and death, are felt and feared no more. And where shall you and I be in half a century? The time will come when the last traveller will have passed away from the the shores of mortality, and it will be said:

"Earth's travellers have all gone o'er
The boundaries of time;
Not one but what has reached the shore
Of that peculiar clime, where all is real.
What had been but dim when on life's page,
In living substance here is seen,
Grown mightier still with age."

And what has become of the noble army of Prophets and Apostles, and all the truly good of every age? What are they now *doing?* Where is that pious father, mother, brother, sister, child? Doubtless among that cloud of witnesses. If they are now encompassing us about, what may we imagine they would say could they now speak? Say? they would reiterate just what God *now* says to us, for they are in *union* with God. They are His *servants.* They would join in the acclamation and reiterate, "Lay aside *every* weight;" yes, every weight, however great or small.

They would remind you that the race of life, however long, is comparatively but a moment, and will not admit of loitering by the way to gather flowers of earthly pleasure that wither and perish in a day. They would entreat you not to make food for unavailing repentance when too late, by deferring to be candid with conscience, seeking to ascertain by light emanating from the Holy Scriptures and prayer, your easily besetting sin, giving conscience the advantage of every question.

Some will doubtless find their easily besetting sin to be love of the world, and worldly gains. Others, pride in its various forms; love of reputation; an unwillingness to be as their Master, who made Himself of no reputation, and came in the form of a servant. Others will find it an unwillingness to bear the cross of Christ; a tendency to yield to the shrinkings of the flesh; not willing to endure the cross and despise the shame. Others will find their easily besetting

sin to be in the occasional indulgence of some polluting habit, by which soul and body are defiled, making an unfit residence for the abidings of the Holy Spirit.

Surely the Holy Spirit demands a holy habitation. And the design of redemption is, that the body should be made a habitation for God through the Spirit. By "looking unto Jesus," and trusting in the efficacy of His atoning blood, perfect and entire victory may be obtained over every besetting sin; and the body cleansed as with pure water, and all retarding influences being thus overcome, we may run the race set before us, and the great cloud of witnesses by which we are encompassed may see us constantly victorious over the world, flesh, and Satan.

THE COMING ONE.

We are not now, neither were we ever, in sympathy with those who would set the day and hour of our Lord's appearing. But for about thirty years we have unwaveringly believed that in the most emphatic sense "the end of all things is at hand."

This belief has not been founded on the opinions of men, but by much prayerful searching of the Scriptures, comparing Scripture with Scripture. Believing that *all* Scripture is given by inspiration, and is profitable for doctrine, reproof, correction, and instruction in righteousness, and that the same Spirit that indited the Holy Scripture is given to open its sacred meaning to the humble believer.

To expect to know the day or hour, or even the year, of the coming of Jesus in the clouds of heaven, we have never thought to be within the province of other than the great Eternal. But that the humble Bible student may, by a careful reliance on the teachings of the WORD, and observance of the signs of the times, *know* when the coming of the Lord *draweth nigh*, and is even at the very doors, is a truth too palpable to require comment. (See Matt. xxiv. 29–33.)

Dear reader, are you in search after truth in regard to the second Advent of our Lord? That He will come again you know, because there is not a more explicit, uncontrovertable declaration within the lids of the Bible than this.

Why should not Christians of the present day be like the Christians of nearly two thousand years since? So greatly did the Christians of Thessalonica long for the speedy coming of their Lord, that instead of putting it off "thousands on thousands of ages hence" (as did a teacher in Israel with whom we were conversing), that there almost impatient desires inclined them to think it must be immediate. Paul corrects their mistake, telling them that day shall not come until certain things (of which we shall hereafter speak) occur. James also exhorts his suffering brethren to *patience*, not by telling them that the coming of their Lord was to be protracted "thousands on thousands of ages," but by the most welcome truth, "For the coming of the Lord draweth nigh."

If the joyous anticipations of the return of the Son of Man should so fill the mind's vision of the early Church about two thousand years ago, how should the vision of believers of the present day be occupied with the subject. Christians of the present day have the Old and New Testament scriptures. The volume of Revelation is closed. The Book of books is in the hand of every believer. Not only does it testify of Christ as a Redeemer from sin, but of Christ as a COMING ONE. Oh! yes; with what certainty do the Scriptures tell us of Jesus coming again *not as an offering for sin!* That has been done. How emphatically does Paul speak of Him who was "once offered to bear the sins of many;" and then adds, "Unto them that look for Him shall he appear the *second* time, without sin unto salvation." And Titus also, pointing the eye of his brethren upward, says, "Looking for that hope, the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ."

News Along the Line.

HANDMAIDS OF THE LORD.

We see that when heathen women are converted, the same desire for usefulness springs up in their hearts to win souls to Christ. A native pastor in Ceylon, in writing to this country says: "One of the female members of the Church has offered herself to labor among women, and by her reports we see that women are giving very good attention to her words, and in one or two places they have been so anxious to hear the Word as to

say that they would light the lamp, and she must stay and read to them without minding how the time passed on. She reaches many females whom missionary, pastor, or catechist could not have seen." The same says :

"Miss Hillis is stationed here since last January, and I had never before felt as now how much good a single lady can do among heathens. I feel that she does the same amount of good as a missionary. Her labor and religious influence are daily extending to the training Institution, the English School, vernacular boys' and girls' school, and the women of the land."

We read these items here and there of the encouragement our dear sisters meet in those far off lands, but we know nothing of the discouragements that often attend the labor they put forth, amid weanness of body and sorrow of spirit, when they witness their thoughtless heathen sisters behave in so trifling a way that the thought is whispered in their hearts, "how can any good come to these dark minds?"

Just then a sweet answer to prayer comes to their relief from closets or united supplication in their native land from women's hearts, and a thoughtful question springs from one of that little heathen group, which arrests the attention of all. It is the light of the Holy Spirit; the dear teacher is convinced that the truth is sealed in one or more minds, and she takes courage. Sister, was this an answer to your prayer?"

M. A.

REVIVAL IN INDIA.

A great work of grace has been experienced among the *Santhals* in connection with Mr. Boerressen's Indian Home Mission. *The* (Lucknow) *Witness* gives a somewhat detailed account of the work. Two hundred and twenty adults have been baptized. Seven villages have, in whole or in part embraced Christianity, and the religious interest is spreading in all directions. Many inquirers are coming to the missionaries, who are greatly straitened for help. The movement is carried forward largely by the people themselves. One of the most successful laborers in the work is a woman of about sixty years of age. She sometimes walks seven miles to talk to the people, and her word is with power. The converts are remarkable for their power in prayer. Mr. Boerressen, who with an assistant, conducts the work, is not connected with any missionary society, but is a devout, earnest Christian, and is well recommended.

KAFIR REVIVAL.

A great work of grace has been experienced among the Kafirs of South Africa. Chas. Parula, a native Wesleyan missionary, in the Grahamstown District, thus describes one of his meetings:—

"I began my work at the chief Dingiswayo's kraal, and preached there daily for a fortnight. Two preachers, or evangelists, and a few men accompanied me. Preached night and day, Many heathen were converted, and the chief too, who is a relation of mine. He came forward one day, along with the rest, as a penitent, and found peace with God. At the same time, two of his sons, and his wife, and one of his councillors, came forward and found peace. After this chief had found peace, he stood up boldly among his people and said: 'I am now a Christian. You must all know this to-day. My place now is no more a heathen village, but a school place. No more heathen practices, no more red clay. I have given up heathenism, and my people must all come to Jesus and follow me. Jesus made us. Let us serve Him. He is our God. Let us not serve the devil, he is only a prisoner. You need not trouble yourselves in trying to stop me. I have decided to serve God for life, and then he sat down. I preached, and after the sermon I called for penitents. Nearly all the chief's family came forward, with many of his people. And with these new converts we formed the first Christian Church at that place. The chief gave a piece of land for a chapel, and land for a teacher's house. We have put a day school there, and have more than twenty pounds toward a chapel."

WASHINGTON, D. C.

At our Tuesday Meeting for the promotion of holiness, a Brother P. stated that his mind was not clear on the subject of holiness until Bro. Fort gave him a number of the "Guide" about two years since, when, from its teachings, with the Bible and the Holy Spirit directing him, he was led to seek

purity of heart, and obtained the witness that he was sanctified. Rev. G. G. Baker said it had been stated that the relation of experience of those who enjoyed this perfect love had a tendency to discourage young converts, and wished to know whether it was so or not. The experience of a number who spoke was, that they had been incited to seek for holiness a very few months after they were justified, by hearing that there was a higher state,

> A Rest where pure enjoyment reigned,
> And Christ was loved alone.

One young man who was seeking for pardon, said such expressions encouraged him, because there was more beyond even what he was expecting, and that, although pardon for his sins was now his greatest desire, he felt gratified to know that complete victory was the privilege of Christians. The necessity of bearing testimony of what God had done for us was urged by others who had attained to this high privilege, but had lost their evidence by being ashamed to confess purity of heart, for fear they might be looked upon as exclusive.

Sister R. said her experience as a justified Christian was clear, but that on coming to Washington she had learned there was a richer experience. In one year from her conversion she was cleansed, and her faith in the all-cleansing Blood had enabled her to do her duty more faithfully as a wife and mother. In the Capitol of this great nation more than four hundred have publicly professed holiness in the various meetings, which does not include all who enjoy it.

WM. S. FORT.

NEW ALBANY, IND.

Hon. W. C. De Pauw, presenting the results of the recent meeting at New Albany, Ind., says:

"Glory be to Jesus! the slain of the Lord were many. Among the hundreds who sought a deeper work of grace, were all those who *give* and *do* most for the dear Saviour, all those living nearest Jesus, and all those who attend class and prayer-meetings. Hundreds of people came from Louisville, Jeffersonville, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, and many parts of Indiana and Kentucky: and as a score, two, three, even four score at a single meeting found what they sought, and passed from the altar into the audience, others pressed forward and kneeled at the altar.

"The work was deep, the conversions the clearest, the sanctifications the most marked and joyous I ever saw or read of. I have been to two Tabernacle and many camp-meetings, but nothing I ever saw equaled this meeting in volume and power. Indeed, if fully and properly reported, it would make a profound impression the world over.

In the First M. E. Church, Bloomington, Ill., Rev. R. M. Barnes, pastor, there have been over three hundred accessions to the Church since conference. The Church now numbers over eight hundred members.

HOOSICK FALLS, N. Y.

Rev. J. K. Wagner writes, March 6th,:

Since the week of prayer we have been engaged in a revival effort. About forty profess conversion. Some among us are seeking for the power of "Pentecost." Glory be to Jesus for His death and precious soul-cleansing Blood.

OLEAN, N. Y.

Rev. A. Youngs says: "I have been helping Brother Pierce, on the Hinsdale charge. There have been over fifty converted and reclaimed at the Haskell Flatts, and he has formed a class of forty-six members where there was no M. E. Church before.

The Lord has blessed the South Chester M. E. church, Philadelphia Conference, S. W. Gehrett, pastor, with a revival of some magnitude. It was in progress seven weeks, during which time one hundred and eighteen professed conversion, one hundred and one of whom united with the Church. One year ago this Church consisted of sixteen members; now it has a working force of one hundred and thirty-five.

Franklin Street Church, Baltimore.—Rev. J. W. Hedges, pastor. The revival at this Church continues. More than one hundred persons have professed conversion, and many have been sanctified.

Princeton College, New Jersey, is enjoying a remarkable revival. It is said that 170 of the students have professed conversion.

The Johnson street M. E. Church, Brooklyn, Rev. Brother Hill, pastor, reports about one hundred conversions.

Upward of ninety have been added to the M. E. Church in Fairfield, Iowa, fruits of a blessed work still in progress.

Lexington Avenue M. E. Church in this city, under the pastorate of Dr. De Hass, is being favored with a most gracious revival. Up to this date 120 have united with the Church, ninety-four of whom are heads of families.

At Erie, Indiana, fifty-seven have united with the M. E. Church, the fruits of a powerful work. Among the number uniting with the Church was a lady over *ninety-eight* years of age.

Freedom Charge, Pa, Rev. J. R. Akers, pastor, is closing its conference year in fine condition. The conversions number one hundred and twenty-two.

In Blooming Grove, North Ohio, the Methodist Episcopal membership has been more than doubled. The recent additions number one hundred and five.

In a great work in progress for several months in Feesburgh Charge, Ohio, the pastors, Revs. J. L. Gregg and J. Bolton, report two hundred conversions and accessions to the M. E. Church.

On the Adamsville Charge, Pittsburgh Conference, one hundred and seventy have united with the M. E. Church during the year.

From the Grantville Charge, Kansas, Rev. W. K. Muth, pastor, reports over one hundred and thirty accessions to the Church.

Simpson Church, Detroit, reports a powerful work in the Sunday-school, in which one hundred have sought the Saviour,

In East Saginaw M. E. Church, Mich., there have been over one hundred penitents, and the seekers are largely increasing.

In M'Connellsburgh Circuit, Rev. R. H. Wharton, pastor, about one hundred have professed faith in Christ, and ninety-four have united with the Church. The work continues.

Rev. H. S. Parkhurst, of the Illinois Conference, reports seventy conversions at a station called Loudon. He has formed a new society of seventy-five members.

At Warren, Pa., A. J. Merchant, pastor, there have been 130 conversions.

On the Georgetown Charge, Pittsburgh Conference, during the winter, ninety-three have united with the M. E. Church on probation, and nearly 100 in full connection.

Rev. G. W. Pepper announces *two hundred additions* to the M. E. Church, Galion, Ohio. He has been most efficiently aided in the work by a devoted band of ladies of his Church, known as the "Pastor's Aid Corps." Among those who aided in the preaching were Drs. Nast and Punshon.

At Joliet, Ill., 130 have professed saving faith.

At the M. E. Church, Pleasant Square, Mayfield Circuit, Troy Conference, Rev. Edwin Potter, pastor, there has been a great revival. Every family save one are reported to have "come over on the Lord's side." The entire congregation at every service is said to be composed of Christians. At Mayfield, not only does the M. E. Church receive large accessions, but also the Presbyterian, (which unites with them in still holding union meetings.) About eighty or ninety have joined the Presbyterian Church.

Correspondence.

THE GRACE THAT CONQUERS DEATH.

The following experience was found in my *sister's room after we had laid her body in the grave.*

Blessed with religious training, I gave my name to the M. E. Church in my tenth year. Soon I felt the need of a new heart. I was converted in my thirteenth year. I then commenced working for Jesus, and felt I was growing in grace. It seemed a life of servitude, because I had more masters than the Lord. I felt, oh how far short I came answering His commands, became almost ashamed to ask forgiveness, knowing I would fall again. Still the dear Saviour would forgive. I would rejoice and labor seemingly successfully for God; but oh the tempter's power would often overcome me, yet standing in a regenerated relation to God! There were times when His service seemed such servitude, because my time was partly given to Satan. How I desired to be steadfast! But the Lord was caring for His erring child. He led my pastor, M. P. Zink, to put in my hand the "Guide to Holiness." I read this with much

interest, much of the time on my knees ; but I was so blind as to the way of holiness that twenty years of my life was passed before I found this beautiful way. Under the preaching of Rev. R. A. Arthur, I was enabled to see the way. I tried to consecrate all to the Lord, after some weeks of praying and sorrowing, yet feeling all the time I loved Jesus, and that He loved me, with so many cares and no perfect rest. I felt the struggle must be ended. I prayed thus, "Lord, I must find rest in Thee." I felt light was dawning, yet could not say the work is done. I resolved that every breath should be prayer until the work was done. It was evening. I laid me down to sleep, fearing if I slept I would let go of God. In the morning, on awaking, I tried to say, "Lord, save me," but the words I uttered were these, "Glory to the Lamb." All was new and joyous ; no care, no anxious fears, but perfect resting in Jesus. My soul was full of joy until I would try to tell some one what Jesus had done for me. Then I would have to talk by faith. So soon as I would cease talking, my heart would bound again with joy. I felt Satan was trying me thus, and was unwilling to please him by telling any one. After being tried thus for three days, while alone in my room this thought was presented, "Are you sure you are sanctified?" Quick as thought, I found my eyes and hands raised to heaven, and was repeating this, "In many things I may be mistaken, but this I know : Jesus saves me from all sin." Glory to His name ! since that time I have been resting in Jesus, have perfect peace, my mind being stayed on the Lord.

For many months I have been in the furnace of affliction ; have been contending with that most terrible disease (to many), the consumption. But I have found, through the sustainments of grace, this is the most pleasant time of all my life. Though pain is not pleasant ; yet it is pleasant to be so sustained, even in affliction, with the heart sanctified by grace it is not grievous to be afflicted ; nay, it is even joyous, being the will of God concerning us. When at times I have been brought near apparently the margin of the river, it was very sweet while the world seemed to leave me alone with Jesus, to walk beside Him, seeming to be nearing the crossing. How still the world seemed to me while Jesus whispered such words of cheer ! and when the body became weak and frail, how sensibly I felt His arms of love were thrown around me, and my wearied head was pillowed on His breast ! and that sweet promise, "I will be with you, even unto the end !" Oh ! it is glorious thus to rest in Jesus. Sometimes I have been anxious to know if He would have me cross soon. Seemingly the answer is, "Improve every moment for Jesus, and wait His bidding." And as my will is swallowed up in His, it is easy thus to wait, for with heaven in the soul we are not anxious to get away from this world. Many times, while trying to rest this frail body, this thought has come to me, "In God's good time how easy it will be to lay aside this body, which seemingly has become so near worn out ! The soul, encaged as a bird, how it would expand, plume its wings, and soar away to dwell with Christ." Oh ! such wondrous assurance ; yes, it is positive knowledge that sanctifying grace which conquers death can be obtained and enjoyed during life, and we can say living or dying, "I am the Lord's " Then there is nothing beyond but heaven ; and the soul with a heaven within only gets to its kindred home when its rests in heaven.

This experience was written by Sister Truitt in the fall of 1871. Ever since she has been as it were at the gate of death. She endured much bodily pain, and possessed such patience as the Christian alone can whose life is hid with Christ in God. She would often say, "The Lord's will be done," was never found in doubt, but was ever ready and willing to speak of Jesus as a present and perfect Saviour. She lay on her bed so many months in such a happy state that her room seems perfumed with the very breath of heaven. After making all necessary arrangements for her funeral, and three orphan children, on the 17th of January, her willing soul took its flight to those bright realms where all the air is love. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

ISLEA H. COOLEY.

HOPE ANCHORED.

The "Guide" is a blessed work, and I am doing, and will do all that I can to spread its truths and promote its blessed doctrines. It has been a great help to me, in my home, and

in my wanderings, a companion. In the holy religion of the blessed Redeemer which it teaches, my weary, troubled spirit has found rest,—sweet rest. Oh! that rest which only the exhausted wanderer, through the burning wastes of speculation can truly comprehend and appreciate. The grim puzzles of philosophy no longer perplex my mind. I anchor my hopes of God and eternity in the pure, the holy religion of Christ, the sure rock of my salvation.

I look beyond this World, this architectural temple, (though I love it for its beauty and grandeur,) to a home above, of sweeter, of more endurable richness, for this home of heaven with God. Blessed "Guide!" How much light I have experienced from its pages, with regard to faith, which I have never before understood or could get hold of, which now seems so simple and so reasonable. The dark, thick cloud of unbelief and despair, which so long has been bearing me down so heavily, is breaking, and the light is shining into my poor heart, and my soul is rejoicing in Jesus. A holy hush has fallen on my own troubled spirt, and my all is on the Altar consecrated to God.

"I have entered the valley of blessing so sweet,
I have bow'd—Oh, so humbly at Jesus' feet.
All given to Jesus, I felt He was true
To pardon, forgive, and bless my soul, too."

L. W. HUTCHINSON.

BAPTISM OF FIRE RECEIVED.

TESTIMONY OF A HANDMAID.

DEAR SISTER :—I read your testimony of laying all on the Altar for a whole burnt sacrifice for Christ, I thought, although I was a poor, illiterate, secluded person, that if there was anything more for me, and that it would make me efficient in winning souls, or better arming me against the foe, and cause me to stand stronger and firmer, so that my life might be a living epistle, known and read of all men, I wanted it too. I laid all on Christ, according to the best of my knowledge, not knowing what to expect, but trusting in my Saviour, who, I knew was no respecter of persons, but giveth to all liberally, who come unto Him in His own appointed way.

For three weeks I watched the offering, continually crying, "If there is anything more, O Lord, show it me, and bind me continually closer and still closer to Thee," believing that when the fire came, I should know it as Sister P. did; when, sure enough, to the praise of God be it said, that on the sixth day of November, while about my work in the kitchen, the fire came down. I was as conscious of it as I was of my work that I was doing. I left my work to go and thank and praise God on my knees before Him. When the fire caught and burned all over this mortal body, can I describe it! no, never; it is beyond description; suffice it to say that the fire still burns, and my soul doth magnify the Lord forever, Amen.

MRS. C. A. BOOM.

THE "GUIDE" IN CHINA.

Rev. J. W. Lambeth, missionary to China, where he has been engaged in precious labors for the Master, since 1854 at Shanghai, sends on the names of four subscribers, and says: "I have several bound volumes of the 'Guide to Holiness,' which I prize very highly, and read them often. My prayer, day and night is, that God may speed the work of holiness everywhere. We want to subscribe from January 1st, 1873, and are hoping soon to increase the number of subscribers here. You may not remember me, but in April, 1854, I attended a meeting at your house, and soon after started for China."

The Lord bless this laborer, and make him eminently successful in spreading Scriptural holiness in his far distant field.—EDS.

Miscellaneous Gatherings

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN AND AMERICAN METHODISTS.

In Dr. Warren's essay before the late Methodist Convention in Boston, he stated that in 1740, fifty years before the Book Concern was born—before Philip Embury and Barbara Heck had begun their organizing Church work—when New England was a unit on the doctrines of Calvin—Benjamin Franklin having obtained a copy of a sermon on Free Grace, by John Wesley, printed and circulated several editions of it. He seemed, with others, to feel that such a work needed to be seen and read; and so won for himself the unconscious distinction of founder of the Methodist Publishing House of America.

FLYING FOR REFUGE.

There was once a little bird chased by a hawk, and in its extremity it took refuge in the bosom of a tender-hearted man. There it lay, its wings and feathers quivering with fear, and its little heart throbbing against the bosom of the good man; whilst the hawk kept hovering overhead, as if saying, "Deliver up that bird that I may devour it." Now, will that gentle, kind-hearted man take the poor little creature that put its trust in him out of his bosom and deliver it up to the hawk? What think ye? Would you do it? No, never! Well then, if you flee for refuge into the bosom of Jesus, who came to seek and save the lost, do you think He will deliver you up to your deadly foe? Never! never! never!

PRICE OF A BIBLE.

In the reign of Edward I., the price of a Bible, fairly written, was £37. The hire of a laboring man was three half-pence a day. It would, therefore, have required the earnings of 5,920 days, or, excluding Sabbaths, eighteen years and 286 days, for a laboring man to have bought a Bible.

ARE YOU HAPPY?

A correspondent of the *British Workman* says: Rothschild, who was supposed to be the richest man in the world, was once asked this simple question: "*Are you happy?*" "Happy!" he answered, "when just as you are going to dinner, you have a letter placed in your hand, saying, 'If you don't lend me five hundred pounds, I will blow your brains out.' Happy when you have to sleep with pistols under your pillow? No, indeed, I am *not happy.*"

Astor, another very rich man, was once asked the same question. "Ah!" he answered "I must leave it all when I die. It won't put off sickness; it won't buy off sorrow; it won't *buy off death.*" And so it was plain to see that he was not happy.

But I once went to see a poor, lame, and aged woman who lived in one small room, and earned a part of her scanty living by knitting; for the rest she had to depend on the kindness of others. I asked her the same question: "Lydia, are you happy?" "Happy!" she answered, with a beaming face, "I am just as full as I can be. I do not believe I could hold another drop of joy." But why?" I asked; "you are sick and alone, and have almost nothing to live upon." "But have you never read," said she, pointing to the Bible, "'all things are yours, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's?'" And again, "Ask, and receive that your joy may be full!"

Children's Corner.

A CHILD'S IDEA OF PURITY.

R. J. PARK.

Our little N. then but six years of old, had been closely watching his dear papa's countenance all one Sabbath afternoon, who having literally obeyed the command given in Heb. x: 22, and was now receiving the seal of the Spirit by its *inward* washing, making his face glow with a holy joy never seen there before.

From what followed, I think N. had drank in of the Spirit of that hallowed afternoon's exercises. A threatening thunder-storm in the evening prevented N. and I from going to prayer-meeting with his papa. As peal after peal of thunder shook the earth, he crept close to my side asking several questions as to his father's safety. At length, looking up, he asked: "mother when we get to heaven, does the Lord look into our mouths?" "I don't know, my son; why?" "Because I'm afraid He'll think pa chews tobacco. I saw something on his teeth to-day; I'll rub it off when he comes back." Two years after, he was talking of God and heaven, when he suddenly exclaimed, "He gave me a new heart, about two weeks ago." "How did you feel, N." "Oh, very *happy*, but I can't tell just *how*, its so much like a *dream.*"

WHERE IS YOUR LANTERN?

Young Harry was sent on an errand one evening in early winter. After giving him his message his mother said: "Be sure you take the lantern with you, Harry,"

"Bother the lantern!" answered the boy, gruffly and disrespectfully: and he started muttering to himself, "What do I want with a lantern? I guess I know the way enough!"

Very soon Master Harry, in crossing the street, stumbled into a hole which had been made by a recent rain. By this fall he

knocked the flesh from his shin-bone, and covered his clothing with mud.

On his way back he forgot the fence had fallen in near the edge of the ravine. As he groped his way along the bank, he fell over, and went sprawling to the bottom of the ravine.

With much ado and after many bruisings he got into the road once more ; but when he finally reached his mother's door, he looked more like a scarecrow than a living boy.

The lantern would have saved him from all this ; wasn't he a foolish fellow not to take it?

But what shall be said of those boys and girls who know the Bible to be the only lamp which can guide their feet safely through the paths of life to their home in heaven, and yet refuse to carry it? Are they not still more foolish? Are they not likely to suffer even more than the boy? You know they are. Take the Bible, therefore, for your life-lantern, and let it be a lamp unto your feet and a light unto your path.

DIRECTORY

Of places where special meetings are held for the promotion of holiness.

NEW YORK.

TUESDAY, 2 1-2 P. M., Dr. Palmer's residence, 316 E. 15th St., opposite Stuyvesant Square. (Established 35 years.)

THURSDAY, 3 P. M., Bedford St. M. E. Church, Bedford and Morton, one block east of Hudson. (Established 18 years.)

FRIDAY EVENING, 17th St. M. E. Church, between 1st and 2d Avenues.

FRIDAY EVENING, W. F. Plum's residence, 453 W. 35th St., near 10th Avenue.

SATURDAY EVENING, St. Paul's M. E. Church, 4th Avenue and E. 22d St.

SATURDAY EVENING, 2d Avenue M. E. Church, 2d Avenue and E. 119th St.

BROOKLYN.

FRIDAY, 2 1-2 P. M., Washington St. M. E. Church, between Concord and Tillary Streets, one block from Fulton, near City Hall.

FRIDAY EVENING, J. Batty's residence, 234 Bergen St, between Bond and Nevens.

SATURDAY EVENING, S. 2d. St. M. E. Church,(Williamsburg.)

SATURDAY EVENING, S. 5th St. M. E. Church,(Williamsburg.)

SATURDAY EVENING, Dr. N. L. North's residence, 27 Bedford Avenue, (Williamsburg.)

JERSEY CITY.

SATURDAY EVENING, Hedding M. E. Church, Montgomery St. near Van Vorst Square.

SATURDAY EVENING, St. Paul M. E. Church, 3rd St near Grove.

A meeting for the promotion of holiness will be held every Tuesday afternoon at 2 1-2 o'clock, at Sister White's, Corner of Second and Vine Streets, Fort Madison, Iowa.

The Tuesday Meeting.

Meetings for the promotion of holiness are held at the residence of Dr. Palmer,

316 EAST 15th STREET,

opposite Stuyvesant Park, at 2½ o'clock, every Tuesday afternoon.

THE LORD WILL TELL US.

Rev. Br. Belden.—I was very much edified last evening in reading the book of dear Sister P., called "Four Years' in the Old World." In reading the account of the Irish Revival, I was very much impressed with the manifestations of the Holy Spirit upon the hearts of the people, especially in Coleraine and Belfast. The people fell to the ground in coming from work, and while attending their daily business. Sister P. said there may be some here who enjoy this blessing, but want to go farther. I bless God, I enjoy the blessing ; and if God wants me to have any more, I want all that I can have. I want the Holy Ghost to come upon us, so that we won't be afraid to speak for Jesus, and that we won't be ashamed to fall down and pray anywhere. The dear Lord loves these union-meetings. If we will only ask, the Lord will baptize us with the Holy Spirit. When we ask the Lord for the outpouring of the Spirit, if He does not answer us let us ask the reason, and take the Bible and look through it, and the Lord will tell us. Then, when we put this out of the way, our prayers will be answered. Jesus fills me with His love, and gives me a burning desire that the Holy Ghost may be poured out on His people.

MEETING GOD EARLY.

Rev. Wm. McA.—It is good to be here today. I am glad of that idea of our Sister P. I believe it is of God. I do not know if she has been reading that incident of Moses. God said, "Moses, meet me in the morning alone, no one with you, before day on the Mount." Oh what a wonderful meeting Moses had! I am glad to hear our brother exalt the WORD. I stand on this platform, and always love to exalt Jesus. I never could enjoy a meeting if Jesus were not present. Jesus is here. He is the gem of eternity. He is sublimely beautiful. Any light the saints have is only through Jesus. Where Jesus' blood touches, everything is washed clean. What a beautiful thing this holiness is even

in its unfinished condition, as we are not yet perfect, but going on, going on, to perfection, and the Architect is completing the work!

ARE WE WILLING?

Rev. Br. Poole.—I have a thought, Is there such a thing as being wholly consecrated to God? All men naturally love ease, and we love all good things. If we are going to pray for New York, are we willing to take it in God's way? Are we willing to be crucified? To have our pride taken down, taken out of us? To say, Lord bless me, even me, and let me be crucified to the world. If I have to lose my reputation, if I am to go through the fiery furnace heated seven times hotter than is wont, anything Lord, only bless me. If we want Christ to take up His abode with us, we must cut loose from the world. In sending a balloon up, they cut all the ropes one by one, the last is the middle one, when that is cut, the balloon ascends. What we want is to cut loose from everything, then Christ will dwell with us. New York will not be converted without mighty struggling prayer. We cannot have a revival unless we are willing to take the rain-drop; take it in mustard-seed fashion.

WALKING IN THE LIGHT.

Rev. J. P.—My mind has been occupied with the text, "If we walk in the light, as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another;" that is, Christ and us have fellowship one with another. Oh what a blessed privilege! His presence has been with me to-day. I was at the Tombs this morning to see about a boy that is in trouble. When I left there and came up here, I seemed to be in a new land. Bless God for what salvation has done! We need a baptism of power. We all need it if we are to work for the saving of our city. I know of nothing else that will do but a repetition of the Pentecost. When we realize the companionship with God, we will haste to the rescue of the men of our land. The Psalmist said, "Thou art holding me with Thy hand." We can have a revival if we will get this power. Glory to God, He saves me to the uttermost.

LIFE AN ENDLESS SONG.

Rev. Br. Travis.—I used to think I was obliged to fight the devil, but now I have learned a better way. I find Jesus giveth us the victory, and I know if I don't get out of that charmed circle I shall always overcome the temptations of the wicked one. I find Satan comes in very many ways with his temptations. He tries to tempt us with a battle, but Jesus has beaten him at every point. He has conquered him. In every temptation I have learned to trust in Jesus for all things. I love to know His will is done in me. If sorrow comes, all is well. All things work together for good to them that love God. My life flows on in endless song. I have had a precious time in the street-cars this week. I find it is more blessed to trust when I cannot see the results. This theme of perfect love seems to be the acme of religion. I have passed through a varied experience since I began to trust, but I simply take it all to Jesus. He gives us rest while we trust.

TRUSTING JESUS.

Rev. I. M. See.—This year has come in more precious than ever. There has been such a realization of God's presence continually with me that all has been bright. When I speak of God's dear ones, it gives me a view of the saints as never before. How preciously He has been leading me! I praise God! I am saved to the uttermost. I think the peculiar charm is, I have a more uninterrupted communion with Jesus. I have been prostrated on a bed of sickness, but I found Jesus the same all the way along. He walks with me in the street, and I sit with Him at the table. I have no sort of anxiety whatever; my soul cries out, "How safe;" there is not one thing lacking. When Jesus speaks from His throne, and says He is able to do exceeding abundantly above all we can ask or think. Then I say, "Roll off ye burdens of care; put everything over on Christ." I have been down to the door of death, and Jesus was most precious there. I can trust Jesus under all circumstances.

DUTIES' PRIVILEGES.

Rev. F. Hamblin.—I began preaching the Gospel three years ago. When I had been preaching about a year, I felt it my duty to preach from the text, "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth from all sin." I did not know how to preach from such a text, but I felt I must. After a great struggle, I made up my mind that I would do it. When I

began to preach, my lips were opened for the first time; and, as I was preaching, Jesus came into my heart, and I have not seen a moment since that time but I have felt ready to go up. The word "duty" has been taken out of the vocabulary; everything now is privilege that I can do for Jesus. In my ministry I have seen many souls saved, and others fully sanctified.

WITNESSES FOR JESUS.

Rev. W. W. Sever.—There is a wonderful talk of Jesus in this room. The reason is, we are witnesses for Him. I just tell what He does for me. Language fails to express what He has done. I look back before this life, and I could not sing then but very seldom. I did not dare to think over the past; but how very different it is now! He giveth us the victory. It is victory all the time, and I find myself singing almost everywhere. It is taking up the new song; it is no going back, because Jesus never leaves or forsakes us. I am sweetly resting in the arms of Jesus.

GOD'S WILLINGNESS TO GIVE.

Dr. Ward.—We do not know what God will do for us unless we make our requests known unto Him. If we would ask even to the extent of our privilege, we would not burden the Lord. I entered upon this year with different feelings from any of my life. I am looking for God to do for us a wonderful work. You know what God has been doing, and what He can do, if we will only put the hindrances out of the way, and take Him at His Word. We are called to be like Christ, and we can be so, for the Holy Spirit will help us when we give all up to Jesus, and let him come in and dwell with us.

GLADNESS IN JESUS.

Rev. Dr. Boardman.—Jesus sweetly keeps and gladdens my heart with his presence. If there is one in this room that is not resting completely on Jesus, they may find that rest this afternoon, because the Saviour is now standing with open arms to receive them and give them that rest. Our Baptist Br. P. is now preaching full salvation. He is unfolding the banner of holiness to the Lord, with clearness in all his sermons. He gave his first testimony in Dr. Cullis' meeting a short time since. He spoke of carrying his child, who threw her arms around his neck, as if all depended on her little arms. That is the way with Christ. He carries our burdens, and tells us to rest. I am resting sweetly upon that great beating heart of my Saviour, who hath said, "As the Father hath loved me, even so have I loved you.".

COUNTING ALL THINGS LOSS.
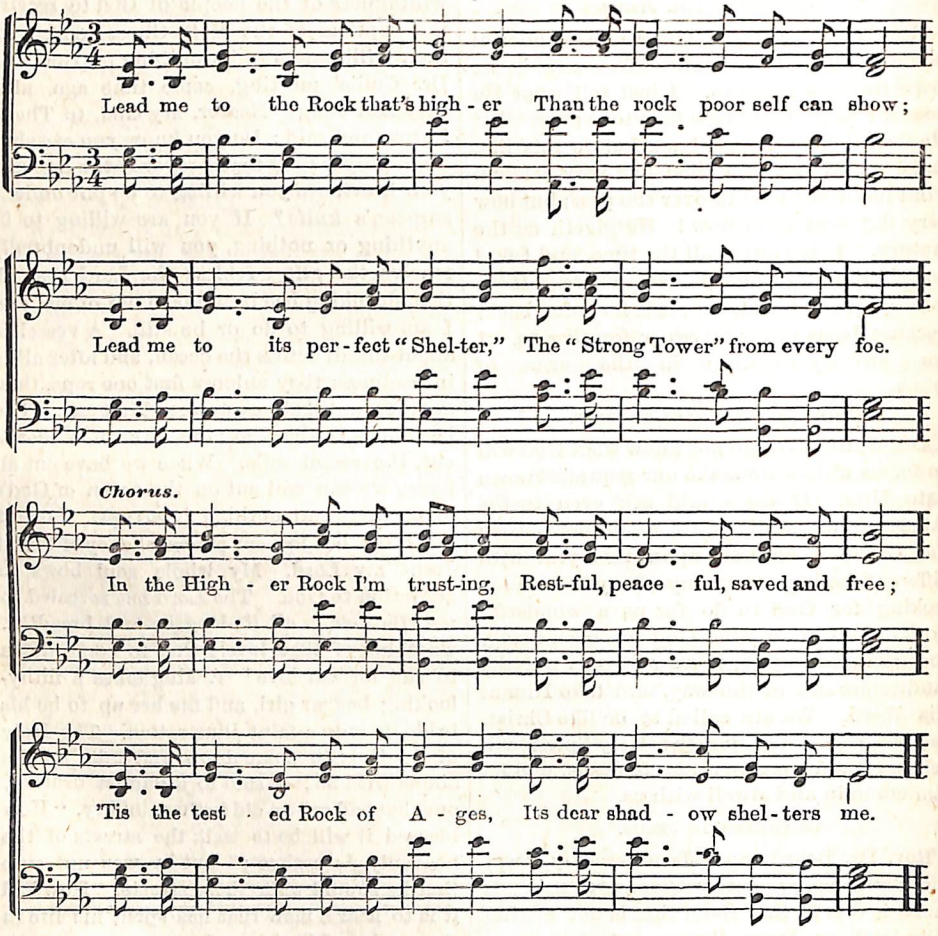
Rev. Mr. H. (Episcopal minister).—The willingness of the people of God to receive the baptism of the Holy Ghost consists in their willingness to be nothing for God. In Dr. Cullis' meeting, some time ago, after they had sung "Nearer, My God, to Thee," I arose and said: Do you know you are singing a prayer? If that prayer is the desire of your heart, are you willing to be put under a surgeon's knife? If you are willing to be anything or nothing, you will undoubtedly receive the gift. I bless the Lord that all that shrinking has been taken out of me, and I am willing to do or be still. A vessel is about to sail across the ocean, and after all is in readiness, they unloose first one rope, then another, untill all are unloosed but one. The last one is the hardest; but, as soon as that is cut, the vessel sails. When we have cut all loose, we can sail out on the ocean of God's love; there can nothing interrupt. I count all things but loss for the excellency of Christ Jesus my Lord. My whole soul bows in adoration to God. The Lord has revealed to me His love in all its lengths and breadths. To think of that lovely One to come down to sue for our love! A king takes a filthy-looking beggar girl, and fits her up to be his bride, is only a faint illustration. The Holy of the Holy to come down and take up His abode with us! I said to a Baptist brother, one that had grown old in the ministry, "How blessed it will be to walk the streets of the heavenly Jerusalem;" but he was not sure that he should walk those streets. How sad it is to hear a man that has spent his life in the service of Christ, and on the verge of the grave, doubting the blessed Jesus! How it wounds Him. All we need do is to receive grace upon grace. Looking unto Him we are going from glory to glory. It is blessed to trust. What is this, my dear friend, that you are clinging to? May God make you willing to cut all the ropes, and launch out on Jesus. How blessed to know that He is yours, and you are His! Glory to the Lamb!

For the Guide.

THE HIGHER ROCK.

Psalm lxi: 1, 2, 3, & 8.

Words and Music by L. HARTSOUGH.



Entered, according to act of Congess, in the year 1873, by L. HARTSOUGH, Esq., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of New York.

Guide to Holiness.

MAY, 1873.

For the Guide.

MY EXPERIENCE.

REV. J. GARNETT, ONT.

I HAVE often said, with Paul, "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ," and have as often felt that, as regarded my own experience, his words were literally true. Yet, for seven years, I have been resisting what I have constantly felt to be the promptings of the Holy Spirit, namely to confess Christ in the "Guide," under the poor plea that some may attribute the confession to vanity or spiritual pride. I have come to the conclusion now, that I can no longer resist the Spirit upon this point, and retain his favor. Hence these few lines of testimony for Jesus; and I here, now, and with all my heart, ascribe the glory of any good there is in me to divine mercy shown to me for the sake of Christ.

"I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me."

I was not favored with religious parentage, and my early religious instruction was scanty indeed. It consisted, principally, in committing to memory, as a task, the Catechism and weekly collects taught in the liturgy of the Church of England. But I saw no practical exposition of the truths contained therein. My parents, and others, who professed to be members of that Church, not even excepting the Vicar of the parish, led lives of worldly solicitude and ungodliness. The Holy Spirit, however, strove early with me, though I knew it not at the time, and under his promptings, while quite a child, I was led timidly to enquire whether a sinner could receive a knowledge of forgiveness here. To this I received the peremptory answer that nobody but Methodists believed such a thing, and that it was a species of blasphemy to expect it. Nevertheless God so kindly and graciously led me, that at the age of eighteen I was freely justified by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and told my parents and others that I now *knew* that Christ had power on earth to forgive sins. I was not only justified, but regenerated and adopted into God's family, and began to lead a new life. The Church (not the parish Church where my parents worshipped, but the Methodist Church), assigned me a place within her limits, and set me to work for Jesus. At the age of twenty-three I was called and set apart to the active work of the Ministry, and began teaching my fellowmen the way of life.

Previous to my call to the Ministry, I had scarcely thought on the subject of Sanctification as a thing to be considered separately, and apart from Justification and Regeneration. I had never heard it set forth as such. But in prosecuting my studies for the great work before me, I observed the place assigned to it in systematic Theology, and began to enquire what place it held in my own experience. In conducting this enquiry I sought light from the New Testament, from "Wesley's plain account of Christian perfection," and from Fletcher's experience of it as recorded in his life.

I also read with great interest, the memoirs of Bramwell, Mrs. H. A. Rogers, and Wm. Carvosso. The result was, that I became convinced that Sanctification is not only scriptural, but is required as a necessary element in Christian experience. In short, that it is but the completion of the Christian character, which without it is sadly incomplete and defective.

Having been led to this conclusion, I soon arrived at another, namely, that I myself was a stranger to the grace. I had rejoiced, and justly so, in the great and glorious things God had done for me; had offered Christ as a precious and present Saviour to all convicted, repentant sinners; and some had been persuaded to receive him as such, and rejoiced in the liberty wherewith he had made them free. Yet on closely examining my experience I found it sadly defective in many things. For instance, my faith was often weak and wavering when it should have been strong in God's promises, nay, it sometimes actually yielded to God-dishonoring doubts and fears. My love was not perfect. I did not love God above *everything*, and my neighbor as *myself*. I I was naturally hasty, and the hasty temper frequently betrayed me into unguarded and caustic expressions. I was naturally given to levity, and frequently allowed myself to engage in light and vain conversation, nay, in foolish and sinful jesting. I was a slave to an acquired appetite for the use of tobacco, and plead for it with all the eloquence of an ardent admirer. In short I found that many "roots of bitterness" sprang up and troubled me. And they did trouble me. They frequently brought me into condemnation, and sent me weeping in penitence to the foot of the Cross to renew the covenant of justifying grace. Strange to say, I had almost come to the conclusion that this was the normal state of the Christian here. That this life was to be a vale of tears—tears of repentance for lapses into sin, and that the land of Beulah was but a very narrow strip of our earthly existence, just on its farthest verge; and that some did not even experience that much, but like the dying thief, sprang newly justified from the foot of the Cross to Glory.

This was the character of my experience for nearly twenty-eight years. I may remark here, that though I had sometimes favored the idea that sanctification is a gradual process, running coeval with human life, and culminating at, or just before, death; yet my own experience proved to me that the process moved in the wrong direction, and instead of becoming more like Jesus, I actually resembled him less at the end of twenty-eight years, than when rejoiceing in the glow of first love. My sinful tendencies were becoming stronger, and the Diabolians remaining were more bold. Practices and indulgences at which I had once trembled, were become so easy of accomplishment, as to inspire but little, if any, uneasiness. It could not be said however, that I was fallen away from grace. I was often deeply burdened for the salvation of sinners, and continued to proclaim the Gospel with earnestness, and to sow, even in tears, while occasionally sinners heard the message and came to Jesus, and were saved. I was struggling to make the shore, but at fearful odds; was vigorously running "the race set before me," while carrying weights which greatly retarded my progress; and was striving to enjoy health, while allowing the fountains thereof to be poisoned by the dregs of sin. Nor was this state of experience the result of ignorance of, or inattention to, the subject, nor did it arise from neglecting to apply personally for the grace. Many times did I wrestle at the throne of grace for purity of heart; and my heart often yearned for it while reading books written expressly on the subject; but my views of the way to obtain it, and of the feelings which ought to accompany it were essentially erroneous, and I had no living teacher to tell me the way from personal experience. I had the idea that it was solely a work of the Holy Spirit, who would come in his own time and way, and enter my heart, and destroy his

enemies, and sanctify his residence and dwell there, while I myself was to be completely passive in his hands; and that he, the Holy Spirit, would sever the ties between me, and my idols and cast them out. I did not see that part of this work belonged to myself. That those idols must be seized by my own hand, and voluntarily placed where the heavenly fire would consume them. It was not until I heard related the living experience of Rev. J. Borland, Dr. Winans, and some others, that I caught the right idea of entire personal consecration. Having obtained a clear view of duty in this respect, I lost no time in carrying it into effect, but at the very first opportunity retired into private before God, and took a detailed inventory of my personal powers, habits, and tendencies, and placed them *seriatim* at his feet, praying that the Divine fire would descend and consume all that would burn, and refine and sanctify the rest.

I had no difficulty on the subject of faith. I had been well taught on this point, and my views on it were clear. But I had difficulty in deciding what ought to be the evidence of acceptance. I was looking for great things, and somewhat expected that when the fire consumed the sacrifice, and the Holy Spirit entered my purified heart, I should be so filled with ecstatic rapture, that at least, I should arouse the whole household with loud and rapturous praises, and perhaps do several other strange things; whereas when the evidence was given, and I had not to wait an hour for it, it entered my heart almost unawares, and settled upon my soul as quietly as the evening dew. The first sensation was that of peace. Language cannot describe it. Peace after years of conflict. And it was not the peace awarded by the conqueror to the vanquished, but the peace procured by victory. With it came a sense of security. God's presence seemed to be around me as a protecting wall of fire, and the foretime destroyers of my peace were outside of the wall. Instead of feeling a desire to shout, my soul lay in quiet rapture before God for hours, and felt only

> "The sacred awe that dares not move,
> And all the silent heaven of Love."

The only way in which outward expression was given of the feeling within, was copious weeping, shedding tears of joy and gratitude.

This change was experienced by me about midnight between the 10th and 11th days of September A. D. 1865.

(*Concluded in our next.*)

For the Guide.

TRUSTING—RESTING—FEASTING.

JAMES WILSON.

I am trusting, ever trusting
In the Lamb of Calvary;
Ever drinking, by faith drinking
Of the blood that flows for me,
Of the precious blood of Jesus
That from sin and sorrow frees us.

I am resting, sweetly resting
On God's Word so sure and strong;
Ever hoping, strongly hoping
That I may do nothing wrong,
That I may by my behavior
Glorify my blessed Saviour!

I am feasting, largely feasting,
At the table of the Lord;
With my elder Brother feasting
On fat things with one accord,
Till my heart is overflowing
With the love of God so glowing!

For the Guide.

ECHOES FROM PATMOS.

REV. W. H. POOLE, ONTARIO.
No. IX.

The name *Thyatira* signifies sweet sacrifice—a beautiful name for a Church. All a church's service and labor should be a sweet sacrifice of gratitude to God. It is said that Lydia, the seller of purple (or what we call crimson and scarlet), had the honor of founding this Church. "The Lord opened her heart," and she, who left her own city for commercial purposes, brought home with her a far richer merchandise than any that could have been purchased for gold.

Capt. Webb, one of Mr. Wesley's helpers, when informed of the conversion of a man in business, used always to ask

Is his purse converted? The idea "of opening" the heart in conversion, implies the divine touch to all the fountains of feeling, and all sources of benevolence. Why not a devoted Christian lady be instrumental in promoting the honor and glory of God, and of founding a Church as well as her husband or brother?

Hence, for the first time in these letters, Jesus is called the "Son of God." It is done, most likely, to impress the pastor and the members of the Church most deeply with the solemn admonitions given. He who hath all power in heaven and in earth should command attention. "Eyes as a flame." The eye denotes intelligence, a perfect knowledge of all the thoughts and actions of men. As fire, piercing, penetrating, He has a most minute acquaintance with each one.

"Feet" denotes the outgoings of His power and of His providence, steady, firm, awful, pure, holy. He judges with perfect wisdom, and executes with perfect strength and firmness. There is Omniscience to discourse, and Omnipotence to reward and punish. What an idea of Holiness in the administration of the Church! How such an introduction would awe the Church into reverence and holy fear! How the cheek of the unholy would be mantled into crimson as he appeared!

As in the former letter, he who sees so much to condemn, is graciously pleased to present this Church of "sweet sacrifice" with a glowing commendation.

Their WORKS of personal dedication, of self renunciation, of personal devotement to God and His cause, of self-denial, of personal conquest. There can be little done for God, or for the Church by those who are indifferent to the state of their own hearts. Self-culture is most important to all who would cultivate the field of moral husbandry. "Give all diligence to make your calling and election sure." "Keep thy heart with all diligence."

Next to *self-work* comes *Charity*. "I know thy charity," thy love. The first sweet ripe fruit of the Holy Spirit, a holy affection of the soul, that has for its object God and all goodness. This love is the original spring of being, the soul of all virtue, the spirit of the new creation, the fountain of moral goodness, the root of all moral and spiritual excellence, the sunshine of Christianity, the atmosphere of heaven.

This charity becomes the prominent feature of a holy Church. She not only "lets brotherly love continue," not doing anything to mar it, but she cultivates it, promotes its growth, and recommends its possession. As a natural result of charity, there is Service; "I know thy *Service*," thy charity out working for God; service is love acting. Benevolence is well wishing; we have a great amount of that. Beneficence is well-doing; there is a vast difference between wishing and doing. This word "Service" has reference to the temporalities of the Church. "Choose," or "Look ye out among you seven men of honest report, full of the Holy Ghost and Wisdom whom we may appoint over this business," this service. Happy the Church whose stewards are honest men, full of the Holy Ghost."

Thy *faith*. There is justifying faith, supplicating faith, working faith, sanctifying faith, all conquering faith; this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith. It is not a notion, an idea, a sentiment, a sense, an emotion, a feeling, a reason; it is the soul's trust in Jesus, the soul saying yes to the promise of God and resting there. When "faith" is spoken of by the Apostles as a fruit of the Spirit, they mean faithfulness or fidelity. This may be its meaning here.

"Thy patience." That calm endurance of those evils over which we have no control. It is not insensibility, not stoicism, not indifference, not the result of opiates; it is an anodyne of God's own preparation; it is that grace which enables the child of God to bear affliction, calamities, and temptations with constancy and calmness of mind, and with a ready and cheerful submission to the will of God. *Pray* and *stay* are two very important words in Church life. A beautiful answer to "What is

patience?" was given by a little Scotch girl when her class was examined, she replied, "*Wait a wee and dinna weary.*"

"Thy works," as fruits of love, and evidence of faith, works that develop the principles of holiness and love. It is impossible that an inactive Christian should be a happy one. It is contrary to the laws of grace as well as the laws of nature. If you want to be happy, my dear reader, do go and work somewhere, somehow, for Jesus. No matter where, only the more sacrifice you make for Him, the more happiness will flow into your own heart. Go out among the poor and the neglected and help to cheer and bless them; among the sick and sorrowful and comfort them; among the ignorant and vicious and help reclaim them. It was said of this Church what could not be said of many Churches; they had continued to progress in good works, a growing in holiness, and love, and purity, and zeal: "The last more than the first," more in number, more in value, more in importance, and more in results. It is well to make proficiency in doing good, to have a growing likeness to God in mind and spirit.

The Church at Ephesus was best at first, and worst at last, but Thyatira's last works were best. Christians ought to grow in goodness, in love, in good works; there should be an increase in faith and holiness; our last days should be our best days, our last works the best works of our lives, our last fruit the fairest and sweetest fruit. Is it so? Do not some seem to outlive their usefulness?

The censure pronounced, "A few things." To ascertain the exact ground of this censure we must refer to a noted woman, Jezebel; gifted, artful, persuasive, resolute, proud, haughty, vain, and unscrupulous, she caused Israel to sin. Having position, power, wealth, and influence, she was able to do much in seducing and in driving from the right way. All her arts were tried to introduce worldly maxims and habits among God's people. The intercourse and companionship of the world was sought after, and in her last hour she pays more attention to painting her face and dressing her hair, than to a preparation for Judgment.

A person or party bearing her name, and representing her character, held a place in this Church, and exercised a potent power for evil in it, and she was not restrained or expelled. "Thou sufferest her." A Church Court should have removed such a blot from the fair fame of this Church. This party had used the name of God as a cloak for sin, had opposed the purity and progress of the work of God, had abused the patience and goodness of God, had mingled in the festivals and dances with the children of the world, and approved of the licentiousness and wickedness in those festivals, they had corrupted the truth, and their creed and conduct had a vital connection, the one with the other. Their creed being bad, their lives were not good. Unsound in doctrine, and lax in discipline, they were easily led into unholy practices. Holiness of heart has a great power to preserve the Church from error in doctrine, as well as from viciousness in life. It was sad to see a Church winking at wrong doing, or, in any way, or from any cause, permitting the world to mar her beauty, and tarnish in any way her honor.

The few words of reproof have scarcely ceased to echo in our ears, until we hear of *duty* and a *promise* to those who were not involved in that worldliness, and consequent weakness. A *promise*: I am coming, it will not be long. Hold on firmly to the truth, maintain purity of doctrine and of good works. "Hold fast" in the storm, hold fast a little while. The Parousia, or Second Coming of Christ is often urged as a grand motive to faithfulness and duty. "He is coming," "When He shall appear, we shall be like him," "Hold fast till I come." There is danger, be on your guard "Hold fast" by the fountain that cleanses from all sin. For you, there is *freedom*, victory, power, dominion, authority, strength, glory, and the morning star.

(To be continued.)

For the Guide.

I DO NOT WISH.

MRS. C. W. JORDAN.

I do not wish with curious eyes
To scan the book of fate,
And see my ups and downs portrayed
As in a mirrored plate.

Though tried and seemingly forsook,
The Word of God is sure
"All things to those shall work for good,
Who to the end endure."

Help me, Oh, Lord! on Thee to wait,
Thou seest my path in view;
With Thee is ever present *now*,
And nothing old or new.

Quiet my fears, control my will,
And make my life sincere,
God is His own interpreter
And makes His dealings clear.

I care not if in life I fail
To fathom all Thy plan;
Give me a heart to trust Thy love,
In harmony with those above,
Thou glorious Son of Man!

For the Guide.

"JESUS PRAYED."

REV. JAMES HARRIS, ONTARIO,

'Tis the hush of the midnight hour. In spirit we stand secluded on the mountain's summit. The olive spreads its ample shade above us, and the bright stars gleam down softly through the twittering leaves. The murmuring of the mountain torrent, the occasional scream of the night bird, or the stealthy tread of the beast of prey are the only sounds which fall upon our ear, save the sighing of the breeze: and the low tones of a manly voice, as if in earnest pleadings. We draw near, and now we recognize in the pleader, Jesus, the prophet of Nazareth. *He* prays, and from where the crowding multitude would seize Him to make Him their earthly king, has retired that He might pray. *He* prays! and what need then have I to pray? He, who is God's own Son, who never sinned, neither was guile found in His lips, *He prays!* and I catch the words "*Thy* kingdom come, Thy will be done as in heaven so on earth," "My kingdom is not of this world." He prays! and what sound is that? it seems as though it were the fluttering of angels' wings; is it *only* the rustling of the leaves? it voices like the whisperings of angels—is it only the soft sighing of the passing breeze? or are we come to Mount Sion, and to an innumerable company of angels, and to God? (Heb. xii.22.) Surely, we feel, "Lo, God is here, let us adore, and own how dreadful is this place. Let all within us feel His power, and silent bow before his face." What lessons may I learn here! *He* needs to pray! Then can I ever afford to live without it? He finds time for prayer. The busy day is all devoted to labors for others' good, those hours are too preciously consecrated to humanity, to be spent upon the mountain—his *day* is declining—the night of death upon the Cross draws nigh, and he must work while it is day. But the night of nature comes when no man can work, but he can pray, and his filial and oft-tried, and tempted spirit longs more for communion with His Father, God, than his weary body craves the indulgence of sleep. And can *I* not find time for prayer? Then farewell my piety. Adieu my love to *God*, and my zeal for men. No time for prayer! Let me rather rob my body of its needed rest, and my nights of their sweet repose than rob my soul of communion with God.

He found a place of prayer. "He had not where to lay his head, no humble cot he called 'home'; the poorest peasant richer than he, but he had a place of prayer." And to the solemn service he consecrated the mountains of Judea and Galilee. "The mountains," says the Author of *The Mount of Olives*, "are nature's monuments. Like the islands, they dwell apart, and, like them, they give an asylum from a noisy and irreverent world. Many a meditative spirit has found in their silence leisure for the longest thought, and in their Patmos-like seclusion the brightest visions and largest projects have been evolved. Afar off they arrest the eye, and their heaven-pointed elevations carry

the spirit onward to eternity. We do not wonder that excited fancy has sought relics of the Ark on the top of Ararat. And in the grim solitude of Sinai, it is solemn to remember, and easy to believe that the voice of Jehovah has spoken here. Elijah has made Carmel all his own, and the death of Moses must ever be Pisgah's diadem. The words," (and the prayers) "of Jesus seem still to linger on the hills of Galilee, their lilies forbidding thought for raiment, and their twittering little birds thought for to-morrow, whilst every grass tuft and scented flower has its own beatitude."

And can I find no place for prayer? Calvin Wooster, the John Fletcher, of Canadian Methodism, would find a place for prayer in the loft of the one storied log houses, where he was about to preach; and then, when his congregation had assembled, came down, like Moses from the Mount, with a countenance that glowed with communion with God. The wall of John Fletcher's chamber was discolored with his breath in the place where he was wont to pray. Bramwell spent the greater part of many days in prayer, and the atmosphere of the room where he prayed seemed to become permeated with holy and heavenly influences. No place for prayer! Oh sad heart that has no place to carry thy burden of grief and sin to; and there meet with one mightier than thee to bear them for thee. O weary, wanderer o er earth's burning plains, and desert sands: that has no asylum for thy weary feet—no gushing fountain of pure water for thy tormenting thirst! No place for communion with thy God, whose memories tell of glorious victories gained over Hell, the world and self, and whose associations ever point thee upward to a world of spirits bright, where there is fulness of joy and pleasure for evermore. But, Saint of God! Thou hast thy place of prayer; for a life of prayer is intimately blended with a life of holiness. Dost thou aspire after more holiness? Redeem more time for prayer Count not the hours as they swiftly or slowly speed away in thy closet. Plead, wrestle, agonize thy prayer—Nor ever quit thy hold till a voice from the mystic cloud which envelops thee proclaims "I will do this thing also that thou hast spoken, for thou hast found grace in my sight, and I know thee by name." (Exod. xxxiii-17.)

MAY YOUNG CONVERTS BE HOLY?

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "WAY OF HOLINESS."

Several years ago the writer received a letter from Rev. Mr. Heylin, Wesleyan minister, stationed in London, the great lessons of which suggest the duty of giving it to the public.

DEAR MRS. P——. Although I am in one sense a perfect stranger, I yet claim acquaintance with you, for I have read several of your works, and have learned something of you from your friend General Knapp. I owe you a great debt of gratitude for the profit which I have derived from your writings, and, as an acknowledgment of that debt, send you a copy of part of a letter of John Wesley, with which I think you will be pleased. (You can make what use of it you please.)

It has never been published, but I can vouch for its authenticity. It was addressed to Mr. Thomas Rankin, one of the first preachers sent to America, by whom it was given to a family connection of the present possessor. I copied it from the original, one day this week. It is addressed on the back,

"MR. THOMAS RANKIN, at Mr. Jarvis,"

and reads as follows.

EPWORTH, July 21st, 1774.

DEAR TOMMY:—In yours of May the 30th, you give me an agreeable account of your little conference at Philadelphia. I think C. Shadford and you desire no novelties, but love good old Methodist discipline, as well as doctrine.

I have been lately thinking a good deal on one point, wherein, perhaps, we have all been wanting. We have not made it a rule, as soon as ever persons were justified, to remind them of "going on to perfection," whereas, this is the very time preferable to all others. They have then the simplicity of little children, and they are fervent in spirit, ready to cut off the right hand, or to pluck out the right eye. But if we once suffer this fervour to subside, we shall find it hard enough to bring them again to this point. * *

Reading this letter, I thought, how singularly suggestive, that a letter written nearly a century since, by the father of Methodism, to two of the first ministers sent over to America, containing such important doctrine, should have lain unpublished nearly a century, and now be returned to a child of Methodism in America, who had long been engaged in humble endeavors to urge those who had been brought out of spiritual Egypt,

to go up at once and possess the good land.

"There is no small significance in this," was mentally ejaculated. Surely, it means that Wesley, though dead, shall yet speak; and more than ever, by instant in season and out of season effort on my own part, will I urge upon young converts the speedy attainment of holiness.

Only a day or two after the reception of Mr. Wesley's letter from England, an opportunity occurred. It was Sabbath afternoon. The services had closed; and, as the congregation was moving toward the door, I observed a young married lady passing on before me, who, but a few days previous, had been powerfully converted at the altar of that Church. The gracious Spirit whispered, "there is a young convert on whom you may test the principles of Mr. Wesley's letter."

"But," whispered an opposing spirit, "that convert is so happy and bright in the ardors of her first love, and has so recently been adopted into the household of faith, out of such irreligious surroundings, is there not danger of stumbling her, by bringing something new to her ears?"

"Is not this earnest, *new* convert the most fitting subject on which to test the privilege of young converts to enter the rest of faith,"? was urged. That she has so manifestly been going forward since her conversion, taking up her daily cross, and so exultingly reporting progress in the frequent social meetings, is unmistakably assuring to the Church, that she has not backslidden.

Remembering that some men in leading positions, had occasionally been in power over that Church membership, who favored the opinion that justification and entire sanctification are simultaneously received, and that persons feeling, subsequent to conversion, their need of holiness, as a distinct work of grace, was, because they had lost their first love, and were, more or less backslidden, I concluded that this remarkably bright and growing convert furnished the best possible opportunity to test the truth of Mr. Wesley's views, in relation to the duty of the Church in regard to young converts. No one, however skeptical, could say that this young convert had not been courageously holding on her way, from the time she had been so gloriously brought out of spiritual Egypt.

Hastening to her as she was passing down the aisle before me, I said, "Dear Sister M., there is much land to be possessed: it is the privilege of young converts to be holy."

With evident surprise she exclaimed, "O! if I had only been told that before, I don't believe I should ever have backslidden. I was converted when I was fourteen years old, but was not told that I must go on to holiness."

I had taken knowledge of her only as a young convert, having first met with her as an earnest seeker of pardon at the altar, a few evenings previous. And so ecstatic was her joy on that occasion, as she newly merged from Egyptian bondage, that the rapture of her soul was almost beyond physical endurance, and she sank down, well nigh powerless, as Jesus revealed Himself as her sin-pardoning Saviour. No wonder that I was now surprised to hear that she had years before been converted, but had wandered back again into darkness.

Ah! doubtless, there are many now in the way to perdition, who can look back to some point in earlier life, when they were converted, who, had they at once been urged onward by pastor and people to the immediate attainment of Christian holiness, might have had the bent to their backsliding taken away.

Said I to this hopeful convert: "Now, if you do not wish to backslide again, your way is all plain. There is no standing still in religion; the way to heaven is all onward and upward. It is the privilege of young converts to be holy." Dr. Clark, the learned Commentator, tells us that the distance from Egypt to Canaan was only a journey of about eleven days. Now, why not go up at once and possess this good land?

"A land where all the soul's desire
Is fixed on things above:
Where fear, and sin, and guilt expire,
Cast out by perfect love."

Any one that has traveled a way ought to know how to direct another, and the writer, many years since, was enabled, through the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, to find the way, and now pointed out the steps by which this young convert might get into the way of holiness.

(To be continued.)

For the Guide.

I SOUGHT AND FOUND.

R. L. BROOKS.

Oh, thou God of grace and glory,
Thou who art the sinner's friend,
Listen to my plaintive story,
And the needed succor send.

Here, beneath the cross I languish,
Here I wait from day to day;
Jesus, think upon Thine anguish
When Thou in the garden lay.

If the spirit does inquire,
What it is of Thee I crave?
This is all my soul's desire:
Full salvation now to have.

Though I feel that in a measure,
Thou dost give Thyself to me:
If it be Thy holy pleasure
Let me all Thy glory see.

Is it not the spirit's drawing?
Is it not the work of grace?
While Thy love I am enjoying,
Still, I long to see Thy face.

What is it obscures my vision?
What does now Thy face conceal?
Thou who art the bright Elysian,
Now to me Thyself reveal.

O, my faith is now increasing,
Now the cloud begins to move:
All my doubts and fears are ceasing,
All my soul is filled with love.

Yonder sits my smiling Saviour,
Here He reigns within my breast;
Through his condescending favor,
In His kind embrace I rest;
Sinks my pride and vain desire,
Now I into nothing fall—
What but this could I require,
Jesus is my all in all.

Calmly resting on His merit,
I enjoy transporting bliss,
All the fullness of His spirit;
Oh, was ever love like this!

For the Guide.

FIFTY YEARS' WALK WITH JESUS.

MRS. MARY D. JAMES.

(Continued from page 114.)

A SOLEMN ADMONITION in regard to over carefulness in housekeeping was soon after given by another visitor, which tended to deepen the impression made by the excellent counsel of the devoted Mrs. Baker. In the pale, emaciated face of that visitor, was scarcely recognized a valued friend and associate of earlier years. During the long separation, disease, and care, and sorrow had so transformed that beautiful and lovely one, that her friend was shocked to behold her, and to hear her tremulous utterance "*Mary, I have come to die with you.* I want you to help me to get ready for Heaven; I *am not ready;* I have not been living near to Jesus for a long time past."

Startled at such an announcement from one who had been a most deeply devoted and exemplary Christian, from her early youth, she exclaimed, "O, can it be possible that the rich experience of former years is no longer yours? I cannot bear to think that 'the gold is changed, and the fine gold has become dim,' which used to shine with such lustre to the glory and praise of God."

"Ah," said the sad one, with flowing tears, "it is *too true!* I have fallen and am in darkness, and almost despairing of salvation."

"How did you lose the precious pearl?" asked her friend.

"After my marriage," she replied, "the failure of my health rendered me unable to keep my house with the perfect neatness and order which I had been accustomed to do; my husband's limited salary being insufficient to meet the ex-

pense of efficient help, and the services of a small girl being all the aid afforded me. As I grew weaker, the want of order in my house became more and more trying to me, until, at length, I had yielded to fretfulness and repining to so great an extent, as to lose my peace of mind entirely. The Holy Comforter had fled, and I no longer enjoyed communion with Christ. The light that was in me had become darkness, and *how great is that darkness!* O, Mary, do you think I can ever be forgiven and restored? I have wept and prayed, and repented sincerely of my sin before God, but no ray of light has appeared. He has hidden His face from me, I fear, forever."

This dreadful recital was listened to with deep emotions of grief. Many and earnest were the efforts of her sympathizing friend to lead the poor wanderer back to the fountain of cleansing, while she was under her roof, and when removed to the abode of her parents, visits were made as frequently as practicable, and continual prayers offered in her behalf. The deepest contrition and earnest supplication on the part of the dying penitent till the last moment of consciousness indicated the sincerity of her heart, and furnished ground for assurance that through the atoning blood in which she trusted, she was accepted and saved; but no testimony was given; the dark cloud remained, and her disappointed husband and friends were left in gloom and sorrow to mourn the going down of that sun in a dense cloud, which had shone with such brilliancy in the morning of her Christian life. How sad to think she failed to have "an *abundant entrance*" into the port of rest, who had been such "*a burning and shining light—so useful, so pure, so loved and lovely* for so many years! That

ADMONITORY LESSON

was not forgotten by Mary, who had been tempted to exchange her place at the Master's feet for that of Martha, who was careful and troubled about many things, and from that hour, whenever tempted to be over-solicitous about household matters, the melancholy picture of that lamented one, "whose light went out in obscurity," would come up before her mind, and the fervent prayer would go up from her heart: "Oh, help me, Thou 'who givest power to the faint,' help me to lay aside those weights which drag the spirit down to earth, and keep it grovelling among the sordid things that perish with the using. Help me ever to soar above earth's cares, and 'find and talk with God,' even while mingling with those grosser things which claim my attention as a wife, a mother, and housekeeper."

What a warning to all such as are placed in a similar position, is that deplorable case above narrated, and *how many such there are!* Thousands of Christian women who feel so sorely the pressure of household cares, and allow them to weigh upon them so heavily as to keep them always bowed down, with their eyes toward the ground, like the man described by Bunyan, with a muck-rake, looking among the rubbish of earth, where just above his head was a crown filled with sparkling diamonds, but he saw it not, nor knew that *He whose hands held the crown was ready and waiting to place it upon his head!* It is a

GLORIOUS TRUTH,

that while domestic duties and cares necessarily devolve upon us, justly claiming a portion of our time and thoughts, it is possible through OMNIPOTENT GRACE to keep them from burdening our minds, and drawing our hearts from God. "Be careful for nothing, but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God; and the peace of God, which passeth understanding, shall keep your heart and mind in Christ Jesus," is a divine injunction, which *implies a promise of grace to enable us to do thus.* So with every other command of God. Then, if sufficient grace is *pledged* for all circumstances, for *every emergency in life*, and the spirit eyes be ever turned Heavenward instead of earthward, looking unto Jesus, "*victory all the way*" *will surely be ours;* and peace, and rest, and Heaven, even here, midst the turmoil, and cares, and troubles of our life journey. By the wondrous power of full

salvation in Christ, there are myriads of saints on earth, whose exultant song day by day is:

"Mid all the tumult and the strife,
I hear the music ringing,
Since Christ is mine and I am His,
How can I keep from singing."

When the music of His voice, who is "fairer than the sons of men" is heard above the din of earthly sounds, and He is felt to be the soul's portion, we may defy all the powers of earth and hell to disturb the peace of the inner temple of the heart. At the outer court there may be conflicting elements, and the fiery darts of the wicked may fly thick and fast, but they *can't penetrate the sacred enclosure where Jesus reigns.* "Thanks be unto God, who always causeth us to triumph in Christ, and maketh known by us the savor of His knowledge in every place" is the language of the victors walking in the "King's highway," and the glorified, "who through faith and patience, inherit the promises," all the way along through the wilderness as they "went up through the great tribulation," were saying those same precious words and singing the same victor song.

God grant that we "may," *indeed*, "be *followers of them*," escaping the pollutions of the world, and, having washed our robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, at last come off more than conquerors, "through Him who hath loved us, and given Himself for us."

For the Guide.

GOD IS LIGHT.

REV. E. DAVIES.

"This then is the message that we have heard of Him, and declare unto you, That God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all. If we say that we have fellowship with Him, and walk in darkness, we lie, and do not the truth. But if we walk in the light, as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." 1 John i. 5-7.

In the former verses the apostle has declared the dignity of the Author of the Gospel. He now brings an important message from Him, that pertains to all who profess the religion of Christ. Neither Moses nor the prophets gave full instruction concerning God or of communion with Him. It was Christ alone who could fully reveal the Father, for He was His only begotten Son, and the express image of His person. And Christ has revealed to us the glorious message:

I. That "God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all." Mark the excellency of His nature. He is so pure, so simple, so lovely, so immaterial that the clearest light is an emblem that serves to convey some true idea of Him. He is self active, uncompounded spirituality, the source of purity, wisdom, holiness, happiness, and glory. Then He is the fulness of that excellency and perfection which pertains alone to God.

Light is the purest, most subtle, the most useful, and the most diffusive of all God's creatures, and is therefore a proper emblem of the divine nature. God is to the human soul what light is to the natural world. Without light all would be dismal and uncomfortable, and terror and death would universally prevail. And without an indwelling God, what is religion? Without His all-penetrating and diffusive light, what is the soul of man? Religion would be an empty service, a dead letter; and to the soul a trackless wilderness, full of evil, terror, and dismay, and ever racked with realizing anticipations of future successive, permanent, substantial, and endless misery.

And for this very cause the apostle brings to the world this first and most glorious message, "God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all." He has no defect or imperfection. There is nothing in His infinite nature contrary to eternal and most glorious excellency, no mutability or capability of decay. But this, no doubt, has reference to his moral nature. God is pure, without any possible stain of moral pollution. It includes His jealousy and justice, which, like a flame, burn against sin. What more could be included in one sentence?

What more weight of meaning in one word or clause, "God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all"? Glorious message to this dark world!

II. Mark the conclusions that naturally follow:

1. "If we say that we have fellowship with Him, and walk in darkness, we lie, and do not the truth." To walk in this sense is to order and frame the course of the moral life. To walk in darkness is to live an irreligious and sinful life. To have communion or fellowship with God implies a partaking of the divine nature; such a reception of divine light, which cannot possibly exist in one that walks in darkness or lives in sin, hence those who say they have fellowship with Him, and walk in darkness, do lie, and do not the truth. This cuts off, at a stroke, all those professors of religion who yet live in the practice of known sin.

2. "If we walk in the light, as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another." "*As he is in the light*"—*i. e.*, *fully*, altogether—so that there is no darkness in us. Then all such recipients of this glorious light *have fellowship*. They blend and commune with one another as the rays of the natural sun, and so they become "the light of the world." Then, further, if we walk in the light as He is in the light, we all have the sweetest and most glorious fellowship with God. We become deeply experienced in divine things, so we converse with God and God with us. God and the holy soul are in constant correspondence. Glory be to God for this blessed fact!

3. The last glorious result of this fellowship is, "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." Here is a happy allusion to the meritorious cause of our fellowship—the precious blood of Christ—and the glorious fact is stated. If we continue to have fellowship with God, we shall continue to test the efficacy of the blood to cleanse us from all sin—from *all* sin inward and outward—from every blot and every stain. He is a whole Saviour, and can cleanse from all sin. Observe the verb is in the present tense—*cleanseth*, continues to cleanse all who continue to walk in the light as God is in the light. It keeps clean what it makes clean.

Dear reader, is this your blessed experience? It is your privilege, and *therefore* your *duty*. Fly to the blood, and fully test its saving power.

For the Guide.

MY PORTION.

J. H. BATTERSBY.

Though wand'ring without rest,
Daily, in Jesus' breast,
A home of peace and love
Continually I have:
Content and happy in His grace,
Receiving joy in ev'ry place.

Though dark the tempest low'r,
And Hell's terrific pow'r
Designs my overthrow—
Surrounds the path I go,
Yet, there comes streaming from above
The rays which densest darkness move.

Through opposition strong,
And trials, dark and long,
I mean to fight my way
Unto perpetual day;
Trusting alone in Jesus' arm
Who deigns to help a feeble worm.

And when the war is o'er,
And trial is no more;
When in the Saviour's breast
I find eternal rest;
Let might and praise forever be,
Merciful Lord, ascribed to Thee.

GRAVESEND NECK, L. I.

THE SABBATH,

The saintly Rev. George Herbert, "the Sunday preceding his decease, rose suddenly from his couch, called for one of his instruments, and having tuned it, played and sung one of his own stanzas:

The Sundays of man's life,
Threaded together on Time's string,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife
Of the eternal glorious King;
On Sundays, heaven's door stands ope;
Blessings are plentiful and rife;
More plentiful than hope."

For the Guide.

DEW DROPS.

M. ANNESLEY.

Jesus said to Matthew, "follow me," and he promptly left all and followed Jesus. Friend, have you obeyed the first call, or have you needed the repetition with the rod? It is best to obey the kindly voice of the Lord and Master, and at once yield your will to His; His times and seasons are best.

When Peter said, "bid me come unto thee on the water," he did not think that it depended on his own faith, whether he would be able to walk on the water or not.

How often it is so with us. We expect Jesus to do some great thing for us without the exercise of our own faith, and to weaken our faith we look at the winds and waves, instead of looking to Jesus for his help. God blesses us in doing our part, then grants his help.

One has said, Christ and I cannot be two, we must be one.

Praise to God is the voluntary offering of the heart, and blessed are they who keep a continual psalm in the heart.

"No," replied one who was invited to go to a church to hear an amusing preacher. "I do not go to church to be amused; but if that was what I wanted, I could find plenty of it without going to church."

Gods commands have their promises; thus the ways of righteousness have their everlasting gains.

Faith promptly obeys.

Sometimes we feel as if the remainder of life is an earnest errand of faithfulness.

The purity and dignity of Mordecai's character afflicted Haman with keen anguish in his refusal to bow to the great courtier. Satan always aims his keenest shafts at the purest souls. "For the Lord hath spoken it." That is sufficient and the thing shall be done. Get the answer that the Lord will do as you desire, and you may rest in expectation of the full accomplishment. There is no failure in the word of the Lord.

For the Guide.

EPITOME OF CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

S. CUMMINGS.

Having long professed justifying grace, and being a believer in the doctrine of sanctification, I have ever been disposed to read productions bearing on this theme; and the more I read of the experiences of those in possession of its blissful realities, the more interested I become upon the subject. Its indispensable necessity became more and more apparent by the enlightening power of truth brought to bear by the agency of the Holy Spirit. Having seen and read the "Guide to Holiness," many years since, I became a subscriber to the precious work, and have pored over its pages from year to year, finding it delightful nutriment for my soul. Indeed, I resolved never to dispense with it, on account of the salutary doctrine therein contained. Also, I eagerly sought other works of this character, namely: Mrs. Palmer's various productions on the subject, Dr. Peck's Central Idea of Christianity, Baptism of the Holy Ghost, by President Mahan, Rev. L. Dunn's Mission of the Spirit, etc; these I read with avidity, and endeavored through Divine aid to struggle into liberty, but all seemed partially unavailing. My faith was too weak to grasp the proffered boon of holiness and purity. The immaculate character of God seemed to hold me in restraint. I could not but advance and become stronger in faith as all obstructions were removed. The Spirit of God made plain the sources from whence sprang my unbelief, and kept me from entering upon the full enjoyment of perfect love. As it was with the children of Israel concerning their enemies, so it was by little and by little that I could vanquish the spiritual foes which had possession, and which prevented an undisturbed enjoyment of the inheritance. This, I am satisfied, need not be the case with all who desire to possess the full benefits of the kingdom of Jesus, but it was thus by long and persevering efforts, through Divine help that I became freed from all sinful besetments, and was able to command that faith

which believes unto full salvation. Not only all things directly and positively forbidden in the Word of God had to be resisted, overcome and cast aside, but even lawful pleasures, and what is doubtless recognized by most professing Christians as legitimate gratifications, and which are clung to as indispensable and dear as a right eye, had to be totally renounced before I could receive a gracious and welcome audience before the presence of the King, whose holiness forbids and spurns all impurity. And only when every thought, word, and deed which was a grievance to the Holy Spirit, was forever denied and rejected, and I had made a complete consecration by placing all upon the altar as the Lord's rightful claim, subject to His disposal, did the gracious Sovereign of heaven hold out the sceptre of mercy, and bid me welcome to His presence. 'Twas then that the veil was lifted, and the all-atoning merits of Jesus became visible to my inner vision. I could now easily claim the infinite sacrifice as all sufficient to save unto the uttermost, and that through the blood of the Lamb I was clean and spotless before the Father. I felt conscious that I was fully saved, and entered into the rest of faith. My soul was melted as wax before the fire, and my great desire was that Jesus would so indelibly stamp His image upon this emolliated clay, that it should never be effaced. My feelings now indicated that all was well, but I was tempted to doubt, that the great work of sanctification was wrought within and throughout my being. It was suggested that surely this is but a partial work, as I had been expecting something overwhelming in its character. I determined, however, in view of the eternity before me, to cling to what I had already attained unto, and to strive by an unwavering faith in the all-sufficiency of Jesus, to go forward, being convinced that God would not leave me without the evidence satisfactory (if faithful) of the needful work being accomplished.

Since the foregoing was written, I have been holding audience with the Triune Deity, and the divine unction has been distilled upon my soul as the gentle showers upon the mown grass. A settled peace is mine, and, thanks be to God, I can now drink at the sweet perennial fountain which proceeds from the heavenly throne, and go forth with a glad heart. Bless the Lord for a salvation unlimited, and because the unmerited favor and love of God is vouched safe unto the most unworthy of His children. Thus may our peace flow as a river, our happiness become complete by giving ourselves without reserve a consecrated offering and oblation unto God; by becoming crucified unto the world, that we may become alive unto God, through our risen and exalted Saviour. With a faith taking hold of the full provisions of the Gospel of Jesus, I would sing:

"Let me thy witness live
When sin is all destroyed;
And then my spotless soul receive
And take me home to God."

One week later. I still have access unto God through the mediation of Jesus, and believe that He is able to keep that which has been committed unto Him until the day of His final coming. But it has occurred to my mind that the work which has been effected is but the incipient stage, which leads onward to still greater manifestations of spiritual knowledge and power, which is so desirable to the faithful Christian; that this process is but preparing this earthly temple for a habitation of God through the Spirit.

AUSTIN, Texas, March, 1873.

THIN COLD HAND.

OTISVILLE.

John R—— lost his mother when he was but twelve years of age. Short though her life with him had been, it was a valuable one; for she was a pious mother, and with her child's first breath consecrated him in prayer to God. As he grew up, it was her custom to teach him to pray kneeling at her knees, and then she would kneel beside him, and pour out her soul in tenderest supplication to God to prepare him for usefulness in

this life, and a glorious immortality in the life to come.

But a few days' violent sickness brought the mother to the gates of death. The family and friends were hastily summoned around the death-bed. "Put my hand on Johnny's head," and then she prayed, "O Lord, into Thy hand I commend my boy. Bless him, and make him a blessing." And after adding, "Farewell, world; welcome, Jesus!" her ransomed spirit fled to be glorified with the Lord. These were trying times for that dear boy.

For some years he did well; but dissatisfied with slow and steady success, he fell in with the crowds that are constantly driving West, and there hasted to become rich. New associations gradually diverted him from the steady habits he had formed in boyhood. He began to neglect the house of God. The Sabbath must then be spent in amusement. Dissipation followed, and he gradually sunk, till in a few years his companions were among the most degraded of a large western city. The lowest dens of vice and sin were his favorite haunts, low rum saloons his home, while the oaths of the blasphemer and the filthy song were music to his soul.

Exhausted with revelry and rum, one night, amid the oaths and laughing of his companions, he sank down upon the floor in a state of stupor. His mind wandered back to better days—the home of his boyhood—the room of death—his mother! All stood before his semi-unconscious mind in panoramic view. Then the thin, cold hand on his head, and the fervent prayer, "O Lord, into Thy hand I commend my boy. Bless him, and make him a blessing."

He started up and rushed to the door.

"Hallo, Jack! What's the matter? delirium again, eh?"

But John was gone, gone never to enter such a place again. Fearful struggles and untold agony racked his almost shattered mind for many days; but the thin, cold hand on his head, and the prayer sounding in his ear as if it were the voice of an angel with God's own trump, never left him, until another and sweeter voice spoke to his soul the words of grace: "Return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon thee, and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon."

It is over fourteen years since that mother's prayers were answered. Prosperity returned to him again; and though a busy merchant in a large city, he finds time enough to pay his vows which he made to God fourteen years ago, that if God would again return to him with His favor and grace, he would spend one-fourth of his time and one-tenth of his wealth in missionary effort to bring the degraded of the city to the knowledge of the Lord. "It was her hand on my head and her prayer in my ear that saved me."

For the Guide.

MY EXPERIENCE.

MRS. MARGARET JONES.

While earnestly desiring to be a Christian, I attended a weekly meeting for religious experience. A young man present said he had been converted to God, but on leaving home for a foreign land, and being deprived of the services of the sanctuary, had lost the evidence of his acceptance, went back to the world, expressing regret that he had not gone on and obtained the blessing of entire sanctification, that he might have been more fully established. The thought flashed across my mind, "This is what I will seek for, as soon as Jesus owns me for his child." It was not many months after this that the words, "Daughter, go in peace," were spoken to me; and then the question arose in my mind, not "Is it for me" this great blessing? for I believed it was, but "How in my weakness and ignorance am I to obtain it?" knowing that as long as there were remains of sin in my heart I could not be a meet helpmate to my husband in the Divine life, could not properly train up my children for the Lord, or do my duty to my neighbor or my friends—that I must love the Lord with all my heart, and then I would love my neighbor as myself; and now

I thank God that he helped me to feel that I would not rest without it, and my desires became so strong that I was willing to become a beggar upon the street rather than not obtain it. The day of the Lord is near in the valley of decision.

In prayerfully seeking for light, I was led to see there must be an entire *consecration* to God of all my redeemed powers, time, talents, influence, will—*all*; and in reading "Faith and its Effects," and the "Way of Holiness," was there reminded that the Word of God teaches that Christ is the Christian's altar, and that whatever touched the *altar* was made holy; the altar sanctifieth the gift. In bringing my gifts there, and thinking all was given up, found I was not willing to confess before men this grace when received; this was always my greatest cross; but I was enabled at last to say: "Yes, Lord, before thousands if it be Thy will; for with the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation."

After arriving at this point, and trying to exercise faith, found unbelief in my heart, that which keeps so many away from Christ. Before this, had not seen the great sin of unbelief; but now it appeared in such a light that I pleaded earnestly with God for help against it. The idea of doubting the Word of God, when I would be ashamed to doubt the word of a friend, grieved me much.

While passing through this exercise of mind, went to visit a friend, whose little son was in the habit of singing for me. When I asked him to sing "There is a fountain filled with blood," etc., and as he came to the words, "I *do believe*, I will *believe*," just then I rested on the words, but thought no more about the matter until the day following. In attending to my household duties, the Lord whom I sought came suddenly to His temple, and my soul was filled with praises, such as, "My Redeemer from all iniquity, I will praise Thee," "Bless the Lord, O my soul!" Many years have passed since that, and, through grace, I am enabled to place daily all on the altar that sanctifieth, and realize that moment by moment I am cleansed and saved from sin. The words, "If any man will do My will, he shall know of the doctrine," were greatly blest to me when seeking.

BRANTFORD, Ont.

For the Guide.

HEAVENLY REST.

A. M. H. G.

How sweet the thought to the true follower of Christ that after the toils, trials and sorrows of this life are ended, there are mansions in his Father's house awaiting him, "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest." Yes, a sweet haven of rest, peaceful, calm and refreshing to the weary ones of earth—to the careworn, broken-hearted who have ofttimes longed to depart and be with Christ, bask beneath His heavenly smile, and enjoy His blessed presence forever. To him they are a comfort such as earth cannot give in the dark hour of trouble, grief and sadness—a comfort which stills the heart's repinings and quells the tumult there.

The Christian's watchword is ever upward and onward in the path of duty, patiently bearing the cross if need be, following close in the footsteps of his ever-blessed Redeemer, till the goal is reached at last—a home not made with hands—eternal in the heavens.

O happy, happy home! Thrice happy he who is wise here in early choosing this pathway, whose light beams more and more resplendent and glorious as it approaches the gateway of heaven, and finally enters the Rest prepared for the children of God.

"A Rest so calm and sweet,
A bliss that earth ne'er knows,
A Rest with loved ones gone before,
In undisturbed repose."

But for the ever blessed consolation and assurance that a kind Father's hand guides and leads the Christian, his heart would ofttimes fail him, and in despair and anguish of spirit he'd well nigh be ready to exclaim: "The burden is too

great for me to bear, the cup too bitter to the taste!" But, though called to pass through the furnace of affliction and trial here, he will only be purified and the better fitted to enjoy the Rest promised those who, through patient waiting endure to the end. Yea, though he pass through the deep waters they will not overflow him, and sure he will not fear, for the Divine rod and staff will comfort him.

"Repent, believe, and trust,
He'll surely keep His vow;
He bids thee ever welcome
To this Heavenly Rest above,
To enjoy His blessed presence
Where all is peace and love."

For the Guide.

SPEAK KINDLY TO THE ERRING.

MRS. M. E. B.

Speak kindly to the erring one,
Whate'er his errors are,
None are so *vile* but that I ween,
Some *virtues*, too, are there.

Speak *kindly*, then, to fallen man—
And try to lead him on
By pleasant words, to happiness
While God your days prolong.

Speak kindly to the erring one,
Perhaps your words may prove
A blessing to direct his steps
In ways of peace and love.

Speak kindly to the erring one,
For, Oh! you can't forget—
(Though sunk in degradation low)
He is your brother yet.

Act wisely, then with all mankind,
And try to do them *good*—
Then if you should not *always* win,
You'll stand approved of God.

DEATH NOT A PURIFIER.

There is naught
In the unloosing of the mortal tent
To alter or transform immortal minds.
The gentle still are gentle, and the strong
Are ever strong. Innumerable traits
Each from the rest distinguish. It is true
There lies a gulf impassable betwixt
Salvation and perdition, heaven and hell;
But Oh! the almost infinite degrees
Betwixt the saved and lost.

BICKERSTITH.

Loved Ones Gone Before.

MRS. LUCY A. HERRICK,

Wife of Rev. S. R. Herrick, Pepperell, Mass.

On Sabbath morning, July 28th, 1872, the Master called, and there went up from earth to the society of the blood-washed throng, one of the purest, truest, and noblest of Christian women. It is often said that "death loves a shining mark." This was never more true than in the present instance; and concerning her it could be most truthfully said, "none knew but to love, and none spoke but to praise."

At the early age of thirteen years she gave her heart to God, and put on Christ by a public profession of her faith in Him.

Through a Christian life of forty-two years, she "walked and talked with God," and has left to her deeply afflicted husband and only daughter, the rich legacy of a Christian character and history, without a blot. Naturally distrustful of herself, she sought daily and earnestly the guiding hand of Jesus, the leadership of the Holy Spirit, and the instructions of the divine Word. The Bible was her constant companion; and secret prayer was loved and observed most untiringly. Her seat in the sanctuary and in the social services of the church, was never vacant, unless sickness or severe storm prevented her attendance. For nearly forty years she was a teacher in the Sabbath-school, and few teachers were more honored and loved than Mrs. H—. Christ and His great salvation were the one theme about which she loved most of all to talk, sing, and pray. She was an invalid three years; but all her sufferings were borne with exemplary patience and fortitude. It was very interesting and profitable to watch the ripening of Christian character, and the development of her Christian graces. The sun of her religious life became full-orbed, and has set behind the hills of a glorious immortality. "The memory of the just is blessed."

MRS. SARAH A. MACCRACKEN.

REV. GRANVILLE MOODY, D. D.

Mrs. Sarah A. Maccracken, whose death at the age of over 74 years, occurred on the 25th of February last, was the only daughter of Gershom Craft, an attorney, of Trenton, New

Jersey. Her father was spared to her till her tenth year; and, being a "Friend," brought her up in that faith. She inherited his talents and imitated his virtues, and retained the spirit and manners of the "Friends;" and her quiet virtues and sweet simplicity shone on to the close of her life, bright as the evening star. In childhood and early womanhood, she was surrounded with all that wealth, education, and refinement could give, to aid the development of her mind, morals, and manners; which, added to uncommon comeliness of person, gave her prominence in every circle of society.

In 1816, while a resident at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, she became the bride of the late General Samuel Finley Maccracken, then an enterprising merchant of Lancaster, O.

In 1820, she experienced the renewing of the Holy Spirit, and became a communicant in the Presbyterian Church in Lancaster; but, 20 years later, during the pastorate of Rev. Wm. P. Strickland, D.D., in the Methodist Episcopal Church, in that city, she became a member of his charge, as the doctrinal basis and other peculiarities of that Church were more in accord with the Arminian sentiments of her early education.

She was very happy and useful in her new Church relationships, and enthroned herself in the confidence, and received, as she deserved, the affection and esteem of the membership of the Church. She adorned the doctrine of God her Saviour, and gave fullest proof that her heart was conformed to the nature, her will subdued to the authority, and her life devoted to her Redeemer, in the love and practice of religion. She resembled Hannah, the mother of Samuel, and Elizabeth, the mother of John, who walked in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord, blameless.

Her mansion was the loved retreat of the way-worn itinerant ministers of the Gospel. A minister, on entering Lancaster, asked a citizen where he could find the Methodist parsonage; he replied, on such a street, but pointing to the residence of the deceased, said, "There is where the preachers generally stay, and they are always welcome."

Her liberality to all departments of benevolent effort was proverbial, and her left-handed benefactions returned in heartiest benedictions from the beneficiaries of her bounties.

Holiness of heart and life was her steady aim and most cherished theme, while she modestly spoke of her personal experience of the deep things of God. If divine illumination of the mind, separation from sin, entire consecration to God, the subjugation of self-will, the purification of the affections and their elevation to God in supreme love, with a life coincident, constitute evangelical holiness, then she possessed Gospel purity, and added the beauty of holiness to all her excellencies.

Mrs. Maccracken was endowed by her Creator with intellectual faculties of a high order; she evinced quickness of perception, soundness of judgment, a retentive memory, eminence in power of reasoning, and exquisite æsthetic tastes. The flowers that bloomed around her Eden-like home, and the order, beauty, and elegance within her residence, spoke, with a still small voice, of the more glorious archetypes of her mind; while her conversational powers made her an instructive and charming respondent. Indeed, we may say unhesitatingly that she filled the full measure of womanly glory so graphically drawn by "King Lemuel" in the last chapter of Proverbs.

The immediate cause of her death was a fall, which occurred as she was passing through a room in her residence. From the date of the fall she constantly grew worse. Last Monday she said: "It is all for the best. It is all right. God's holy will be done!" While the earthly house in which her sainted soul had dwelt so long, was being dissolved, she sank into oblivion! God changed her countenance, and she sweetly passed away.

> "Death came; dear envoy of her God,
> And bore her to his blest abode,"

where purity unstained and bliss unalloyed shall cleave to her soul in endless fellowships, and the raptures of her bliss and the value of her honors shall be equaled only by their perpetuity!

Her work was done! She had borne her testimony for Christ as she had journeyed over the mosaic of her earth life! Her witness is in heaven; her record is on high! Her vouchers are on every hand, and the fragrance of her life

> "Smells sweet and blossoms from the dust."

The Church in Lancaster has lost a burning and shining light! The community has lost one who was an honor to her native place!

Her son and grandson mourn their irreparable loss, and rejoice in her countless gain! The writer had the privilege of preaching her funeral sermon on Friday the 28th ult., to an immense audience, in the Methodist church in Lancaster, where all classes vied in honoring her memory.

MRS. CATHARINE MORRIS.

Mrs. Catharine Morris, wife of Mr. Salem Morris died near Memphis, Mo., January 29th 1873, in her 68th year.

For near 40 years she lived the life of a consistent member of the M. E. Church, which she so dearly loved. But she not only loved her church, she loved dearly her Saviour. Her Bible, God's Sanctuary, with all its means of grace. The prayer-meeting, and the class-room, those rich feasts to the hungry soul. Loved to visit the widow and and the fatherless, to administer to the afflicted and needy, and now no doubt but she has her reward.

She was greatly in love with the doctrine of holiness as taught in the "Guide," and dearly loved its monthly visits, so richly freighted with deep heartfelt experience of God's love to His chosen ones of earth. Particulary the dying testimonies of the saints, who through Jesus' blood, came off more than conquerors. Though called away suddenly from the bosom of her family, from a peaceful happy home, to a sweeter one in that pure bright world undimmed by sorrow's tears; they mourn not as those without hope, being assured that our loss, though irreparable, is her eternal gain, and while she yet lay a corpse, I had the sweet assurance given me that in the sweet bye and bye I shall meet my mother in the land of glory.

"Yes we'll gather at the river."

E. M. M.

Rose Ridge, Mo., 1873.

Editorial.

BE YE ALSO READY!

Seldom have we been so startled by an announcement as that contained in the *Newcastle Chronicle*, March 26, just received from England, as we were on the eve of going to press, giving an account of the funeral services of Cuthbert Bainbridge, Esq.

Late last Autumn we parted with him, he having made us a visit of several weeks, accompanying us to Camp and other meetings, scattering the seed of the kingdom wherever he went. He was one of the most lovable witnesses of perfect love we have ever met. In that blessed world where he has gone to live forever, hundreds, as the cycles of eternity move on, will doubtless greet him as having been instrumental in imparting spiritual good to them. He was filled with the Spirit. By word and deed he manifested in all the minutiæ of every day life, that holiness is the power that inaugurates and sustains all the institutions of Christianity, and wins the world to the Redeemer.

The depths of our heart's affections are stirred. Little did we think as we parted with him so recently, to cross the ocean for his distant home, that manly form was so soon to be laid in the dust, and the sweet heaven-born spirit ascend to the God that gave it. The time when he began his earnest career heavenward is fresh in memory. It was near the midnight hour, in his father's house where we resided during that wonderful outpouring of the Holy Spirit, when in five weeks thirteen hundred were gathered out of the world and enrolled in the ranks of the saved. Cuthbert had known something of salvation before, but had not known the blessedness of establishing grace. Something had occurred that gave both himself and friends to see how much he needed it. We had retired to our room, after a day of memorable conquests, when our presence was urgently called for, to an exciting scene in Cuthbert's room. A great and tearful contest with his will, and the entire ascendency of Christ to live and reign succeeded; but the result was glorious. We must pause: as we are in hourly expectation of a letter giving particulars of the illness and last days of one so useful and beloved. We can only append at present, a brief account of the obsequies as taken from the *Newcastle Chronicle*.

FUNERAL OF THE LATE MR. CUTHBERT BAINBRIDGE.

The funeral of this deceased gentleman took place yesterday, the obsequies being of a most solemn and impressive character. The

relatives and more immediate friends left Leazes Villa shortly before eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and proceeded to Brunswick Place Chapel, where a large congregation had assembled. The employees of the firm with which the deceased was connected, numbering about three hundred, occupied the principal portion of the body of the spacious edifice, every part of which was well filled, and all present being in mourning attire. The service commenced with an appropriate hymn sung by the congregation, Mr. Probert accompanying on the organ. The Rev. H. J. Pope then offered up a touching prayer. Portions of Scripture were read by Rev. A. Dyson, and after another hymn had been sung, the Rev. J. Bush, superintendent minister, delivered a short address. The reverend gentleman spoke of deceased as a man greatly beloved. In proof of that, he remarked, they need not look beyond that assembly. Any one who might have been at the prayer meeting on Sunday evening would have found abundant evidence that his death has made that house a house of weeping. He was a singularly successful class leader: for during a period of two years and a quarter he had gathered what represented sixty-six persons meeting in class. In him there was a beautiful combination of these three things—diligent in business in the world, fervent in spirit in the Church, and serving the Lord always in the world and in the Church. He was full of activity all the day long, and yet he found time to hold quiet converse with his own heart; for after so much business he took a small book, on one page of which he wrote Scripture texts, and left the other blank for remarks, one of his most recent entries in this book being, "Through faith in Christ Jesus, and the love of God, I am completely delivered from the fear of death." At the conclusion of the service, the funeral *cortege* was formed in Brunswick Place. The hearse, drawn by four plumed horses, was followed by six mourning coaches, the first of which contained Mr. E. M. Bainbridge (deceased's father), Mr. T. H. Bainbridge, Mr. E. M. Bainbridge, jr., and Mr. G. B. Bainbridge, whilst the rest were occupied by the following gentlemen: Rev. Luke Tyerman, Mr. D. B. Armstrong, Mr. J. G. Fenwick, Mr. J. B. Hudson, Mr. G. Armstrong, Mr. J. G. Benson, Mr. T. Forster, Mr. D. L. McAllum, Mr. J. J. Brummell, Rev. J. Bush, Rev. H. J. Pope, Rev. A. Dyson, Ald. Muschamp (Mayor of Gateshead), Dr. Nesham, and Dr. Lightfoot. The pall-bearers were Mr. T. Bushell, Mr. J. Scott, Mr. Cawood, and M. O'Lawther. The employees walked four abreast, and fourteen private carriages made up the remainder of the procession, which proceeded up Northumberland Street, Barras Bridge, and along Jesmond Road to the old Cemetery, where the remains of the deceased were interred. As a mark of their respect for the deceased, the inhabitants of the streets through which the procession passed drew down their blinds. The Rev. H. J. Martin, Vicar of Newcastle, the Venerable Archdeacon Prest, and the Rev. J. Lintott joined the *cortege* at the gates of the cemetery. The service at the grave was conducted by the Rev. Luke Tyerman. The arrangements for the funeral were carried out under the superintendence of Mr. J. Davidson.

Since preparing the above, a letter from the Rev. J. E. Page, one of the Editors of the *King's Highway*, has come to hand, giving further particulars of the departure of our beloved brother.

WAKEFIELD, ENGLAND, APRIL, 1, 1873.

Our beloved Cuthbert Bainbridge is dead! I cannot tell you my feelings as I write those words. The gentle, true, loving spirit has gone from among us, and in England, here where such men are so greatly needed, one of the most faithful and consistent witnesses of perfect love has passed away. Some of us feel it to be the most mysterious providence we have known for years. It is only a week or two since he wrote to me that he was passing through Wakefield, and would like me to ride a few miles on the train with him; and what a half hour we had! What an edge it put upon my soul! When we parted, he begged me to pray for him, and said few knew what need he had for grace. By the next post he sent me "Wood's Perfect Love," which he had brought from America with him; and now he is gone! I feel myself painfully and personally bereaved, and have wept for him as for a brother. "How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle. O Jonathan, thou wast slain in thy high places!" It seems that the last entry in his diary was the text "And deliver them who through fear of death,

were all their life subject to bondage." And then a word to say, That through God's goodness he was perfectly delivered. He was delirious the whole time.* Fifteen hundred persons attended his funeral, and "devout men carried him to his burial, and made great lamentation over him." The good Lord grant that his mantle may fall on some of us who have known him, and that we may be in a blessed sense, "baptized for the dead."

God is raising up more and more witnesses to His full saving power. The same day that I was mourning over the intelligent and dear C. B's. removal, came a letter from a beloved brother minister, telling me that God had given him the rest of perfect love. I went to see him yesterday; he met me at the railway station, and before we had gone many yards, he laid his hand on my shoulder and wept like a child. He is making a good confession, and in the town where he ministers, a revival is in progress, and over sixty have been converted within the last two weeks. At Normantown, in this circuit, on Sunday, we had nearly 20 in distress last Sunday night, and God's arm was made bare. Glory to our Saviour! He shall have all honor and glory, as men are saved by His gracious power. I am sure the sanctifying work is going on: God is awaking a craving which nothing but Himself can satisfy. May He bless us on both sides of the Atlantic, with a widespread sweeping revival of holiness.

DO THE SCRIPTURES TEACH THAT JESUS WILL COME AGAIN?

The disciples saw their incarnate Lord taken up after His brief sojourn on earth of thirty-three years. It was while they stood gazing, as the cloud received Him out of their sight, that they saw two men in white apparel. Said these two angel visitants: "ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? This *same* Jesus which is taken up from you into heaven, shall *so come* in like manner as ye have seen Him go into heaven."

And how had they seen Him go into heaven? Why, it was on a cloud. Yes, dear reader, it was the *same* Jesus that was born in a manger: that as the Man of sorrows, walked the streets of Jerusalem, and all the regions round about; who sat weary and thirsty at Jacob's well; who was arraigned as a culprit before Pilate's bar; whose feet and hands were nailed to the rugged tree; whose head was crowned with thorns; whose side was pierced by the Roman soldier,—yes, the *same* Jesus, whose glorified body these waiting disciples now saw taken on a cloud to heaven.

Wonderful, indeed, the thought! Glorified humanity is now in heaven, and He who ascended, will in like manner descend. And O, how cheering to the now bereaved disciples, to be reminded by these messengers from the Eternal City, that their Almighty Friend,—He who had, while with them, been as man with men, in sympathy with them in all their heavenward aspirations,—their loves and trials, was surely to *come again*. Of this He had plainly and repeatedly told them. Surely had He said "I will come again, and receive you unto myself." But the mock trial, the crucifixion—ay, death had intervened; and now as the Father himself loved them, it was only befitting that love, that He should send those two angel visitants to say, "*this same* Jesus which is taken from you, shall so in like manner come again.

Not only had Jesus repeatedly spoken of His coming again, as the Son of Man, (see Matt. xxiv. 30; xvi. 27: Luke viii. 26, etc.,) but the prophets had also foretold it. Daniel, in visions of the night, saw and "Behold, one like unto the Son of Man came with the clouds of heaven, and came to the Ancient of Days, and they brought him near before him; and there was given him dominion and glory, and a kingdom that all people, nations and languages should serve him. His dominion is an everlasting dominion, which shall not pass away, and his kingdom that which shall not be destroyed."

That Jesus will come, and receive all His saved, redeemed household unto Himself, is a truth beyond controversy, and one upon which many of His disciples love to dwell. But *when* will He come.

While Jesus was still with His disciple, just before His ascension, the question was asked: "Lord, wilt Thou, at this time restore the kingdom of Israel?" The curiosity of the disciples was checked by the answer: "It is not for you to know the times or the seasons which the Father hath put in His

* C. B., died of Typhus Fever after four days illness, aged 32 years

own power. But ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you," etc. This notion of a temporal kingdom of the Messiah was, and is to this day, the great delusion of the Jewish nation. So says Lightfoot. Was it not this mistaken idea of the disciples that our Lord here reproves ; and yet it would seem that through the increase of power which was to come upon them when baptized with fire, or in other words filled with the Holy Ghost, an increase of light might be expected. Never after the Holy Ghost fell upon them do we hear more of their former cherished hope of the establishment of an earthly kingdom for the Jewish nation.

THREE POINTS;

OR, HOW TO BE SANCTIFIED NOW.

It is important to observe that there is an inseparable connection between these three points, says Mr. Wesley. Expect it by *faith*, expect it as *you are*, and expect it NOW. To deny one of these is to deny them all. To allow one is to allow them all. Be true, then to your principles, and look for this blessing *just as you are*, neither better nor worse : as a poor sinner that has nothing to plead but Christ *died*, and if you look for it as you are then expect it now ! Stay for nothing. Why should you? Christ is ready, and He is all you want. He is waiting for you, He is at the door!

News Along the Line.

WORKS AND WAYS FOR JESUS.

VISIT TO EVANSTON.

On Thursday, March 19, we left New York for a visit to Evanston, Ill. A little before midnight on Saturday evening, we reached the home of our long-cherished sister in Jesus, Mrs. Bishop Hamline. The residence of our beloved sister H. is beautifully situated on the banks of the broad sparkling Michigan Lake, with delightful surroundings of large forest trees, and soul companionship of congenial mould. We were grateful to find that Sister Hamline, though not well, is not as feeble in health as the newspaper reportings suggest. Though borne on time's hasteful wing to the age of three score and ten, her heart seems young as ever, and her spiritual and intellectual faculties vigorous and healthful.

It was not our design to enter upon any special services here, as we seemed to need rest greatly, preparatory to entering upon a series of services in Michigan the coming week. But an ever-controlling desire to do what we can in our humble way, in scattering the seed of the kingdom, induced us to yield to the importunities of the beloved pastor, Rev. Dr. Briggs, and take the morning and evening services on Sabbath, and a few afternoon and evening meetings during the week. Several sought and obtained the blessing of holiness, principally students of the Biblical Institute. May they make their lives sublime, as way-marks in the King's Highway ! On Saturday morning we left for our promised field of labor in

JACKSON, MICHIGAN.

The approach to this enterprising, pretty young city, as first seen from the Railroad, does not strike the stranger as specially favorable, particularly on a wet day. But a short drive will convince one that it really ranks among the most handsome, enterprising, little cities in the West. Here are beautiful churches, large business houses, splendid villas, with artistic surroundings, suggestive of good taste and a reputable community. We arrived on Saturday, near evening. The excellent pastor, Rev. Joseph Jones, being temporarily ill, we were met by a brother in Jesus, J. M. LaClear, and taken to the pleasant residence of E. J. Connable, Esq., who, with his amiable lady, took pains to make our sojourn delightful.

The M. E. Church edifice in this place, is commodious and imposing, presenting an inviting battle-field for the Christian warrior, if fully equipped. But we did not find the Church prepared to come up at once to the help of the Lord against the mighty; and during the first few days our faith was tested as seldom before. God's Israel could not go out before their enemies, because their was a trespass in their midst. Seeds of discord had been sown. Some, who in the judgment of charity we believe did not intend to do wrong, had erred in not putting forth earnest *endeavors* to keep the unity of the Spirit. And what can be more grievous in the sight of the God of battles, whose name and nature is LOVE, than strifes and divisions among those who

have been begotten together in the bowels of Christ.

If one can conceive the distress and humiliation of Joshua, when lying on his face, because of his utter inability to lead forth the forces of Israel to conquest, then our distress and humiliation may be imagined, while vainly endeavoring to press the battle to the gate. We felt that the Captain of God's Israel had said, "O Israel, thou canst not stand before thine enemies, until ye take away the accursed thing from among you!" Thus a week passed in efforts to be faithful to the people, yet little comparatively was done.

IMPORTANT MEETING.

On Sabbath morning, by previous and very special appointment, we called a meeting of *members only*, at an early hour, under a sense of responsibility inexpressibly solemn. Believing that the blood of souls would be on that church community if there were not mutual forgiveness, we entreated each to forgive and forget past trespasses, even as God for Christ's sake forgives and remembers no more against us forever. Expediency suggests that we should not particularize or linger over these matters. But eternity may reveal, that in the eye of the all-seeing, this was one of the most important meetings for the interests of the cause of God ever held in that Church edifice. The Prince of Peace took the lead, and ere the close of that early morning Sabbath meeting, there was a general shaking of hands, in token of heart fellowship, amid tears and Alleluias! And what a day succeeded! All was light, glory and power during the 10 1-2 morning service. The divine presence was a felt realization.

SCENE IN SABBATH SCHOOL.

In the Sabbath School, Jesus revealed Himself wonderfully in convicting and saving power. We told the young people how we were enabled to close in with the offers of mercy and acceptance in our youthful days, and how the good shepherd had carried us as lambs in His bosom ever since, and entreated all who would at once decide for Jesus to present themselves as seekers, when nearly the whole school arose and pressed forward, the youths of the Bible classes in their young manhood and womanhood being the first to lead the way. Many were in tears. The sight was overwhelming. The large Church parlor adjoining the Sabbath School room was opened, and in less than five minutes crowded to overflowing with seeking ones. When it could hold no more the doors were shut, and a meeting was held by Mr. Pilcher, the beloved Superintendent in the Sabbath School for those who had decided for Christ who could not obtain entrance in the Church parlor. Scores professed to find the Saviour, many of whose names now stand recorded as probationers.

SHOWERS OF BLESSINGS.

Sabbath evening the Spirit was mightily abroad in the congregation, convincing the people of sin, righteousness, and a judgment to come: and from this time forward the altar was crowded daily, both afternoon and evening with seekers. Scores obtained, we trust, the sanctifying seal, and many more the blessing of pardon.

The Lord sent in ministers and people largely from the surrounding country, some coming from over a hundred miles and remaining days. Many received the baptism of fire, energizing their powers to work for souls as never before. Zion travailed, and brought forth. Many sons and daughters were born into the kingdom of grace. That holiness is the power that brings the Church into immediate sympathy with Christ in love for souls, was here, as ever, in connection with our labors, demonstrated. As characteristic of the spirit of labor that prevailed, said one:

FOUR INSTEAD OF ONE.

On Sabbath I gave myself entirely away to the Saviour, and He accepted me. I asked that He would give me one soul this week. It was suggested, why not ask two? And again three? I then thought, why not four? And so I asked that the Lord would give me four, and He has given me all four the first day. This was on Monday evening, and the four that she had brought to Jesus, had all been saved at the altar that evening.

Many remarkable answers to prayer might be recorded. The teacher of the young men's Bible class presented the request at one of the afternoon meetings, that the young persons under his care might be converted. The special and importunate request brought a special answer, and before we left, he had the privilege of seeing several of them brought to Jesus. The teacher of the young ladies' Bible Class made a similar request which was in like manner answered.

"ALL RIGHT NOW."

An interesting young lady, whose appearance indicated that she was in friendship with the world and might be loth to give it up, came forward again and again, unable to obtain the witness of her acceptance. Knowing the willingness of God to bless, I assured her that the difficulty must be from an unwillingness on her part, to do something that God might require. Inasmuch as it stands written that "If in anything ye be otherwise minded, God will reveal even this unto you," I insisted on her asking immediately, that God would reveal the reason why she was not blest with a sense of acceptance. She did so. As I approached her on the evening of the same day, I observed her countenance beaming with joy, and she exclaimed "all right now!" She afterward told me, that on asking, the Lord revealed to her, that though she had been willing to come out, to confess before the people at Church her resolution to follow the Lord fully, she had not expressed her resolve to her relatives at home; and it was this that had hindered her access to God. Soon as she did this, Christ revealed Himself as the Altogether Lovely.

"I DO BELIEVE."

Among the penitents was one deeply bowed in grief. When Dr. P. inquired what he would have Jesus do for him, "To know that my sins are pardoned," was the answer. "How can you doubt the willingness of God to grant you the desire of your heart?" said Dr. P., when He has said, "him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out." God has endowed you with intellect, and He knows that you have the power to reason. He therefore says, "Come now, and let us reason together: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." He *commends* His love to you, that is, asks you to look at it. God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life. God's gift is a Saviour, and gifts are free. He started up and cried out with amazement, "I DO BELIEVE! Praise the Lord, I DO believe," and in almost a bewilderment of joy, passed round among the people, shaking hands, exclaiming, "Praise the Lord, I *do*, I *do believe!*"

WORKING FOR JESUS.

Many of those who had newly enlisted in the service of Jesus, pledged themselves, with others, daily to bring some new trophy to the Lamb of God. The success of some of these was remarkable. Said two young ladies of winning address, who seemed fired with divine energy: "To-day we have invited about two hundred. We have visited every saloon in the city. It is wonderful what respect the people have paid to the invitation to come to the house of God. In the saloons they would lay aside their cards, and listen. With some we knelt and prayed, and several thus invited have been at the altar seeking the Lord. We heard of but one that spoke unkindly, and roughly refused the invitation; he was a lawyer; and afterward repenting, went, and sent an apologetic note, regretting his indiscretion." Such were the well-directed manifestations of zeal, that not a few were ready to exclaim, "we never before saw it after this fashion!" Over one hundred were added to the ranks of the newly saved. But we have exceeded our bounds in describing the gracious conquest, and the admonitory suggestions connected with our memorable visit to Jackson. Seldom have we become more attached to any field of labor, or left with more regret. From the hour that the cloud of mercy broke upon us, we witnessed one continued scene of triumph, ever on the increase in blessedness. "Now, thanks be to God, who always causeth us to triumph in Christ, and maketh manifest the savor of His knowledge by us in every place."

GRACIOUS TIDINGS.

The subjoined letter, descriptive of a Tuesday meeting in New York, was sent by a Congregational Minister to the editors during their recent absence from the city:

Your letter was a blessing to me. From the time I read it the Tuesday meeting was on my mind and heart by day, and in the night watches, and I think every night I was up some little time in prayer about it. And when Tuesday came we had such a meeting! It was the opinion of some that we had never enjoyed such a season in that highly-favored place. Notwithstanding the unfavorable state of the weather, a large number were present. The meeting commenced by the reading of John I., chap. 4, from seventh verse to the

end, and singing the hymn, "O for a heart to praise my God, etc." Your request for special prayer in behalf of the meetings in which you were about to engage was then read from your letter, and a few other requests which had been sent in, and two or three from persons present were added. Then we *all* went to the Throne of Grace, and it seemed to me there was more than usually a spirit "*of one accord.*" Brother Browning lead in prayer, and was much assisted. The petitions for yourselves were very special, and betokened not only faith in God, but much love. Our dear Sister Lankford was also alluded to with much tenderness.

After the season of prayer I took the liberty to read some portions of your letter, and I think they produced the same spiritual impression on many that they had done on myself. The meeting went on, as it had begun, in a very gentle and fervent spirit. The speaking was almost, without exception, reasonably brief, and yet with great freedom. It seemed as though everybody was in a state of mind to be pleased with all that was said and done. A number of the testimonies were very impressive. Among them I might mention those of Dr. Ward, Sister Searles, Brother Parker, Brother McAllister, and Sister Bottorne. A sister (I should think a Presbyterian) from Mount Pleasant, Ohio, gave, in connection with her own precious testimony, an account of a wonderful outpouring of the Spirit in that place. She stated that the Friends, assisted by Methodists and Presbyterians, had united in a six days meeting for the promotion of Holiness. The meeting was intended for the benefit of Christians, and it was to close at the end of six days, but it could not stop there; it continued thirteen days. I think she said there was not one address to the unconverted. All the addresses were made "*to those who stood on the Rock, but were not hid in the cleft,*" (what a beautiful figure to express the condition of the Church), and yet one result of the meeting was that three hundred souls were converted to God from the world. She related one instance of conversion, which displayed the awful power of the Holy Ghost so as to fill the community with amazement. This sister's address was listened to with rapt attention, and made an impression that will not soon wear away. She spoke with the greatest propriety, and every word seemed to have power. It is not wonderful that the devil should have tried to keep such a woman silent. In relating her own experience she spoke of her long and earnest efforts to obtain the blessing in which she had been willing to give up husband, children, possessions, everything—only she could not speak in public—she could give all to God but her tongue. At last this also was yielded, and she entered the valley of blessing, where still she abides.

It was increasingly evident towards the close of the meeting that the Spirit was working mightily in the hearts of the people. There was not much outward excitement, but the power of the Spirit within could not be entirely repressed. There was holy joy among the purified, and deep solemnity among the seekers.

When the question was put to those who desired to be hid in the cleft of the Rock, an unusually large number arose. It was then asked whether there were any unconverted ones present who desired to have prayers offered for their salvation? (And here I may state that not a word had been addressed directly to such during this deeply interesting meeting.) Three or four arose, probably all of that class present. Brother Parker led in a fervent prayer. When we had sung the Doxology the people could not cease from praise. They immediately broke out joyfully with—

"Then will I tell to sinners round, etc."

As soon as that was through—

"Take my poor heart, and let it be, etc."

And then—

"Now I am Thine, entirely Thine, etc."

At length, amid many expressions of holy joy, the Benediction was pronounced by Brother Sever. May God make this the beginning of a brighter dispensation among that company whom he has always so greatly blessed.

Brother Parker urged upon us the importance of making our lives a *protest* against the state of the Church.

EDEN, OHIO.

While cheered and encouraged by reading in the "Guide" what the Lord is doing in other places, we would contribute something for the encouragement of others by telling what He has done for us in this place. During

a part of the month of February a series of meetings were held, conducted by our beloved pastor, C. F. Creighton, which resulted in the salvation of a number of precious souls, and the *sanctification* of several believers. The meetings were *very* interesting; the brethren of the two Churches (Methodist and Presbyterian) mingling together in brotherly love, with only one desire predominant—the promotion of the cause of Christ. The doctrine of Holiness with us is one which has been but little thought upon, or preached until the coming of Brother C. among us. He has labored faithfully in trying to impress upon the minds of this people the importance of embracing this great doctrine. The Lord has already blessed his labors, and, we trust, will much more abundantly bless them. Glory be to God for such a precious doctrine, and for faithful, earnest ministers to preach it.

March 12th, 1873. S. C. B,

BOWERSBURG, ILL.

The readers of the "Guide" will rejoice to learn that the Lord has graciously remembered Bowersburg, Hancock County, Ill., during the past winter.

A protracted effort, under the charge of the pastor, Rev. D. C. Burkett, commenced 24th of December, and closed March 23rd, resulting in about 175 conversions, and about 140 accessions on probation. There were, also, some six or seven professed the blessing of perfect love. All glory to Jesus!

WORK OF HOLINESS AT EDINBURGH, N. Y.

Glory be to God for his manifested power in sanctifying the members of the M. E. Church in this place. For years there had been a difficulty. After the protracted meeting began it was manifest that this thing must be settled. A meeting was appointed for this purpose, when all present were asked to tell what they knew about heart holiness. The Spirit of God helped them to confess, and a general shower of melting mercy fell upon us, and we all realized the presence of the Comforter, and all desired the blessing of a clean heart, or had it already. This prepared the way to settle the trouble, and soon the Angel of Peace, yea, the God of Peace, came among us, and this Society was saved, and the reproach was removed, and all hearts rejoiced. Our meetings have been as blessed and glorious as we could expect. A deep conviction is on the community, and souls are coming to Christ. Thus God continues to put seals on my commission as an Evangelist. And just across the river there is another ripened field waiting for the reapers, and we expect a mighty harvest.

April 14, 1873. E. DAVIES.

GO THOU AND DO LIKEWISE.

WAYSIDE DOTTINGS.

SALLIE E—.

We take by permission dottings of a few weeks past, from the wayside gatherings of one of Christ's little ones, whose position and opportunities for usefulness do not exceed ordinary Christians in the common walks of life. Will every reader of the "Guide to Holiness" ask, may I not go and do likewise? Thousands now unsaved might be won over to Jesus in less than a month, if all who profess entire devotion to God would thus exhibit the fruit of holiness, by *daily* instant in season, and out of season efforts. The fruit of holiness is the conversion of the world. It was the latest command of the newly-risen Head of the Church, "Go ye into all the world and *preach the Gospel to every creature.*"—EDS.

A LADY SAVED.

On December 31st, 1872, a lady upon inquiring about some of my friends, I answered her, and also remarked, no matter when I hear from them, or how I am treated by them, I always have found Jesus to be the same. That remark brought conviction upon her, and in a week from that time, on January 9th, she called upon me, and before leaving she gave her heart to Jesus, and received the witness of her acceptance. Three weeks afterwards she gave her *living* powers to Christ, and was fully saved. Her testimony since then is, the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.

CHARLEY SAVED.

On the evening of January 10th a gentleman called, and during the evening his conversation turned upon light and frivolous things. I said to him, Charley, I always make a practice of asking the Lord to let everything I do glorify Him, and I hardly think this conversation would glorify God. We changed the topic. When he was leaving (as is customary with me) I said, let us kneel and give thanks to God, for He had surely favored us with His presence, and I felt

that our conversation had truly glorified the dear Lord. We knelt in prayer. Two weeks afterwards he came and gave his heart to the Lord, and was accepted, and is now enjoying the smile of Jesus.

HAPPY LOOKING FACE.

Jan. 12th.—A lady called, and desired me to give her my experience as I was so happy looking. I related it, and then talked to her about her spiritual health, the Lord speaking through me, helped to show her the simplicity of a full trust in Jesus. She has been trusting the Lord, and claiming Him as her full Saviour, and is now rejoicing in Jesus as able to save unto the uttermost.

THE REQUEST FOR PRAYER.

Jan. 14th.—A lady asked me if she might send in a request for prayer at the Tuesday meeting. I found she was not a Christian. I asked the Lord to speak through me to her, so after talking about the life of a Christian she left. Two days afterwards she returned and gave her heart to Jesus, and was saved. Afterwards, upon presenting Jesus as her full Saviour, she claimed the promise by faith, and received the uttermost salvation.

IN THE CHARIOT.

Jan. 20th.—A lady said she had made a full consecration, but had not received the blessing. Upon talking with her for a short time, I invited her to call on me. She called that evening. As she was relating to me all she had done, and to no effect, I remarked, by way of trying her will power, if you were to fall upon going home to-night, and be so injured as to be laid on a bed for twenty years, could you say, Thy will be done, O Lord. Upon thinking the matter over she found that her will was not all given up to Jesus, and upon further conversation the Lord showed her that she was still clinging to unbelief, but, upon asking for strength, she was enabled to place all on the altar. Two evenings afterwards she gave in the following testimony: "She said for a great number of years her experience could be better expressed in this way, for all these years she was clinging to a chariot; she still would cling. Some times she would get her foot on the step, and then would ride a short distance, but then getting her foot down on the ground she was compelled to run with the chariot, and still cling, but for the two days past she was in the chariot sitting down, riding with Jesus."

PROFITABLE EVENING.

Feb. 7th.—A company of ladies asked me to spend the evening with them. I told them it was my prayer meeting evening, and I could not very well do so, but if they would all join and turn it into a prayer meeting I would gladly accept the invitation. So they agreed to the proposal, and during the meeting two were brought under conviction; one was saved that evening, the other one resisted the voice of the Spirit until March 26th, when she gave all up to Jesus, and was sweetly saved.

SIMPLICITY OF TRUSTING.

Feb. 19th.—A lady who had been under conviction for some time called, and the Lord enabled me to show her the simplicity of trusting. She was sweetly saved before leaving the house.

WEARY AT REST.

Feb. 18th.—A gentleman that had often requested prayers at the Tuesday meeting came to me, and said, I wish you would pray for me. He said he had given everything to the Lord, but had not received the witness. Upon talking a little while with him, the Lord enabled me to point out to him what he was still clinging to. Upon making an entire consecration he entered into that rest which the Lord has promised to the weary and heavy laden.

WASHED IN THE BLOOD.

March 1st.—A gentleman called to see Dr. P.; he not being at home, I, upon talking with him, found his errand was for spiritual instruction. Feeling my own weakness, and nothingness, but having perfect trust in the Omnipotent, and knowing that if I would only open my mouth the Lord would speak through me. I said that perhaps the dear Lord would use me as the instrument in His hands to point out the way. This gentleman came in, and the Saviour, true to his promise, did fill my mouth, and he was fully saved. About a week afterwards at the Tuesday meeting, when the hymn was being sung, "I have overcome through the blood of the Lamb," as we were told to raise our hands, he, standing alongside of me, remarked, "praise God, I can hold up both hands to that now."

TEXT TO PREACH FROM.

March 11th—Having occasion to go into one of our large stores while purchasing some goods, the clerk seemed disposed to be very

familiar, after buying all I needed from that department, I laid the money on the counter. He remarked, "you have bought this and paid for it, shall I send it home?" The Holy Spirit just then reminded me that would be a good text to preach from. I said, "No, sir, I will wait to receive it." I then said, "I have bought it, paid for it, and now will wait to receive it." That is just what dear Jesus did for us. He bought us and paid for us with His blood, and He is now standing waiting to receive all that will come to Him. That with some other remarks made to him, brought him under conviction, and two days afterwards was sweetly saved, and now is rejoicing in his new found Saviour.

"A RICH JOB."

March 11th—As some roofing was being done, the person engaged in doing it happened to be in the kitchen talking to the servant as I passed through. I heard him telling of a young man dying of consumption. I turned around and asked him if that young man was prepared, he said, "No, he is not a Christian." I then said, "well you are at a very dangerous business, working on those roofs, how is it with you?" He told me he would be afraid to die. I just then asked Jesus to speak through me. We had a conversation which resulted in bringing him to see his lost condition. He left that night promising to give his heart to Jesus, but returned on April 3d in a very despondent state of mind, but before leaving the house was happy in the knowledge that he had found his Saviour. He still goes on his way rejoicing, and told Dr. P., it was a very rich job for him.

BEST SEAT AT THE WEDDING,

April 1st.—A young lady, a particular friend, called on me to tell me of her wedding, and wanted to know if I would attend. I said yes, I would go, if I could only be sure that Jesus was to be one of the invited guests. I said you know Jesus goes to weddings when invited. She looked at me, and I saw her eyes were filled with tears. I then said, Jesus loves you so much better than *Will* can love you, and He would like to claim you for his bride. Upon a little farther conversation, she gave her heart to the Dear Lord, and was accepted. She now says that Jesus shall have the best seat at her wedding, and I, the Lord willing, will be only to happy to attend.

WILLING TO BE NOTHING.

April 1st.—A young lady at our meeting asked me to pray for her. She was seeking full salvation, I then asked the dear Lord to help me show her the way to Him as a full Saviour, and trusting Him to do the work, I asked her a few questions, and before evening, she was enabled to claim Jesus as her full Saviour. At a meeting afterwards, she said she was always willing to be something, but Jesus had made her willing to be nothing, and He filled her with His love, and she knew that His blood cleansed from all sin.

A CHILD BORN INTO THE KINGDOM.

April 13th.—Happening to take a class in Sunday-school whose teacher was absent, I spoke to the class of giving their hearts to Jesus. One little girl seemed very much impressed. I then directed my conversation more directly to her, and before Sunday-school was over she had been born into the Kingdom.

Correspondence.

TUESDAY MEETING IN NEWBURGH.

The attendance upon this precious means of grace is still small. How few alas really love holiness! This is the comparison. But thanks be unto God, in the aggregate there are multitudes who are testing by daily experience the efficacy of the cleansing blood, and this number is being increase through the instrumentality of the meeting in Newburgh, N. Y.

On Tuesday after Easter, the recent festival was to some extent the theme, and gave cast to some of the testimonies. The meeting was opened by a lesson from John, 20th chapter, with singing, "And let this feeble body fail," &c. After prayer the company joined in the words, "Jesus lover of my soul," &c. The leader Dr. M—, gave some items of his personal experience in connection with the return of Easter, and enlarged upon the lessons of the Scripture reading.

A Brother spoke of the analogies of his experience with that of Paul, setting forth the Apostle to the Gentiles as a definite professor of full salvation in the testimony, "I am crucified with Christ," etc., and intimating

the probable period in Paul's Christian life when he entered this higher state of entire submission upon receiving the answer to his prayer, "My grace is sufficient for thee," and closing by saying that like this apostle *he* was "forgetting the things that are behind," etc., making *all* occasions, days, weeks, new-years, festivals, etc., new points of starting afresh with renewed vigor and purpose in the heavenly race.

Other testimonies, such as, "Jesus is mine—all his life and spirit are mine," "I never saw so much before in Jesus for me to enjoy," "I am so glad I ever saw that clearing stream," "I am trusting in Jesus and know that He can save to the uttermost," were interspersed with singing, "Jesus loves me," "Clinging to the Cross," "Cleansing stream," Trusting Lord in Thee," and thus the hours rolled sweetly by leaving all in attendance stronger in faith, and really doing what the meeting was designed to accomplish —*promoting holiness.*

One sister, who has been constant in attendance upon this meeting, gave most decided evidence of recent soul growth in her comments upon Jesus' recognition of Mary after His resurrection, and in the truthful prayer she offered at the close of the exercises.

W. G. BROWNING.

EDMUND J. YARD AND HIS WORK FOR JESUS.

Our beloved correspondent, Mary D. James, writes :

I send you an extract of a letter just received from my brother, Edmund J. Yard, of Philadelphia, Pa., in which I am sure you will be interested. For more than 50 years he has been a visitor at the city hospital, devoting every Sabbath afternoon to the poor suffering inmates, hundreds of whom he has brought to Jesus, a large proportion of them having passed away to the bright world above, and many others on the way thither often hailing him on the heavenward journey with a sweet message by letter or otherwise, showing that their faces are still toward the heavenly city. Although in his 76th year he continues in this blessed work, never missing a Sabbath unless absent from the city or sick. He writes as follows : "I found in the hospital recently a dear Russian boy of 19 years, whose leg had been amputated. There he lay, and could not speak a word of English, nor understand a word. Last Wednesday I took him a Russian Testament. *The joy he manifested was wonderful.* He motioned to me to put a chair behind him, and fix his pillows, so that he could sit up. He then *grasped the book with both hands, as if he would devour it.* When he had read nearly through Matthew, and came to the account of the crucifixion of our Saviour he *burst into tears, and wept excessively.* He has nearly gone through the book. His *whole appearance is changed—has a sweet smile all the time*—and whenever I looked at him yesterday he almost *laughed for joy.* I wrote my name in the book, and his also, showed it to him, and kissed his dear cheek. The poor Russian cannot *talk* to me, but he *talks with his God.* And to see *his shining face, O, what a privilege!*"

Rev. J. Hartsough, in a private note says: Wife and I have this season visited Dyersville, Eastville, Davenport, 14th Street Church, and Monticello. Pardon and purity have been the great themes which God has honored most graciously to scores on scores of souls. The several pastors have gone hand in hand with the work.

EPWORTH, Dubuque Co., Iowa.

The Tuesday Meeting.

Meetings for the promotion of holiness are held at the residence of Dr. Palmer,

316 EAST 15th STREET,

opposite Stuyvesant Park, at 2½ o'clock, every Tuesday afternoon.

Dr. and Mrs. P. being absent laboring in Michigan, the Rev. H. Belden took charge of the meeting. After requests for prayer were read, Brother Browning opened with prayer.

Rev. H. Belden.—I came here with a stronger expectation of blessing to-day than usual. This grows out of the fact that I have made this meeting a subject of prayer. At night I am much awake, and then I pray for this meeting. I received a letter from Sister P., which did me good. I take the liberty of reading it although it is private :

"I have thought much of doing no harm. The Lord gives us judgment and discretion. I have a sweet confidence in the Lord Jesus. I have a sweeter confidence because I am in

the midst of the beloved ones. If we love one another, John said, we love God. Let great liberty characterize our testimony to-day."

GUIDED BY THE SPIRIT.

Dr. Ward.—I think Sister P.'s request in her letter is that we would all give ourselves to the guidance of the Holy Spirit. I saw last summer the benefit of pursuing this course from the beginning to the close of the meeting. Everything was so done that it could be said it is of God, I realize more and more here and elsewhere the blessed privilege of being guided by the Spirit. We should let the blessed Holy Ghost guide us. The hearts which are here panting for God will be reached by us, if we are in the Spirit and under its guidance.

I am learning more and more of my own nothingness day by day. I get away from frames and feelings. I am rejoicing in Christ. If Christ's glory is to be manifested through these lowly ones, how should our hearts be knit together in love.

NOTHING TOO GOOD FOR JESUS.

A Brother.—I should like to repeat the remark made by Brother McLean just as he was passing away in January last, and add that it ought to be said in a million of families. When he removed the meeting for Holiness from Bedford Street Church to his beautiful parlors, he said, "I have nothing too good for Jesus." I realize that the indwelling Jesus —the at-home Jesus—is my complete Saviour.

DIVINE GUIDANCE.

Rev. Brother Browning.—In connection with Brother Belden's opening remarks, and in the letter of Sister P., I am led to say that we ought to be more and more under the guiding of the Holy Spirit. Some do not speak who ought to speak—some of us speak too long.

A few years ago it seemed that it was my duty to take charge of a meeting something like this. I knew my unfitness, but purposed to leave all to God. So in faith I again and again lifted up my prayer to God, and He guided us, so that there was no need of trying to steady the ark.

A FELT WANT.

Presbyterian Elder.—This afternoon I can express my feelings no better than in Dr. Watt's hymn—

"Lord, how delightful 'tis to see,
A whole assembly worship thee,
At once they sing, at once they pray,
They learn of heaven, and lead the way."

I rose up at the commencement of the meeting because I had a want to express. I am an elder in a Presbyterian Church, but feel the need of a deeper baptism. This want has been sensibly felt ever since I began to come here, which has been for two years.

GLADNESS IN THE LORD.

Sister Searles.—My heart is brimful of gratitude to God, and I must speak. There never was a time when I rejoiced so much in God, and never a time when I thought so little of myself.

I never shall forget a sister saying to me, "*Look up just as you are.*" It did more for me than all my tears. I am saved inside and out, Jesus' blood cleanseth. There never was a redeemed sinner who felt more glad that Jesus redeemed them with His own blood than me. I am so preserved in the Lord that morning noon and night I am asking what can I do for Jesus? I have had a fight with the Devil all the time about telling to others what Jesus has done for me, but I am determined to go right ahead on this line.

LIVING IN HEAVEN.

Rev. Brother See.—In former times I had so many burdens for myself that I could hardly get a burden for others. Praise the dear Lord it has become sweet to pray. Prayer for hundreds of others who are burdened, and praise that He has taken my burden away. I come with undoubting confidence that if I do not get just what I ask for, I get something better.

I am a *reckoner*. God reckoned me justified through the blood of Jesus, and now I reckon myself sanctified through His precious blood. Now it is easy work, easy preaching. Formerly I lived a sort of ideal life, but now I know that Jesus saves by the working of the Holy Ghost, and the divine indwelling of the Father and His Son.

I have all things, and abound. The dear Lord blesses me. My people come to me, and say, "Tell me, is this so." I have never been in such a heaven as I live in now. It is growing brighter and brighter.

WHAT GOD HONORS.

Rev. Mr. Hamblin.—When I went to my

people last spring, they came and said, "What shall we do?" They were discouraged. I said let us get nearer to Jesus. Our meetings increased in numbers, and now our house is full. God puts honor on heart-purity. Souls are being cleansed, and sinners are being converted.

"INIQUITY OF HOLY THINGS."

Rev. Mr. McA.—Sister P's. request was so politely and appropriately put, that he could not help thinking of it, and then it brought to his mind what he had been reading in the morning from the 28th chapter of Exodus, "where Moses was commanded to make a plate of pure gold, and grave upon it, like the engravings of a signet, HOLINESS TO THE LORD. And thou shall put it on a blue lace, that it may be upon the mitre, upon the forefront of the mitre it shall be, and it shall be on Aaron's forehead, that Aaron may bear the iniquity of the holy things, which the children of Israel shall hallow in all their holy gifts, and it shall be always upon his forehead, that they may be accepted before the Lord." Our great High Priest wears this for us now. It is for our sins of the head, that is our errors of judgment, for good people sometimes make mistakes, as when, perhaps, we speak too long, etc.

Children's Corner.

STOP TO WEIGH.

One morning an enraged countryman came into Mr. M.'s store with very angry looks. He left a team in the street, and had a good stick in his hand.

"Mr. M.," said the angry countryman, "I bought a paper of nutmegs here in your store, and when I got home they were more than half walnuts; and *that's* the young villain that I bought'em of," pointing to John.

"John," said Mr. M., "did you sell this man walnuts for nutmegs?"

"No, sir," was the ready reply.

"You lie, you little villian," said the countryman, still more enraged at his assurance.

"Now, look here," said John' "If you had taken the trouble to weigh your nutmegs you would have found that I put in the walnuts *gratis*.

"O, you gave them to me, did you?"

"Yes, sir. I threw in a handful for the children to crack," said John, laughing at the same time.

"Well, now, if that aint a young scamp, said the countryman, his features relaxing into a grin as he saw through the matter.

Much hard talk and bad blood would be saved if people would *stop to weigh* before they blame others.

"Think twice before you speak once," is an excellent motto.

Book Notices.

A Beautiful bound copy of the GUIDE TO HOLINESS, for 1872, has been lying on our table for notice some time past. Of its editorship we must leave our readers to judge. It contains a finely executed likeness of the sainted Cookman, engraved expressly for this work. Price, $1 50, 14 Bible House.

A CRITICAL AND EXEGETICAL COMMENTARY ON THE BOOK OF GENESIS, with a new Translation. By James G. Murphy, LL.D., T.C.D., Professor of Hebrew, Belfast; Author of Commentaries on Exodus and Leviticus. With a Preface by J. P. Thompson, D.D. New York City. And an Introduction by Alvah Hovey, D.D., President of Newton Theological Institution, and Professor of Theology and Christian Ethics. Boston, Estes & Lauriat, Publishers.

This is a highly useful, and interesting volume, and is a timely antidote to much of the negative and destructive criticism upon the Pentateuch, which has so largely obtained in this and other countries. The merits of the work are a nice and critical analysis of the text, a candid consideration of alleged difficulties, a common-sense view of the principles of interpretation and a philosophical clearness and comprehensiveness in the statement of inference or of doctrine.

YESTERDAY, TO-DAY, AND FOREVER. This is a cheap, handsome edition of Bickersteth's inimitable Poem, with a Portrait of the author.

We have before given our views of the surpassing excellence of this poetical vision. It is full of noble thoughts, beautiful diction, and high imagination, and more than all penetrated with a spirit of holiness which cannot fail to purify and sanctify the mind of the reader. Price, $1 25. Carter & Brothers, 530 Broadway.

SCRIPTURAL HOLINESS.

This truly excellent book of nearly 200 pages is made up of a series of papers, issued in tract form, which during months past have been largely circulated to the spiritual profit of many. They are well worthy of being put in volume form, and we bespeak for this neat, unctuous little work, a large sale. The first paper, "The Revival we need," is by Rev. I. E. Page. 2d. "What is it?" Rev. J. C. Graves. 3d. "In Danger, yet Safe," Rev. J. D. Tetley. 4th. "Power with God," Rev. J. Finnemore. 5th. "Labor of Love," Rev. T. Brackenbury. 6th. "Love the Fulfilling of the Law," Rev. J. Moore. 7th. "Christ our Sanctification," Rev. H. J. Stanley. 8th. "What must I do?" Rev. W. G. Pascoe. 9th. "Can it be?" Rev. J. Brash. 10th. "Let us go up," Rev. J. Hartley. 11th. "The Order of the Day," Rev. B. Gregory. 12th. "Church of the Holy Ghost," Rev. S. Cramp.

COMPANION OF PRAISE: FOR THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL, FAMILY, AND PRAYER-MEETING. Edited by Rev. David Vanhorne. Published by Rev. S. Mease, Office of the "Christian World," Cincinnati, O.

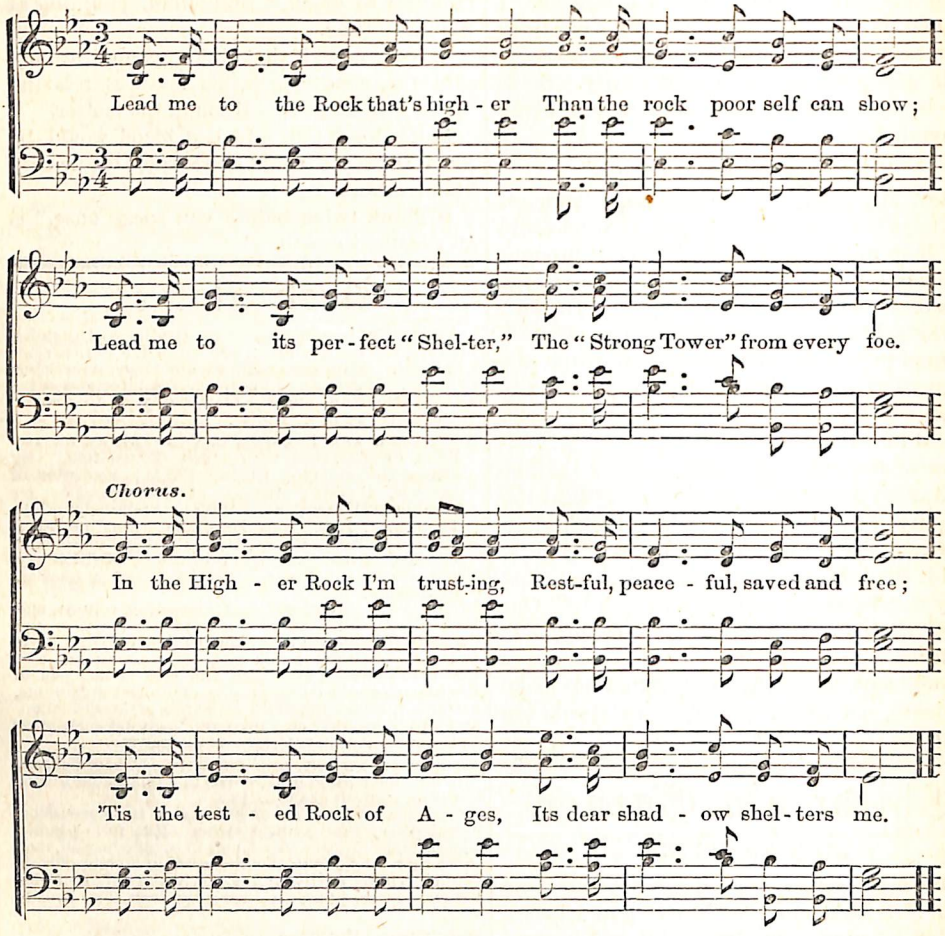
This is a second and enlarged edition of an excellent little musical work. The Editor says, "In the present edition improvements have been made in the part then presented to the public, and two new departments have been added embracing Responsive reading Services, Infant Songs," etc.

For the Guide.

THE HIGHER ROCK.

Psalm lxi : 1, 2, 3, & 8.

Words and Music by L. HARTSOUGH.



Yes the Higher Rock so towering,
Gives amid Life's rudest storms,
Perfect Refuge—Surest Safety
Sweetest Rest amid alarms.

'Tis the Higher Rock that gives me
Faith's glad strength for every hour;
Oh! to measure all its gladness,
All its preciousness of power.

'Tis the Higher Rock sustains me
Joyously from day to day;
Lifting heart and soul and spirit,
To the purer, holier way.

'Tis the Higher Rock that saves me,
'Tis the Higher Life I've found,
Where abide the crowning Graces—
Faith and Hope and Love abound.

So will I sing praises to Thee—
To Thy wondrous power to save;
Daily every vow performing,
Till the victor's palm I wave.

Through an inadvertency on the part of the printer, the words that should have accompanied the music on the last page of the April "Guide" were omitted. We here give them as sent by the composer.

Entered, according to act of Congress, in the year 1873, by L. HARTSOUGH, Esq., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of New York.

Guide to Holiness.

JUNE, 1873.

For the Guide.

MY EXPERIENCE.

REV. J. GARNETT, ONT.

No. II.

THE next morning brought with it new feelings of responsibility. Perhaps they were only old feelings intensified, but they had all the effect of newness. Fresh objects of existence seemed to present themselves, and press their claims. Principally did I feel the importance of pressing the acceptance of this blessing upon the people of God. I was not at the time in the active work of the ministry, but was located. Yet for six or seven years, the church with which I was associated, had had no minister (save myself) living in their midst, but the place formed one of the out appointments of a circuit, and was visited periodically by the circuit minister; he, however, found his time so fully occupied in other parts of his charge, that he had but little time left for pastoral visitation and oversight in that place. I had thus become a sort of secondary pastor, and occupied the pulpit about once a week, during the whole time of my residence there. In this position I almost felt fell of ministerial responsibility. One thing especially had given me much anxiety during the time I was seeking full salvation, which was this: I had not known, nor heard of a single soul being converted, either in our own or any other church, during all the years I had lived in the place; and no one with whom I was acquainted either enjoyed, or was directly seeking for entire sanctification. To this dearth of spiritual power, and absence of results, my mind was now directed, and the inquiry, why are we thus? found its answer in my own past experience. We had been barely existing. The elements of spiritual strength had been neglected by us, hence we were weak as other men, and had failed to overcome the world. In fact, the world had been rapidly overcoming the church, and our number was getting smaller, and our spiritual power less. As a natural and logical result we had ceased to be victorious, and the few who were not entirely "at ease in Zion," had become discouraged, and had ceased to expect victory. How often have I, while wrestling with God for a closer and holier walk with Him, stretched out my hands and imagined them all stained with the blood of souls!

But the effort to save souls had seemed almost as hopeless as Jonah's cry out of the belly of the fish. Now, however, things wore a different aspect. I had laid firmly hold of three grounds of confidence, namely: the efficacy of the Atonement, the truth of the promises, and the power of the Holy Spirit. My own soul rested by faith on those around, and arose exulting, "disburthened of her load." My experience I accepted as a token for good. I could not see that my pulpit labors were more earnest or more successful than formerly. In fact I was often more easily embarrassed, and could only tell my message with a stammering tongue, aud an increased

sense of weakness. Still my faith was stronger, and I felt much less concern for the result of my preaching than I had formerly done, laying every effort at the foot of the cross, to be accepted through the blood of Jesus alone, and the result made known in God's own time and way. I did not feel, however, the less anxiety for the salvation of souls, but I saw more clearly that the work was the Lord's, and that infinite love, almighty power, and eternal truth, stood pledged for its accomplishment. The spirit of prayer was graciously granted to me, and I almost realized the fulfilment of the command, "Pray without ceasing." The most marked effect of the change in me was evinced in the social means of grace, such as class and fellowship meetings. While telling what the Lord had done for me, and wrought in me, the fountain of tears which had so long been sealed, would overflow in copious streams. At such times the rock would be smitten in the hearts of some of God's children, and responsive tears would flow in every direction.

Concurrent with this change in my experience, a change had been made in the relation of the appointment to the circuit. The Conference had appointed us a second preacher, and he was to reside with us. He proved to be thoroughly acquainted with the object of personal holiness, both in theory and practice, and he was rendered a great help to me.

About three weeks after I received the blessing, the preacher in charge determined to commence special services at our appointment. Both the preachers entered into these services with earnestness, and were resolved on success. They both enjoyed purity of heart, and both testified of it. Our faith was greatly tried however, for at the end of some five or six weeks' hard labor in special services, one little girl presented herself at the altar as a seeker of salvation. But the brethren were not discouraged. They rejoiced over this one soul as a token for good, and still continued the contest. Oh, it was a hard fight! Whole night were spent in secret prayer, but victory was given. At the end of twelve weeks about one hundred had been forward as seekers of pardon and several had obtained and confessed the higher blessings of purity.

I mention these circumstances not as resulting from the change which had taken place in my own heart, but as a continuance of a work of Divine grace which commenced there, and which greatly strengthened me and established me in the faith. The revival served also as a barrier against the enemy, for during its continuance I was never tempted to doubt my ability to retain what had been so graciously given, and I was now satisfied that if God could keep me four months He could keep me to the end.

Heavy trials came. Every grace was tried. But the Lord so graciously sustained me that at the end of two years I wrote in my diary as follows: "During these two years I have walked firmly by faith, trusting momentarily in the Divine power to save, and in the efficacy of Jesus' blood to make even unworthy me, and my poor efforts, acceptable to God. Once or twice my soul has paled with affright on the very verge of actual sin, and I am constrained to say, 'my feet had well nigh slipped.' But how abundant is the mercy and grace of my heavenly Father! At those times He enabled me to fly directly to Himself—the strong for strength, and I think I can say in truth that, 'He has delivered me from the power of sin, and that I have not, during the two years, wilfully departed from my God.'"

(To be continued.)

For the Guide.

REMARKABLE SCENE AT A CAMP-MEETING.

REV. GEORGE SHEETS.

Three of us had been appointed to preach, morning, noon, and night on Sunday. It became my duty to perform the evening service. The camp was in a dense pine wood,—the ground illuminated by the burning of pine knots on several scaffolds prepared for the occasion. The brilliancy of these lights was such that a candle was seldom used even in a tent; a pocket Bible, I know,

could be read by those pretty near. It so happened that, during preaching, there was a considerable rustling in the tops of the lofty pines, attracting my attention at times. But there was no apprehension of a storm, no sound of thunder, or appearance of lightning. The congregation was immense, and as still as death while the certainty and solemnity of the Day of Judgment were expatiated upon. The doctrinal part of the discourse had been gone through, and an application about being commenced, when my attention, and no doubt that of my audience, was arrested by the appearance of a luminous body, descending amidst the trees, which, in an instant after, having arrived at apparently half way from the tops of the trees to the ground, exploded with the most tremendous roar of thunder. Flashes of lightning seemed to pervade the entire camp. The lights were struck to atoms and extinguished. The deepest midnight darkness succeeded. But the scene which followed beggars description. Hundreds, no doubt, were confident that the Day of Judgment had arrived, and, conscious of their being unprepared for the solemnities of that dread day, were shrieking for mercy as though hell itself was gaping to receive them; others (perhaps I might say without exaggeration, hundreds) were shouting aloud in the greatest possible triumph, as though the Lord Jesus had, indeed, just invited them, as the blessed of His Father, to come and inherit the kingdom prepared for them. I question whether another such scene has ever been witnessed. The concussion of the atmosphere seemed to me so powerful, as almost to cast me from the stand. I however supported myself by holding to the fixture for supporting the books, and felt disposed to thank God for making such an application of my sermon, as it was not in my power, nor that of any mortal man to make. A dog was found dead next day, under a bed in a tent back of the stand, on which a person was lying, but not a human creature was injured. The results of that night will be developed in the eternal world. This occurred at a Camp-Meeting held in Cambridge, 1811.

For the Guide.

LOOK UP.

MRS. M. A. WARRINER.

"If you would be miserable, look within. If you would be distracted, look around. If you would be happy, look up."

When sorrow's dark and heavy pall,
O'erspreads thy hopes, benighting all,
Look up.

When stung by sin, and vexed by fear,
And the Avenger draweth near,
Look up.

When weary of the inward strife,
And longing for that "higher life,"
Look up.

What though the sky is robed in night?
The darkest hour precedes the light!
Look up.

When Pisgah's height thy feet shall tread,
And circling glory crowns thy head,
Look up.

If all is dark, or all is light,
Live thou by faith, and not by sight.
Look up.

By sorrow be thy patience tried,
And let thy joy be sanctified;
Look up.

For the Guide.

ECHOES FROM PATMOS.

REV. W. H. POOLE, ONTARIO.

No. X.

Human language entirely fails to set forth the dignity, beauty, and preciousness of our Lord Jesus Christ. The sacred writers, in speaking of Him, selected the bright and beautiful in nature as symbols to aid them to set forth the relationship which He sustains to His people. They called Him the Bread of Life, a Bundle of Myrrh, a Cluster of Camphor, the Plant of Renown, the Rose of Sharon, the Lily of the Valley, the Tree of Life, the Great Deliverer, the Royal Diadem, a Wall of Fire, a Well of Water, a Rock of Shelter, a Refuge of Strength, a Strong Tower. He is called a Light, a Sun, a Shield, the Alpha and Omega, and one hundred and fifty other beautiful names. Hence,

as the highest reward that could be promised to a faithful Church, it is said, "I will give Him the Morning Star." In another place Jesus says of Himself, "I am the bright and the Morning Star." And He is called the "Day Star," also a Light, the "True Light," the Son of Righteousness, etc.

It must be remembered that the figures of the inspired Word are used entirely in reference to His mediatorial character; and that it is only in reference to Him as IMMANUEL, "God with us," that those symbols are used. To us, and to our race, He is the "Morning Star," because all the rays of heavenly light, and all the beams of the Divine glory are manifested in Him, and made known by Him. As the stars receive their light from their great centres, and are made luminous by virtue of their relation to them, so all the Divine attributes of unity, spirituality, eternity; of omniscience, omnipotence, omnipresence; of immutability, wisdom, holiness; of goodness, justice, and truth, find in Him a common centre. "Here the whole Deity is known." "In Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily." "God manifest in the flesh."

The rays of the Divine glory are not lost or absorbed in Him, but reflected, diffused, thrown out, as from a pure, bright mirror. He says, "I am the light of the world;" "A light to enlighten the Gentiles;" "The true light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world."

As light is the first object the eye beholds; so Jesus Christ is the first object desired by the awakened understanding. The soul in want longs and looks for Jesus. All the surrounding objects become visible when the light comes, so in a spiritual sense, "all things are made manifest by the light"—our guilt, our misery, our helplessness, our hope, our remedy, our duty, our privilege. These thoughts being only Echoes, I must not here enlarge.

The pathway, or orbit, of this star was for long ages wrapt up in mystery. They saw it appear in the morning in all its beauty, and they worshipped it as *Phosphorus*, the goddess who brought the light. They saw the beautiful evening star, and they named it Hesperides, and worshipped it also as a favorite deity, but they knew not that it was one and the same star. That star brought them the light, joy, beauty, and blessings of the day, and also the quiet calm and peaceful rest of night. Jesus is our "Morning Star," because He brings His people the blessings of the day, and He as really brings the calm and quiet of night. He is our morning joy and our evening glory. He is all in all to us.

This star was, in the eastern sky, regarded as the most luminous, the brightest, and most beautiful. In all the starry regions it had to them no equal. The atmosphere of morning and evening may have had something to do with its splendor. The believer has other stars in the moral horizon. Ministers are called stars. Angels are stars; but in all things Jesus has the pre-eminence. "He is the chief among ten thousand, the one altogether lovely." "His name is above every name."

Science has cleared away the fogs of ignorance and of superstition in which the mythology of the ancients had invested the starry regions. But mystery after mystery crowds upon us at every step of our inquiries. Nor is it to be wondered at, that, viewing the works of God from our narrow orbit, and our low point of observation, with our filmy vision, should be surrounded with mystery.

What would the reader think of a man of professed modern thought who would deny the existence of this star, because he could not understand and explain all the hidden peculiarities of its direct and retrograde motion, its vibrations and transitions, its oscillations and conjunctions. Would not his doubts and his denials clearly prove his own ignorance and weakness. Is it not reasonable to suppose that if Jehovah build a temple of nature at all, that he will found it on mysteries, frame it with mysteries, cover and dome it with mysteries, pave and ceil it with a vast mosaic of mysteries. We rejoice in the vast

and varied mysteries of nature. They will form a grand theme of study for the sanctified intellects throughout eternity. But we rejoice more in the mysteries of redemption, of the Trinity, of the incarnation, of the resurrection, of faith, and of faith's efficacy. Verily, in all these we may say, "Thou art a God that hidest Thyself." Can'st thou by searching find out God; can'st thou find out the Almighty to perfection? Jesus is the Morning Star, because He ushered in the morning of our world's creation. He it was who said, "Let there be light," and suns, and moons, and stars sprang into being as He spoke.

He is the Morning Star, because when sin threw the dark mantle of guilt over the horizon of man's hope, and darkness and guilt reigned supremely, He arose and shed a ray of light and hope in and around the first guilty pair, and bade them live and love through faith in the ZAVEH, or coming One.

When that long twilight dispensation, so full of types and shadows, of symbol and offering, had done its work of preparation, and prophetical and priestly hearts grew faint and weary, the STAR of Bethlehem appeared, and Jesus came to usher in the glorious day of Gospel light, and blessing, of purity, and of love. The morning dawned upon the mind of the venerable Zacharias, as he said, "The dayspring from on high hath visited us, to give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, to guide our feet into the way of peace; that He would grant unto us, that we, being delivered out of the hand of our enemies, might serve Him without fear in holiness and righteousness before Him all the days of our life."

This Morning Star introduces spiritual day, with all its blessedness, into the mind and heart of all who believe in Him. Sin is fitly spoken of as darkness. The experience of the unbeliever is

> "Oh, dark, dark, dark I still must say,
> Amid the blaze of Gospel day."

He changes their condition. He brings them out of darkness into His marvellous light, and they then sing,

> "Thou art my soul's bright Morning Star,
> And Thou my rising sun."

This Morning Star is now preparing His Church for the introduction of the millenial glory, that long era of holiness and happiness, when "the light of the moon shall be as the light of the sun, and the light of the sun as the light of seven days." This day of seven-fold splendor will be introductory to that eternal day, when on the Holy City the "Morning Star," the Lamb of God, will be the light of the place.

Echo says, "I will give Him the Morning Star." Oh, what a promise! The *gift* is the *giver*. If He promised ever so much without Himself it would not satisfy my longing soul. Sit down, dear reader, pen in hand, and write out an inventory of all you can think of, or desire, of all on earth and in heaven without Him, and write on, quire after quire, ream after ream, write on, write on, until you have nothing left that is not included in your large folios; say, are you satisfied? No!! Not all you can think of can satisfy you. The gift of the Morning Star includes everything, and more than everything else is mine when I have the

MORNING STAR.

(To be continued.)

For the Guide.

MAY YOUNG CONVERTS BE HOLY?

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "WAY OF HOLINESS."

No. II.

Soon after, she told the writer that she might have entered the way at once, as she saw the way plainly that afternoon as pointed out to her. "And had it not been for the merest trifle, I would have received the blessing that day," she exclaimed.

"There are no trifles—nothing is small that in any way retards the soul's progress heavenward. When viewed in the light of eternity, how tremendously great will everything earthly appear, that has prevented one from attaining holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord. Now do tell me what it was that

prevented your receiving the blessing that afternoon?"

"Oh! it was such a trifle that I am ashamed to mention it."

It was not without some persuasion that she was induced to disclose the hindrance. And if it were not that worldly conformity does so often hinder both old and young professors in their heavenward aspirations, I might not name this matter here. But God forbid that I should shrink from characterizing a sin that is so distinctly named in the Scriptures. What does God say to persons professing godliness? "Whose adorning let it not be in gold, or pearls, or costly array." "Be not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your minds."

Being constrained she answered: "It was suggested if I would have the blessing of holiness, I must give up my worldly conformities, my *earrings*, etc. And it was not without much effort that I could bring my mind to it. In looking at old professors, I saw that many of them wore more costly jewelry than I, and thought, how can it be that the Lord requires I should give up such things, when He permits so many that have long been professors to indulge in them."

And thus the young convert reasoned, consciously making no progress heavenward, from Sabbath afternoon till Thursday evening, when the class which she had so recently joined as a Church-member met.

The leader of that class was one, who, having himself entered the highway of holiness, was ever intent that all the members committed to his care, whether young or old, should go up quickly and possess the land of rest from inbred sin. He knew nothing of the conflicts through which this young convert had been passing. But while he was telling her that it was not only her privilege, but a present duty to linger no longer on this side Jordan, but go forward, the young convert formed the resolve that nothing should hinder her going up at once. And in view of worldly conformities, she would make an unconditional surrender to the enlightenings of the Holy Spirit, in accordance with the Word of God, however unlike other professors she might be.

The moment she complied with the conditions to come out from the world and be separate, God sanctified her wholly, and she was unutterably filled with God. From this hour her feet were planted in the highway and her goings established. And now, cleansed from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, and the bent to backsliding taken away, she was prepared to enter successfully upon her Christian life-work. David had backslidden. Doubtless he saw it was the lack of heart-purity that led to this his great life-disaster; therefore from the lowest depths of conscious need he cries out, "Create within me a clean heart, and renew within me a right spirit, then will I teach transgressors thy way, and sinners shall be converted unto thee?"

Holiness is a preparation for usefulness, and this preparation gained, our young convert immediately became mighty through the Spirit in bringing souls to Jesus. It is a significant fact that the army of 600,000 strong, did not fight the Lord's battles till after having lost all confidence in their ability to save themselves, they entered the promised land. And now that this young convert learned that she had received the sentence of death in herself, that she should not trust in herself, but in Him that raiseth the dead, it was amazing to see how rapidly and strongly souls were born into the kingdom of grace through her instrumentality.

As before stated, she was a young married lady. Her husband being unconverted, the burden of his soul was so laid upon her, that she resolved not to rest till he was saved. In the strong arms of unyielding faith and mighty prayer, she kept him before the Lord. Only a few days had passed, after his wife had received the gift of power, and the strong man bowed, and he was induced to come penitently to the altar of prayer, with his wife kneeling on one side, and the writer of this sketch on the other, when he too was delivered

from Egyptian bondage, into the liberty of the sons of God. I shall not attempt to describe the joy of his wife, through whose travail of soul he was born into the kingdom.

Holiness, happiness, and usefulness, are inseparable. Christ had His joys. Speaking to His disciples He says, "These things have I spoken unto you that *My* joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full." Who can describe the joy of those through whose labor in sympathy with Jesus souls are born for glory! It is generally in spiritual parentage, as in natural paternity, children mature much after the pattern of those who have begotten them in the Lord.

Rapidly the husband, who through the agency of his wife was brought out of spiritual Egypt, went forward. Walking in Christ as he had received Him, he also, in a few days after his conversion, entered the promised land—the Canaan of perfect love.

The young convert's husband saved, the next object of soul-travail was her father and mother who were unsaved. With mighty faith that will take no denial, she entreated the Lord for their awakening and conversion. In about a week after her husband's conversion, at the same altar of prayer, she came bringing both father and mother, she kneeling between the two, and the writer beside, when they also were born into the kindom of grace.

But time fails, in narrating the interesting particulars, of brother, sister, uncle, aunt, and others beyond the family circle, who, through the prevailing prayer and alluring Christian sympathies of this lovely and loving disciple, were won to Christ. Surely holiness is the power that is to attract the world to the cross. And what might Christianity, if it were only that form denominated Methodism, do, if the distinguishing doctrine of its creed might be exhibited as an experimental verity, in all who profess to adhere to its doctrines.

We have seen an estimate for the conversion of the world in twenty-five years, but if we might see a race of converts, if only in the Methodist Church, such as the one whose case we have stated, might not this redeemed world be brought to the world's Redeemer, in even less time than twenty-five years?

In about six months after the conversion of the convert, whose case we incidentally singled out, to tell the principles presented in Mr. Wesley's so long unpublished letter, we counted about thirty who during that period had either directly or indirectly been brought to the Saviour through her instrumentality. The business of her husband requiring that he should remove to a distant town, a few months after his conversion, where the church was in a cold state, and but little interest prevailed in the precious theme of holiness, was a test to the faith of his wife. The writer reminded her that Christians were called to be lights in a *dark* place, and encouraged her to expect that the little leaven of holiness God had put in her heart, might work even in that place till the church was leavened.

Only a few weeks had elapsed, and the glorious intelligence reached me that a most blessed revival had commenced, and the work of converting and sanctifying grace progressing in power. The Lord had again owned the agency of the convert so recently sanctified wholly, as the result of testing experimentally the principles of Mr. Wesley's hitherto unpublished letter.

And now mainly the summing up of the whole matter is to enforce the question, What manner of persons would we of the Methodist Church be if all composing her membership, ministers and people, should "*make it a rule* that just so soon as persons are justified, to urge them immediately on to *Holiness?*"

How one should chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight! How gloriously, to the astonishment of surrounding denominations, and the speedy downfall of Zion's enemies, would the church come up out of the wilderness, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners.

THE promises of God, heartily believed, have a mighty influence in making people like God.

For the Guide.

THE BELOVED ONE.

MRS. LIZZIE FENNER BAKER.

"I am my Beloved's and He is mine."—CAN.

I cannot do without Thee,
Beloved of my soul—
For wildly all about me,
Life's changeful billows roll!
Oh! Mighty, Loving Master,
Stretch forth Thine arm of might,
When storm clouds gather faster,
Walk Thou the waves in sight.

My tender, faithful Saviour,
My lone heart turns to Thee!
Without Thy gracious favor
What were this world to me?
No joy, no peace, nor comfort,
No place have I to rest,
But in Thy strong arm's clasping,
But on Thy holy breast.

Then draw me, nearer, nearer,
Smile sweetly on Thine own,—
And let me hear yet clearer,
That blessed, cheering tone,
Which thro' the long, long, ages,
Floats o'er Life's stormy sea,
"Come, Oh! ye heavy laden,
Ye weary, come to me!"

My throbbing heart grows tranquil
Beneath Thy touch of love;
I've none on earth beside Thee,
Nor yet in heaven above.
I cannot do without Thee,
Beloved of my soul!
Be with me, and about me,
Then let the storm waves roll.

NEWPORT, Pa.

For the Guide.

FIFTY YEARS' WALK WITH JESUS.

MRS. MARY D. JAMES.

(*Continued from page* 143.)

HEAVY CROSSES.

In attending the meetings Mary was frequently called upon to lead in prayer, and she found the cross much more formidable than in her former home. In speaking in love-feasts and class-meetings she also felt much restraint. This want of her accustomed liberty was a source of trouble, not feeling at home in the meetings as she had always felt before changing her residence.

This induced her to shun the crosses laid upon her. She said to her class-leader, please don't call upon me to pray in class—there are several praying brethren there, and it seems more proper for them to perform that duty. Her leader looked at her with surprise, and said "I should not think *you would be afraid of the cross?*"

Her testimonies were generally brief and definite, on the subject of full salvation, and this was because she had learned that there was strong opposition there to definiteness in regard to the doctrine of entire sanctification; and that there was *not a witness in the church.*

A WELL CIRCUMSTANCED TEMPTATION

was now presented by the wily adversary. Coming as an angel of light, he said to her: Now here are scores of older Christians than you who are examples of piety. Those excellent Mothers in Israel, Mrs. M., and Mrs. R., and Mrs. V., who have been for many years devoted and useful, and *even they make no pretensions to more than an ordinary experience;* how *assuming* it would appear in *you,* who are comparatively *a stranger, and young in years, to speak of attainments in grace beyond them!* It surely cannot be that you are called of God to take such a position, and to do so would *destroy your influence, and your usefulness in the church.*

This appeal to her sense of propriety and duty was successful; her natural timidity and the humility which grace had given her causing her the more readily to yield to the plausible suggestion, and she sincerely believed herself justifiable in withholding her testimony to the power of the blood that cleanseth.

For a long time she pursued that course without compunctions of conscience, but wondering why she was

SHORN OF STRENGTH

when she attempted to speak or pray—and wondered why there seemed an intervening mist half concealing the brightness of her precious Saviour's face,

and that her communion with Him did not seem quite so intimate. While she felt the same ardent love to Him, and devotion to the interests of His kingdom, the consciousness that His presence was a *less vivid realization* caused her deep sorrow. After having so long been drinking freely at the Fountain of Divine Love, she could not be satisfied with only *sipping occasionally of its waters;* she was *thirsting, longing* for a *full supply, nor could she rest without it.* Day after day she lingered at the Mercy-seat, imploring light from above to show her the cause of this interruption of the sweet rest in Jesus which she had enjoyed.

THE MYSTERY SOLVED.

One of the oldest leaders in the church, regarded as one of the best of men to be found, called to see her, and thus accosted her: "My sister: I have come to converse with you on a subject that has long been troubling my mind. When I was informed that you were coming here to reside, my heart leaped for joy, for I thought now there will be at least *one witness of full salvation* in our church. I had heard of your deep experience, and of your clear testimonies of this great salvation for years; and I thought now we shall have "a burning and shining light" among us, and we shall be greatly blessed through her instrumentality. The doctrine of holiness my soul delights in. Many years ago I received the full baptism of the Spirit, and lived in its enjoyment for some time, but through timidity, not being willing to stand *alone* as a witness, I lost the evidence, though my heart has been all the Lord's ever since—but the fulness of the blessing I have not enjoyed. I thought if there was only *one* to stand by me, then I would have courage to speak of those glorious things of Christ's kingdom, and declare His wonderful work in my heart.

When you came, I said, Thank God! Now I shall have *one to stand by me;* and my purpose was renewed to bear testimony to the truth, and to seek for a fresh anointing from on high.

At last the time came of your presence in the Sanctuary at a love-feast. I listened with eagerness for your testimony. You spoke a few words, with evident timidity, and made *no allusion to the subject of entire sanctification!* My *disappointment was so great,* I felt *like weeping;* and from that time to this I have been waiting to hear your experience—my heart has been longing for it—but I have *waited and longed in vain.*"

The mystery was explained—the blind

EYES OPENED

to see the cause of her lack of liberty and power, and her loss of the *sweeter, richer comforts of perfect love.* The discovery that she had been a *hindrance* instead of a *help* to the good brother, filled her heart with sad regret, and humbly confessing her fault, she begged his forgiveness, assuring him that she would no longer be a stone of stumbling in his path, and thanking him for his faithfulness in showing her "the more excellent way."

(To be Continued.)

For the Guide.

THE TWO GREAT COMMANDMENTS.

REV. D. NASH.

I do *not* think that perfect love would be evinced merely by the absence of all feeling of dislike, and by the not refusing to prove my love practically on all occasions that offer. *True* love would be evinced, but surely *perfect* love would not. Such evidence would show a man had some love, but *how much*, how ardent, how self-consuming, how all-posessing, would not appear. Would this be loving with *all* the heart, and soul, and mind? You may fairly ask how your difficulty is to be met. Can we exactly mark out *how much* in the amount of time or number of acts of mental reference to God? I agree with you "No!" But why? Because any positive test is inapplicable? Certainly not; but because our emotions refuse to be defined in words, or to flow in the measure of time. There may be a general description, but but there can be no mathematical formula or analysis of these spontaneous, willing emotions of men. What test

then do we propose? Such positive things as delighting in God, meditating on God, submitting to God. In one word the state St. John lays down in I. John, iv. 16, 17, 18, "God is love, and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him. Herein is our love made perfect, that we may have boldness in the Day of Judgment, because as He is, so are we in this world. There is no fear in love, but perfect love casteth out fear, because fear hath torment. He that feareth is not made perfect in love;" and ii. chap., 5 ver., "But whoso keepeth His word, in him verily is the love of God perfected: hereby know we that we are in Him." This is the state of self-renunciation, and dwelling in God will prove its possessor to be perfect in love. Besides this, there is the consciousness that satisfies before any test can be applied; the works of of the Spirit are all in light. He will, to use the old saying, "Shine upon His own work," and, having filled a man's heart with love, will fill his heart with praise. "We know the things that are freely given to us of God," I. John, ii. 20–27, seems to refer explicitly to the light of heaven in our own experience of the grace of Christ.

"THY NEIGHBOR AS THYSELF."

When may a man be said to love his neighbor as himself? To say he is to love him *as truly* seems unsatisfactory. It had better been said, love his neighbor as he loves his friend, but that does not equal the words "as himself." We have the help of the practical explanations in the truth of God. "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them," and Matt. xix. 19, which refers to the second table of the law as the detail of this summary of Divine Law. I was going to offer as my exegesis "*as thoroughly*," but the more I think of it, the more I feel the difficulty of expressing in any one phrase what is here said by our Lord. But is not the meaning this, or something like it? Self-love is natural, strong, permanent, and because of our wicked nature always in danger of degenerating into selfishness, which is the seeking our own good at the expense of another's. But selfishness is instantly condemned by this law, "Love your neighbor as yourself." I think the words can only be honestly rendered as referring to *degree* of affection, and not to *genuineness* only. But are we then to love our neighbor as *much* as we love ourselves? I think so. Am I wrong? Do not be startled by what I have written; I see no practical wrong arising from such a requirement. I am not to seek my neighbor's salvation *first*, because that would be to love him *better* than myself, but my own interest and happiness I am bound first to secure; not from preference of myself to my neighbor, but from my own responsibility for myself in a sense in which I am responsible for no one else, and from the law (for it is not instinct merely, but a prime law of our Maker) of self-preservation. But, having obtained happiness myself, I am, then, with as much earnestness, and with as much pains, to seek the happiness of my neighbor. Self-love is not so much an emotion of which a man is conscious as a principle inwrought into his whole being, on which he acts, and, therefore, there is the less objection to my interpretation. It is very easy to love any one as ardently as we love ourselves, for we are hardly sensible of any love at all towards ourselves, I suppose—at least I am not.

The law, of course, has its special enactments and duties. The love we owe to our relatives and friends is a more limited, but not less binding requirement of God, and may be taken as a branch of the Second and great Commandment, and this thought suggests the wisdom of the divine words. They are not, Love your neighbor as you love your children. This emotion would be unnatural, impossible, too high, and this practice would be irregular, evershifting, and might be much *too low*, for some parents would seek their own gain at the expense of their children's good. No! the Law of God is natural, practical, universally right, "Love thy neighbor as thyself." My idea is this: Love thyself *first*, otherwise no one would know how to fulfil the

Divine command, then love thy neighbor, not more, not less, but *next*.

How are we to obtain the grace necessary to fulfil these great commands? Alas! that we prize so little the knowledge of this most important part of saving doctrine, for experience would be our best instructor. The command is, in fact, a promise. The Holy Ghost is our helper. Faith, the faith of submission, and the faith of *confidence*, our means and channel. Such love must always be emphatically of the inspiration of the Comforter. "Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it." While thinking of what is required of us in these days of revival and special power, I have come to the duty of offering myself constantly, immediately, fully to God. It is a simple, practical point, but I know there is great saving wisdom in it.

For the Guide.

HUNGRY SOUL SATISFIED.

MRS. H. E. GREEN.

"The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth me from all sin." I have been walking in the light for four months and it increases.

The Lord has led me in a plain way, and it is for His glory I make it known. When I had made up my mind to seek for the blessing of sanctification, I felt strengthened, and promised to be willing to be led in any way; but in one week of prayer and fasting, hours of darkness and temptation, I learned *by experience* that it was "faith which saves." During that time I kept giving myself away to Him, sometimes as I lay awake in the night I would try as well as I could to make the consecration.

On Sabbath, the 26th of October, I felt as if a few steps more would bring me into the promised land. Then for the first I unburdened my mind to one of the members of our class, who encouraged me to expect the blessing. The next morning I awoke with a feeling of discouragement, but thought God would give me the blessing to-day, so I determined not to rest until I had obtained. At noon I lifted my heart as earnestly as I could, and said, "Oh, Lord I have very little faith, but all I have I bring to Thee. I believe that Thou wilt save, Thou dost now save me." There I left the matter in His hand. I rose from my knees, and went to attend to other duties, still looking up. During dinner time, while I almost unconsciously was saying these words, "Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I," the answer of love came, a small stream at first; but no sooner did I feel it than I opened my heart for more, until it was filled.

"Oh the blood of Jesus,
The precious blood of Jesus;
It cleanseth from all sin."

CHATSWORTH, Ont.

For the Guide.

THE GREAT WANT OF THE AGE.

R. N. EMERSON.

In reading one of Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons, published here in 1857, I noticed the following, which touches so pointedly on the doctrine of "Entire Sanctification," that I thought you might like to publish it in the "Guide;" and have, therefore, copied it for your use. Full and entire consecration seems to be the great want of this and all other ages, viz., that earnest, steadfast, abiding zeal which only comes from the continual indwelling of the Holy Ghost. And when Ministers of the Gospel, and professors in general, enter heart and soul into this belief, and act upon it, going forth in the spirit of the Master, and in the power of the Holy Ghost, the Kingdom, or reign of Satan upon earth, will receive a remarkable check; and the followers of Jesus will march on from field to field a victorious army, conquering, and to conquer; illustrating in their lives and conversation a religion that the world at large will acknowledge and respect, and finally *surrender to:*

"There is yet another feeling which, I think, is extremely necessary to any very great enjoyment of this truth, that Christ is exalted. It is a feeling of *entire surrender of one's whole being to the great work of seeking to honor Him.* Oh! I have striven for that; would to God I might attain unto it! I have now concentrated all my prayers unto one, and

that one prayer is this, that I may die to self, and live wholly to Him. It seems to me to be the highest stage of man to have no wish, no thought, no desire but Christ; to feel that to die were bliss if it were for Christ; that to live in penury, and woe, and scorn, and contempt, and misery were sweet for Christ; to feel that it did not matter what became of one's self so that one's Maker was but exalted; to feel that, though like a sere leaf, you are blown in the blast, you are quite careless whither you are going, so long as you feel that the Master's hand is guiding you according to His will. Or rather to feel that though, like the diamond, you must be cut, that you care not how sharply you may be cut, so that you may be made to be a brilliant in *His* crown; that you care but little what may be done to you if you may but honor *Him*. If any of you have attained to that sweet feeling of self-annihilation, you will look up to Christ as if He were the sun, and you will say of yourself, 'O Lord, I see Thy beams; I feel myself to be not a beam from Thee, but darkness swallowed up in Thy light. The most I ask that Thou wilt live in me, that the life I live in the flesh may not be my life, but Thy life in me, that I may say with emphasis, as Paul did, 'For me to live is Christ.' A man that has attained to this never need care what is the opinion of the world. He may say, 'Do you praise me? Do you flatter me? Take back your flatteries, I ask them not at your hands; I sought to praise my Master, you have laid the praises at my door; go lay them at *His*, and not at mine. Do you scorn me? do you despise me? Thrice happy am I to bear it if you will not scorn and despise Him!' As long as there is a particle of selfishness remaining in us it will mar our sweet rejoicing in Christ; till we get rid of it we shall never feel constant joy. I do think that the root of sorrow is self. If we once got rid of that, sorrow would be sweet, sickness would be health, sadness would be joy, penury would be wealth, so far as our feelings with regard to them are concerned," etc.

For the Guide.

TRUE JOY.

ALFRED J. HOUGH.

Oh, the joy of early seeking,
Early finding Jesus out,
And to hear Him sweetly speaking
Into silence every doubt!

Daily rising higher, higher,
T'ward the sunlight and the dawn,
All the weight of base desire
All the power of passion gone.

Soul expanding, thought refining,
Breaking fetters, winging way
Up toward the cloudless shining
Of the everlasting day.

Feeling God is growing dearer,
Watching you with tender care,
Feeling heaven is growing nearer
Every time you kneel in prayer.

Old delights and sinful pleasures
Falling backwards, beaten, dead!
Yearnings after heavenly treasures
Fill the heart, the soul, the head.

This is joy, the rest of leaning
On that cross which points above,
Drinking in the hidden meaning
Of the Saviour's boundless love.

O Thou King of Glory, enter
This poor heart and triumph, till
Every wandering thought shall centre
In obedience to Thy will.

WALDEN, Vt.

For the Guide.

I CAN GET ALONG WITHOUT IT.

MISS A. MILLS.

There are but few who have not felt the gratification of desire limited by want of means. And when thinking of some coveted treasure, they have come to the conclusion that they could do without it, and have found that such deprivation was in no way a serious loss to them.

But in regard to spiritual treasures the case is very different. We have some conception of the riches of grace, and desire is awakened; but, though we know we can in no wise bring a price to purchase these inestimable treasures, yet

we are aware we have a part to perform if we would be filled with all the fulness of God; and, in view of what it would cost, many have decided that they could get along without being filled with the Spirit. Holiness seems a good thing, and many times they have groaned after it, but, on the whole, they think they can get along without it; at least for the present, while the Church is so cold, and there are so few who say anything about it. Sometime, it may be, they will be wafted into the land of rest from inbred sin on the gale of strong emotion, when the time of general revival comes. If this conclusion does not take definite shape in their minds, yet their actions tell us that they have virtually arrived at this point. Ah! we remember that dangerous spot in our own experience, when looking at the apparent status of those who had been much longer professors of religion than ourselves, we resolved not to trouble ourselves about holiness. Surely we could get along without it if they could get along without obeying the commands of God! Do without the blood-bought gifts of Jesus, which He offers for our acceptance? Let our lips be vocal with praise until we join the choir above, that we were led to see the fallacy of the enemy's logic, and to abandon the idea that we could get along without clean hearts whatever others might do.

But it is not a comfortable thought that we are trying to get along without obeying the commands of our Heavenly Father. So many seek some other way of putting themselves at ease at this point than the short way of putting all on the altar, and believing in Jesus for full salvation, and begin to think that when God said, "Be holy," that they should attempt the weary, fruitless way of growing into it. They sing,

"Lord I believe a rest remains,
To all Thy people known—
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
And Thou art loved alone."

And then the song-prayer is breathed,

"Oh, that I now the rest might know,
Believe and enter in."

But all the while they do not take that creed as theirs. They do not make that prayer their own, and they miss the rest that might be theirs. They desire and pray, and still remain unsatisfied, because they will not appropriate what love offers.

"Are the consolations of God small with thee?" Look up! there are blessings for you so large that you will be troubled to find room to receive them. Rob yourselves no longer. Do not try to rob God. You have less treasure now in the skies than you might have had. You have friends who are in danger of never being admitted within the pearly gates. All because you have tried to practice the miserable economy of doing without full salvation.

THE WAY TO THE KINGDOM.

MRS. A. A. CLARK.

"Strait is the gate and narrow is the way that leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it." Few, very few, comparatively speaking, find this highway cast up for God's people to walk in. On account of the way being strait and narrow "many seek to enter in but are not able." Many start with a determination, no doubt, of getting there, with a *divided heart* following the natural desires and inclinations of the same. They have no idea of making any sacrifice which is not congenial to flesh and blood.

"Could they stop in their march to gather up,
The perishing things of earth;
The *gold*, the gems, and rubies bright,
That are of so little worth,
Could they carry their dross to the realms of bliss,
And smuggle their idols through,
What crowds would rush in the King's highway,
To join the struggling few."

Do not many persist in serving two Masters, although they have been told by their Divine Master that it cannot be done? "For either they will love the one and hate the other, or else they will hold to the one and despise the other." Again He has said "If any man love the world the love of the Father is not in him." I once met a lady who had just returned home from a camp-meeting

where there had been much said on the subject of sanctification.

In speaking of the meeting she said, I see no use in making such an ado about holiness, I am satisfied with having a *simple* evidence, and I think that should be sufficient for any one. Is it not the inquiry of thousands in our churches to-day *how simple* an evidence will answer to admit us through the gate (and many think no doubt that none at all is necessary). Were the simple evidence spoken of sufficient to admit us just inside of Heaven, should our ambition extend no farther? Should we not desire a seat near the throne: should we not aspire to a high position in glory? We are told that one star differeth from another star in glory.

A piece in the January number of the "Guide," written by Rev. D. Nash, struck me very forcibly, as he there related a lady's dream, who succeeded in getting inside of the gate, but found to her dismay, that her crown was a starless one, she had not yet been instrumental in winning a single soul to Christ. She saw in her dream, as God's word very plainly declares, "who first in glory shine," yet notwithstanding all of the inducements that we have to aspire after high attainments in the rest of faith, and labor in our Master's vineyard, we are taught very plainly that with this *simple evidence* only we can never enter through the pearly gates into the New Jerusalem. God has said nothing unholy can enter there. Yet knowing all of these things, strange to say, many still persist in trying to carry the world in one hand and Heaven in the other.

(To be Continued.)

For the Guide.

SPEAK IN LOVE.

REV. WM. CLARK.

The spirit of love should characterize all we say or do, with reference to our fellow-men. And "by this," says the Saviour, "shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one for another." The beloved disciple, after he had experienced that "perfect love that casteth out fear," "all tormenting fear," not only dwelt upon it with emphasis, but made it the crowning grace of all. How much of good is often lost upon our fellow-men in instruction, in conversation, in act, because it is done in a harsh, abrupt way, with assumed authority and a bitter spirit, and not in the spirit of love and gentleness. This spirit is repelling instead of attracting; it tends to drive them from, rather than to, the cross of Jesus. When John Fletcher met that pious woman who first told him of the Methodists—"a people who prayed day and night"—this poor old woman said: "He talked so sweetly of Jesus Christ, that I knew not how the time passed away." An infidel was once convicted and brought to the Saviour by one remark from a pious old colored woman in the spirit of love. She was a cripple; he assisted her down from the steps of the church, and she, turning to him, said, "Do you love my Jesus?" The Apostle Paul tells us, 1 Cor. xiii., how much superior this love is to all other attainments. The Saviour breathed it in his dying prayer: "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do." The dying Stephen was "full of faith and the Holy Ghost" when he said: "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge."

John tells us it is in vain to talk of "loving God and hating our brother"; and he tells us to "behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us that we should be called the sons of God"; and also that "we love Him because He first loved us"; and we are commanded to do this, and the Apostle Paul prays for it: "That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith; that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height; and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fulness of God." Oh! what a blessing and privilege is this! And we conceive that nothing short of this full salvation, taking out all the roots of bitterness, uprooting all our pride and vanity, destroying all our idols—in a word, the

complete crucifixion of "the old man, with his deeds," can enable us to do this.

If the words and the spirit with which we speak are an index to the soul or the state of the heart (and they must be, unless deception is practised), "we may understand what manner of spirit we are of"; for it is impossible, in the very nature and fitness of things, for a bitter fountain to send forth sweet waters, and *vice versa*, and hence, our conversation, our spirit, cannot be right unless the source from whence they spring is right. Therefore the fountain must be cleansed; "the heart must be purified"; "the tree must be made good" before the fruit is good. When all the internal foes are cast out, and the love for sin destroyed, and its power and dominion overthrown, and a "clean heart created, and a right spirit renewed within us," then we will have "the loving mind which was in Him," and then we will be able to speak in love to all our race, and tell them "what a dear Saviour we have found."

For the Guide.

CHRISTIAN JOY.

A. W. C.

Rejoice evermore. I. Thess. v., 16.

In God's Holy Word we are exhorted to "Rejoice evermore," and who has such grounds for rejoicing as the true Christian? *He alone* has the promise of the life that now is, and that which is to come; leaning upon the Rock of Ages, he can exultingly cry, mid all the storms of life, "Oh God, my heart is *fixed;* I will sing and give praise."

He basks in the sunshine of Divine favor; God's approving smile illumines his pathway; with *joy* he drinks water out of the wells of salvation; streams of Divine love and grace continually flow into his soul, and he can say from sweet *experience* that "Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." He possesses hidden manna with which to feed his soul, and living waters to refresh his weary spirit. Exceeding great and precious promises are his. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him." Is he homeless? In his Father's house are "many mansions." Is he oppressed by sickness, bereavement, or calamity? By faith he sees a loving Father's hand in each event, and mid *all* can exultingly say, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want." Has he cares? He can trustingly cast them upon God; he need not bear a single burden *alone*. Christ will either entirely remove, or give him grace to bear them, and thus turn his mourning into rejoicing.

Oh! then, let us be rejoicing Christians, showing to those around us that it *is* a blessed and happy thing to be a follower of Christ—a lover of the Lord. Let us sing as we journey onward—

"The men of grace have found
Glory begun below.
Celestial fruit on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

For the Guide.

USE ME, MY GOD.

M. A. SORTOR.

Use me, my God, in Thy great harvest-field,
Which stretcheth far and wide like a white sea,
The gatherers are so few, I fear the precious yield
Will suffer loss. Oh, find a place for me—

A place where best the strength I have will tell,
It may be one the other toilers shun;
Be it a wide or narrow place, 'tis well,
So that the work it holds be only done.

Thou, who so oft hast tried my heart and reins,
Thou knowest all I have to bring to Thee.
A will so weak, a heart so sensitive to blame,
Yet burning with desire of use to be.

Did I not know "my springs are all in Thee,"
My very weakness reckoned in Thy plan,
I would not dare to ask, "Reach down by me,
And lift to better life my fellow-man."

For the Guide.

TRIAL AND TRIUMPH.

MRS. ALMIRA BOSLEY.

I cannot remember the time I was taught to pray, perhaps as soon as I could lisp the name of Jesus. My parents being Christians (both now in heaven), I was therefore religiously educated. When I was ten and a half years old, I felt I was a great sinner in

the sight of God. I sought and found the Saviour, and joined the M. E. Church, at eleven years of age.

The first few years of my Christian life I lived very near my Saviour, but as I grew older, sometimes I was very happy, and other times I followed my Saviour at a great distance. I became satisfied I was not living as I should, especially when I read the Word of God, knew I did not live up to its teachings. When reading these blessed words of our dear Saviour, "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you," I knew I came far short of this. I would pray and weep over my sinfulness, resolve again and again to be more faithful, but how easily my resolutions were broken. I felt there was a higher position to attain, and I longed for it, and sometimes would earnestly pray I might enter the highway of holiness, and be just what God would have me be.

I was living this way until two years ago last January, when I was so deeply impressed it was my duty to consecrate myself fully to God. I could not rest day or night until I had laid all upon the altar, but how hard to believe I was accepted; but as soon as I did believe, just so soon I was made wholly His. I wanted to tell what God had done for me; I went to church and told them I was fully saved, and the moment I took my seat, it came so powerfully to my mind, it would have been better not to have expressed so much, perhaps there are those who will not believe it. Then I said in my heart, I wish I had not said it. At that very moment such despair seized my soul no tongue can describe it; it seemed as if God's anger was kindled against me; Oh, how terrible was His frown!

As I went home I tried to pray; this only increased my wretchedness. After I entered my house, tried to work, but could not. My countenance so betrayed the state of my feelings, that my daughter became very much alarmed; feared I was becoming insane, as I afterwards learned. I tried to pray, as I said before, but it only made the anguish of soul, if possible, more terrible. I could not weep, not a tear would come to my relief. If I could have called upon rocks and mountains to fall upon me, and crush me to atoms, if that would have been the last of me; but to die would bring me into the presence of my much-offended God.

Thus I remained for two days and nights; on the third morning it seemed that reason would soon be dethroned. I knelt again, determined I would not leave the spot until I was made pure in heart, or I would perish at the feet of Jesus. I cried mightily, soon the tears began to flow. I said, *Dear Lord*, make me pure, cleanse my heart from all unrighteousness, and I will not be ashamed to tell it to all the world. Soon my dear Saviour appeared so very near, He touched me, and I was made clean. Oh! such a sweet peace took possession of my soul. I was filled with glory. I arose praising God. I soon joined my family; told them Jesus had cleansed my heart from all unrighteousness, and that I had the witness, the Spirit of God bearing witness with my spirit, that I was His—fully saved, praise the Lord! I could tell it now, even if there were those that would not believe it. Yes, if all the people in the universe had been present, I could have told it. I find the more definite I am, the better I feel, whereas it was so difficult to live up to the doctrine taught in the Bible, now the way is so easy, *then* I was trusting in my own self, *now* my *dear* Saviour has taken up His abode in my heart, and in His strength I can do all He requires of me. Praise the Lord, the way grows brighter. I am lost in wonder that one so unworthy should enjoy so much of the presence of the Master. Truly I can say, I am in the world, but am not of the world. Such intense breathing after God I have had of late, and what fulness! And now while I am writing this, my soul is filled with God. What glory! Hallelujah! I have been asking God, not for long life, or the riches of this world, but spiritual wisdom—for more of Him-

self, and what glory, wave after wave has filled my soul. I cannot express it, such a baptism of the Holy Spirit. Oh, what blessed rest in Jesus, what sweet communion I hold with Him daily! What union! May I ever be one with my blessed Redeemer, as He and the Father are One. Hallelujah! washed in the blood of the lamb. Blessed Jesus ever keep me pure, and use me for Thy glory!

Loved Ones Gone Before.

MARY E. HUNT.

Sprigs from beautiful evergreens add much to the charms of the rich bouquet. So we would bring some from one of those "trees of righteousness planted by the Lord," to be joined to the sweet flowers gathered from His garden, to adorn the pages of the "Guide."

An *evergreen* in Christian experience was our sainted sister, Mary E. Hunt, of Pennington, N. J. Unchanging in singleness of purpose, ardor of devotion, and freshness of vigor, she ever stood a firm advocate and lovely example of holiness.

As the stately pine and cedar stand in unfading, verdure, even amid the freezing cold and furious storms of winter, beautiful when other trees are stripped of their foliage, and even *more beautiful for the storms which sweep over them, enwreathing their branches with snow-flowers, or ice-gems,* so was her Christian life.

The beauty of holiness, always apparent —was more strikingly demonstrated when *storms of adversity assailed her,* and *earthly sources of wealth* and *comfort had been swept away.* Then she could say more emphatically than ever, "*The Lord is my portion, saith my soul, I will be glad and rejoice in Him.*"

Sublimely glorious was her faith in God. In the *darkest hour it triumphed most!* When to human view not a ray of light appeared, her trust in the unfailing Word caused her to exult in the *promises* of her covenant-keeping God.

Her rich experience may be traced to its beginning in the city of New York, during a protracted visit, when under the teachings of our sainted Mother Stebbins, and the Tuesday meetings in Rivington Street, in 1838, she was led to the Fountain of Cleansing. Those blessed influences tended to make her "*as a tree planted by the rivers of water, whose leaf never withers.*"

From the topmost round of fashion, gayety and pride, surrounded with wealth and worldly attractions, in the morning of life, she came down to the foot of the cross to "*know nothing among men save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified.*" At once laying aside her jewelry and gay attire, she adopted as her motto, "*No compromise with the world.*" And the purpose of her heart carried out in her spirit and conduct was,

> "All the vain things that charmed me most,
> I sacrifice them to my Lord."

Her earnest labors for the salvation of souls were soon crowned with the conversion of her mother and sister, friends and neighbors; the planting of Methodism in the place of her residence, Princessville, N. J., also an adjacent village; and two church buildings erected, where many hundreds have been saved, some of whom are now with her among the glorified. *Glorious results of entire consecration.*

A life thus devoted to God needed no glowing demonstrations of joy in its closing hours, to satisfy her friends that she was *ready* to enter the abode of the pure and the blest. Her disease affecting the brain, no lucid interval afforded opportunity to ascertain her spiritual state. She passed away February 5th, 1873, from the house of her brother-in-law, Wm. J. Avard, in the 65th year of her age.

MARY D. JAMES.

ELIZABETH F. CROWDER.

Elizabeth F. Wright was born in Adair County, Kentucky, July 11th, 1833. Removed with her parents to Illinois at an early age, and settled near Springfield. Was converted, and at the age of fifteen joined the Methodist Episcopal Church. Was married to Thomas J. Crowder June 24th, 1856. Together they sought and obtained the blessing of holiness in May, 1865. Continued in the enjoyment of this grace until Dec. 4th, 1872, when, surrounded by her friends, in Lincoln, Nebraska, she passed away. Her husband, Rev. Thomas J. Crowder, says: "It is with a sorrowing heart that I now write you of the death of my beloved wife, which took place the 4th of last December. After a long and painful illness,

she passed away to live with God and angels, leaving me a stranger in a strange land.

"During all her sickness she was calm and peaceful, with unwavering faith and trust in Him who doeth all things well. The last few days of her earthly pilgrimage were most triumphant and glorious, more so than anything ever witnessed by any who were permitted to stand around that dying couch. She rejoiced with unspeakable joy in the most bitter suffering. She sang and shouted the praises of Him who had saved her. She could sing,

"'My soul is full of whispered song,
My blindness is my sight,
The shadows that I feared so long,
Are all alive with light.'

And when her spirit was freed, her countenance was made radiant with Divine glory, until she looked to be the perfection of angelic beauty.

"Thus one who had given all, *all* for Christ, and shrank not to confess Him everywhere, was permitted to leave this world. She had lived in the enjoyment of holiness for over seven years, and we felt that in this victory over death we were well repaid for all we had ever endured in trials and persecutions.

"In this case God did so wonderfully attest the power of this uttermost salvation, that the most sceptical on the subject of holiness was compelled to acknowledge the power of holiness, and to say, 'let me die the death of a sanctified Christian, and let my last end be like hers.'

"In this most bitter trial I have realized that His everlasting arm has been underneath me, and, while my heart bleeds at every pore, yet I rejoice that my beloved is safe from all the storms and sorrows of this life, shut in with God, to go out no more for ever."

Editorial.

CAMP-MEETINGS.

The time when the hosts of the Lord go up to worship, is now upon us. What a privilege, to say to all worldly solicitudes, "Stay thou there while I go up yonder to worship." Perhaps some dear disciple is saying, "Would that I was one of those favored ones, that could say to each worldly care, 'stay thou there,' and, only for one short week, mingle with the highly favored worshipers at the feast of tabernacles!"

Is it not possible that you may? You think not: but perhaps your indulgent Heavenly Father may open the way.

"He everywhere hath way,
And all things serve His might;
His every act pure wisdom is,
His path unsullied light"

There are some things we do not get, because we do not ask. God had blessing in store for his ancient people that they did not receive. And why? Because they did not inquire. God had said, "For these things will I be inquired of for the house of Israel." Now, don't say impossible, till you have inquired of the Lord. Cannot He bring light out of darkness, and call forth things that are not as though they were?

You may be saying, I am a householder, and if I leave home, if only for a few days, I fear that I shall suffer loss variously, and everything come to a stand-still. Ah! then you are not willing to sacrifice that which costs you something,—is that it? What if God should give you a blessing that millions of money could not buy! Would not that repay you? Before another year rolls round you may be in the other world. If so, would you wish that you had sacrificed something, in taking a week aside from your never-ceasing worldly cares, by way of seeking a preparation for it. Do you think any one of the one hundred and twenty disciples regretted the days they waited, with one accord in one place, tarrying for the promised gift of power? Dear care-worn disciples, this gift of power is just what you need, not only to help you to die right, but you have long needed it to help you to live right.

But the great difficulty with you has been, that you have never really taken time to be holy. If Jesus should in gentle whispers say to you now, "Get away from your cares;" say to every earthly solicitude, "Stay thou there while I go up to worship," would you do it?

Have you members of your household unconverted? Be sure and take them with you. The converted ones must certainly go. Don't be afraid that anything disastrous will happen in regard to your home affairs. The things that were written aforetime were for our admonition. If God promised to take

care of the interest of His ancient people, when they went up to worship, He will also take care of yours. Suppose you put His promise to the test. TRY IT!

TILSONBURG.

Our readers will see by our Camp-meeting record, that the first Camp-meeting this season, is at Tilsonburg, Ont., commencing June 18th. At this we expect to be present. Let every one that reads this announcement plead that a multitude of disciples may receive the baptism of fire, and hundreds of sinners be added to the Lord. Last year we attended a Camp-meeting at Tilsonburg, which was the first ever held in that region. It was a season of extraordinary power. Many believers were sanctified wholly, and many unsaved ones newly brought to Jesus. Among the first saved was the gentleman whose name the place bears. A flame of revival was there kindled, which still burns on. May this year not only be as the last, but much more abundant in manifestations of divine power.

SEA CLIFF CAMP-MEETING.

By an advertisement received through the committee of arrangements, which appears in our present issue, it will be seen that the notable Sea Cliff Camp-meeting commences on the 26th of June. We are rejoiced to see that this Association are not afraid of holiness as a specialty. And why should they, or any association under Methodist auspices ever ignore this precious theme? "This," says Mr. Wesley, "is the Methodist testimony, this is the peculiar doctrine committed to our trust; where our preachers enforce it as a blessing to be received NOW, and to be received by faith, there Methodism prospers. But where it is not thus enforced, it does not prosper." But let it ever be remembered, that holiness is the GIFT OF POWER, and that the immediate result of the disciples receiving the gift of power on the day of Pentecost, was the conversion of three thousand.

Dear Christians, invite your unconverted relatives, friends, and neighbors, to attend the Sea Cliff Camp-meeting. Jesus will be there. He will be there not only to give the gift of power to His waiting people, but He will be there to receive sinners, and heal all manner of spiritual maladies. He is the same to-day, yesterday, and forever. In the days of His incarnation, many came, bringing their friends with them. And how wonderful the fact, *Jesus healed them all.* May multitudes come to Sea Cliff, *bringing their friends with them,* and may it ever stand written on the archives of this health-invigorating place, "*Jesus healed them all.*"

Let the Sea Cliff Camp-meeting be made a subject of DAILY prayer,—mighty, all-prevailing prayer. Our God says: "*Call unto me and I will answer thee, and show thee great and mighty things that thou knowest not.*" It would be a great and mighty thing, if hundreds of the disciples of Jesus should, at this consecrated grove, receive the baptism of fire, and, returning to their homes in the cities of New York, and Brooklyn, and all over the State, scatter the burning flame of revival, resulting in thousands being added to the Lord. But would even this be too great or too mighty for our Almighty Lord to accomplish? Surely not: let as ask Him in faith, nothing doubting, remembering, as ever,

> "Thou art coming to a King,
> Large petitions with thee bring;
> For his grace and power are such
> None can ever ask too much."

CEDAR RAPIDS CAMP-MEETING, IOWA.

Under the auspices of the "National" Association for the promotion of Holiness, also commences on the 26th of June, on the Fair Grounds. Doubtless, many in those regions will feel it a privilege to attend.

"I WANT THE WITNESS."

We asked an intelligent Christian lady who was in the habit of attending the Tuesday Meeting in New York, "Do you enjoy the blessing of perfect love?" In a hesitating manner she answered:

"Yes, I believe I do;" and then, as if an inward voice was reproving her hesitation, she, in a decisive, unequivocal tone said, "Yes; I *know* I love God with all my heart, but I want the witness of it."

This conversation occurred at the close of the meeting. We saw a question involved, which we felt some interest in hearing a theologian answer. The venerable Dr. N. Bangs, who was seldom absent from the Tuesday meeting, was standing near, and calling him, I introduced him to the inquiring lady, saying, "Here, Doctor, is one who says she be-

lieves that she loves the Lord with all her heart,—at least she *knows* she does, but she wants the witness of it."

The Doctor looked confounded, in view of the simplicity of the thing, and turning to the window, where the sun was brilliantly shining, he exclaimed, "Sister, the sun is shining, and you *know* it; do you want the witness of it?"

That is, do you want the witness of a thing you know? The *knowledge* of a thing is the witness. How many are like this Christian sister. They *know* that they love God with all their heart, but refuse to testify explicitly, because they want some sign, or wonder, aside or beyond the knowledge of it. Whereas, this is the identical sort of testimony Christ demands of His witnesses. It is thus divinely worded: "We speak that we do KNOW, and testify of that we have seen."

Let it be ever remembered, that all the experimental knowledge we have of God as our Father, or Jesus as our personal Saviour, is communicated by the Spirit. The Holy Spirit does not come to testify of Himself, but to take of the things of the Father and the Son, and reveal them to us. It is therefore the *knowledge* attained by this Christian lady that the love of God was perfected in her heart—was revealed through the Spirit. And when she unwaveringly acknowledged to the glory of God, what had been wrought in her, through the Spirit, she became a strong witness of the power of Jesus to save to the uttermost, and very helpful in leading others into the way of holiness.

"I WILL NEVER GIVE UP PRAYING FOR HEART PURITY."

So you say; but is it right to pray for the blessing of heart purity now, unless you expect to receive it NOW? "Whatsoever is not of faith is *sin*."

God says, "He that asketh *receiveth*." If you ask, and do not believe when you ask that you receive, is it not because there is a *trespass* somewhere? Where is it? Surely not with GOD.

Then it must be with *yourself*. May you not find it in this direction? You speak of a time when God gave you the blessing asked. On the 16th of February you entered into covenant as recorded in "Entire Devotion," in connection with 2 Cor. vi. 17, 18, and verse first of seventh chapter, "Having these *promises*." And then the first scripture your eye rested upon after this told you by what rule you must *walk*. "For we walk by faith." You then said "Yes, Lord; I will walk by *faith*;" you confessed your sin, and told the Lord that you knew that you had been seeking a sign, looking at the experience of others, instead of looking to Jesus in momentarily trusting in Him for present salvation from all sin.

Had you from that hour been true to your *promise*, and held on by naked *faith*, believing the ever-speaking WORD, "*I will receive you*," and in reliance on that saying, "Thou dost receive me," you would not again have been in darkness.

But God's order is irrevocable. It must be obeyed, or the work of faith cannot go on. Neither can you stand still, you must either go forward or go back. When those Israelites brought out of Egypt came up to the borders of the land, they were, by the command of God, required to go forward. God said, "*To-day*." They were not *immediately* obedient, but deferred the attempt to go up till the morrow. And then they were smitten down before their enemies, and God, who had promised to bring them into the land, was greatly dishonored.

Now, my dear sister, hasten to obey the divine order. You *promised* the Lord you would *believe*. Survey the ground! Renew your covenant, and let it be an everlasting covenant, well ordered, and sure. Believe with your heart. Set guards to your faith. As unbelief is a *sin*, resolve that you will sooner die than doubt. Then take the *next* step, or you will lose the ground taken. The next step is "*confess with the mouth*." If church ordainments contravene the order of God, what next? See Acts, first and second chapters: the company of disciples (one hundred and twenty), who continued with one accord in prayer and supplication, was composed of males and females. When the Spirit fell, it came upon them all, irrespective of sex. The result was they "*all spake as the Spirit gave utterance*." If you cannot speak as the Spirit urges you to do in one place, is it not better to go where you can have liberty? "Whether is it better to obey God than men, judge ye!" Life is too short, and its aims too high to be loitering long over matters that retard the soul's progress heavenward.

News Along the Line.

HOLINESS CONVENTION.

We have held our contemplated Holiness Convention in Astoria, commencing on the 16th, and closing the 19th. Revs. H. Wallace, and J. J. Gardner, of the Illinois Conference, were with us from the beginning to the close. Such men cannot fail to be useful in spreading Scriptural holiness. Praise God for the Daniels, the Shadrachs, the Meshachs and the Abed-negos of the nineteenth century.

During these four days of prayers, confessions, and consecrations to God, fourteen of God's dear children entered into the land where the Canaanites are forbidden to dwell. The testimony that they are now giving is,

"I have entered the valley of blessing so sweet,
And Jesus abides with me there;
And His spirit and blood make my cleansing complete,
And His perfect love casteth out fear."

I would not have you think that the offence of the cross has ceased in this region. No! *No!* the carnal mind is still enmity against God. But, all praise to our great Redeemer, the latter-day glory is coming, the voice of Him who said, Behold I make all things new, is in the midst of His saints. The Word of God is flying upon the wings of the wind. Emanuel's Veteran Corps have broken up their winter quarters forever; scabbards and bags of sand for the back are out of use; the harpers are proclaiming,

"Oh! sing of His mighty love,
Mighty to save."

URIAH WARRINGTON.

ASTORIA, Ill.

THE REVIVAL AT BLOOMINGTON, ILL.

One of our Western exchanges gives the following account of the revival at Bloomington, Ill., and how the children of God of various denominations worked together for the salvation of souls:

"Evangelistic companies of twenty-five and thirty Christian men and women, of various denominations, have gone out of late from Bloomington, to neighboring towns and cities, to engage in earnest personal work in soul saving. In a late excursion of this kind to Petersburg, a prominent Presbyterian physician visited the offices of the physicians for religious conversation; a prominent Methodist merchant visited the merchants; young men visited the miners; Presbyterian, Baptist, and Methodist women visited from house to house among all classes. Thus, within a half day, a town of 2,500 inhabitants was thoroughly canvassed by these zealous workers, and the people invited to the afternoon and evening meetings. By the personal appeals of the canvassers, and by the afternoon children's meeting, and one evening meeting for adults, a powerful revival influence was left in the town. Scores have been converted. These clerical and lay 'evangelists' take with them their own singing books, and do their own singing, praying, and preaching. This looks like the style of the primitive church, and is a sign of the millennium. At one of these meetings at Chenoa, seventy rose for prayers, and like results have been witnessed elsewhere."

MASON CITY CIRCUIT, ILL.

Rev. A. B. McElfresh writes:—Praise the Lord for what He is doing for us on this circuit. About seventy have been converted. Over sixty have united with the church. Several have found the blessing of perfect love, and quite a number more are earnestly seeking it, and they are making liberal donations to the Missionary cause.

WESTERN NEW YORK.

A sweeping revival is now in progress on the Carlton Charge, Rev. G. J. Du Bois, pastor. At last report over one hundred had professed special interest. As a whole, the district is enjoying a good degree of prosperity.

Rev. S. Hunt, Presiding Elder of Niagara District, Western New York Conference, says that several excellent revivals have been enjoyed on the district during the past winter. At Royalton, Rev. J. Hill, pastor, 100 have been added to the church. Between ninety and one hundred have also been received on the Holley and Clarendon Charge, Rev. H. C. Woods, pastor. Thirty have been converted, and been received into the Clinton-street Church, Lockport, Rev. J. N. Simkins, pastor.

REVIVAL OF HOLINESS.

A work of holiness among believers broke out here more than three years ago, in connection with a blessed revival of religion among the members of two Bible Classes. It

has gone on extending in depth and power, from this time to the present. Perhaps two hundred persons, and among them five ministers, have obtained the blessing of heart purity, in connection with this movement, and hundreds have been converted to God.

After a quarter of a century's babyhood, as a Christian believer, I was instrumental, in God's hands, in encouraging a good woman who had once enjoyed this second blessing, to seek it again. She quickly took the Saviour at His word, and gave Him all the room in her believing heart. In an ecstasy of joy she told me this in the presence of a young widow but recently deprived of her husband.

This latter, a Christian of several years' standing, stopped me in the the street to ask if the blessing Mary —— talked of, was for her also; because if it was, she would like to have it. I told her "Yes, decidedly." She went home, searched her heart, read, inquired, prayed, believed, and was made consciously pure from indwelling sin.

These two women then turned round upon me, and asked why I, who taught them how to seek, did not myself enjoy what I taught? It was in vain I urged my experience as peculiar, my case as singular, and different from any one else. They told me that *I* had taught *them* that purity is received *by faith*. Did I not exercise faith for pardon? If I exercised faith for pardon, could I not do it for cleansing? Besides, as the blessing was to be found through faith, should I be any worse, if I were none the better for believing?

Beaten with my own sword, and obliged to confess that there was no logic in my arguments, I fairly gave over the foolish controversy against God; and while at prayer, early in March, 1866, I obtained the blessing.

Mark the results! God so blessed my labors, that night after night I had to spend hours with penitents seeking either conversion or the deeper work—and the Lord's hand was wonderfully displayed. I was obliged to establish a meeting for holiness, open to believers of all churches, who would be willing to abandon controversy and seek to be purified from all sin. Blessed be God, I have found the long-lost secret of the unity of the Church. It is being "full of the Holy Ghost and of faith." Nobody can quarrel who gets this; but whoever does get it is soon made to feel that all hell is against him, that all the world is against him, and more than half the church.

I have occupied this position for more than three years; I am often preached at, prayed at, and frowned at; but every successive week finds me nearer the Lord, and the Lord's hand more powerfully at work.

"Careful, without care I am,
Nor feel my happy toil;
Kept in peace by Jesus' name,
Supported by His smile.

Joyful thus my faith to show,
I find His service my reward,
Every work I do below,
I do it to the Lord."

We find it advisable not only to teach the necessity for holiness in general, but specially to urge the duty and privilege of entire holiness, as a second blessing, distinct from pardon, and attainable by faith, for the destruction of the remains of the carnal nature, which it is so common to hear must remain until death.

JAMES FOX WILSON.

JAPAN.

"Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands. Serve the Lord with gladness; come before His presence with singing."

YOKOHAMA, FEB. 23, 1873.

Mrs. Pruyn writes: Our family worship and our prayer-meetings are precious seasons, and now we have added yet another most delightful privilege. And to have you understand it, I must tell you that we have built a dear little school-house on a beautiful lot we have bought adjoining the one on which we are living. It became too small in less than a month after we opened it, and we are now putting up another adjoining it the same size. The money for this last was contributed by people here.

Well, there has never been a Sunday-school for natives in this land, therefore Miss Kidder had a large class of them in the Foreign Sunday-school, and we began to feel that our little building ought to serve some purpose on the Sabbath as well as other days, and on the first of this year we commenced the first Sunday-school ever attempted in Japan exclusively for Japanese. It is held at three o'clock P.M. About thirty has been the usual attendance, but as soon as the new room is finished we shall have an infant class.

This number does not include the children of our own family, for, as we have little room for separate classes, and they can all understand English, we thought it best to let them continue at the Church Sunday-school. About half of those who come here understand English very well, though four only can speak it. I read a portion of Scripture, and pray in English. We sing two or three hymns; and how well they sing them! and then we all repeat the Creed. Then the ladies take their classes, and I can spend one hour in reading, or writing, which I am doing *now*. At the close of the hour, I ask for the verse which I gave out the previous Sabbath, and all repeat it in classes, and answer questions upon it. Again we sing a hymn, after which all kneeling repeat in concert the Lord's Prayer. It is the most precious season of the week, and as to-day, when I was praying for the presence and power of the Holy Spirit among them, I felt such a sense of His holy influence in our midst, I could not doubt that in the day when we come before our Lord, bringing our sheaves with us, it will be revealed to us then, if not before, that this and that one "was born there."

I want to tell you so much, but my time is nearly gone, and the house begins to be crowded with Japanese before dark, who come to spend an hour in the parlor before tea *to sing*, and then as soon as tea is over the dining-room is prepared for their meeting, and we have ours in the parlor, and thus we carry on our precious meetings till nine o'clock. It is always after ten before all are gone, and the house quiet, and then after such a busy day I am too wearied for anything.

Sabbath evening, 10 o'clock.—I have just opened my letter to tell you what a glorious meeting we have had, and that the reason for it was the confirmation authentically of the news that *Christianity is tolerated*.

Quickly, and without any outside pressure, these rulers have been constrained to let the oppressed go free, and hereafter there will be no restrictions to hinder the teaching, or the acceptance, of the Gospel. Let the people praise Thee, O God. Let all the people praise Thee. Praise the Lord, O my soul! Speaking of a convert, "the man referred to comes here to all the meetings; is this moment sitting beside the hall-stove waiting for meeting-time, and reading the Bible, while all the others are in the parlor singing with the ladies. Praise the Lord with joyful lips!"

THE LOST SAVED.

The chaplain of the Ohio penitentiary reports that about one hundred and sixty of the convicts have professed religion since the formation of the prison church, a year and a half ago. Of these, about one hundred have been discharged, have joined churches outside, and are living consistent Christian lives. Nearly five hundred of the inmates attend the prayer-meetings, and about four hundred the Sabbath-school in the prison.

Queries and Answers.

BARRIERS OVERLEAPED.

DEAR BROTHER C.: You say "there is a wonderful agreement in some aspects of your experience and mine."

Let me ask is there an agreement in this regard? You will see by the first part of the 'Way of Holiness," that though the adversary long tried to keep me from the attainments of holiness by the suggestion, that I could not tell the time when I received justifying grace, that I did at last resolutely overleap that barrier. *How* I did it, you will find I think very simply stated in the volume entitled "Way of Holiness with Notes by the Way." Perhaps you have read it, but if so, suppose you read it again, and before reading it, kneel and ask the Lord, that to the degree the steps presented are as laid down in the *Divine Chart*, you may be enabled to take them. Aye, go farther, *promise* the Lord, that to the degree the Spirit will enlighten your mind, and show you that the steps are *scriptural*, you WILL take them.

I give God the glory, because I did not lead myself, the Holy Spirit alone led me to make the resolve, that I would be a BIBLE CHRISTIAN. The experience narrated in the "Way of Holiness," was the result of that resolve, and the *Lord knows*, that I give Him ALL the glory, when I record that hundreds have come to my knowledge, who having taken the same steps have been ushered into a wealthy place. Resolve dear brother, that you will let mere technicalities alone,

and be simply a Bible Christian, and you will speedily find firm footing, establishing grace. "He that believeth hath the witness in himself." The way I received the *witness* of justification, in such a manner that I never dared to doubt, was on this wise: I solemnly promised the Lord, irrespective of feeling, that if I had such an evidence of a new creature, as He had given in His WORD, I would never for a moment doubt again, that I would sooner die than doubt. I then took this passsage, "Love is of God, and whoso loveth is begotten of God." I then asked myself, what reason have I for believing that I love God? Why is it the first thought of the morning, and the controling idea of the day, a desire to please God? Would I have such an abiding desire to please Him, if I did not love Him? etc. Why, I could in fact as well have doubted my existence, as to have doubted my love to Him. I was not thinking about the witness, or anything else. All I wanted to know was the *fact*. That was as plain as noon-day. Then of course I believed it, because *God said so*. And as I believed it, on the bare authority of God's WORD, that moment the Holy Spirit witnessed with my spirit so powerfully, that I was born of GOD, that all questionings in regard to the witness of justification were forever silenced. It might have been the same years before, if I had relied on the naked *word* of God, and not listened to the tempter.

Jesus is saying to you *now*, "I will; be thou clean." The poet says truly,

"I cannot wash my heart
But by believing thee."

I close by saying, if you will believe God *now*, you need not look back upon past experience, for you will be justified NOW.

That step being taken, bind yourself as a living sacrifice on God's altar and then take another step in faith, *believe God!* What does he say, "*The* ALTAR *sanctifieth the gift*," This done and you ARE sanctified wholly.

IS IT RIGHT

TO USE FERMENTED WINE FOR SACRAMENTAL PURPOSES?

My mind has been so pressed for some time with the following question, that I cannot forbear writing for an answer through the pages of the "Guide." It is this: Why is intoxicating wine used at the table of the Lord, in the Evangelical Churches of the present day? One reason for asking is this: It was only last Sabbath that the Lord's Supper was celebrated in this place, and an invitation was given for any Christian present, though members of other churches, to unite.

I said to a sister near me, my son (a youth) is here, but I dare not ask him to come forward, as it is intoxicating wine that is being used, and he has never seen it in his home, nor has it ever crossed his lips. She seemed amazed. I had thought of the possibility of a desire being created, as Satan is very wily in his devices, and what the result might be, and I became greatly agitated. I was inwardly led to ask that the Spirit might be given, to restrain his going forward, if it would be more for the honor of the truth, and glory of His cause, or if otherwise, that he might be induced to go forward.

In the love-feast he gave in his testimony of Christ's power to save even such an unworthy creature as he had been. I was afraid to raise my head to know the decision, and did not know, until on my way home, as soon as we were alone, he told me of his intention of uniting with the others, but something came suddenly over him, which seemed to say it is intoxicating wine, you must not partake, and he immediately rose and went out. Can I believe it to be other than the directing of the Holy Spirit in this case? A question now rises in my mind whether it is right to remain in fellowship in such a Church where I cannot ask my children to unite with me in commemorating the dying of our Lord.

Another reason: Not more than three weeks ago, a temperance tea-meeting was held in the same place, when one of the speakers, who was a stranger, stated, that he had been reformed from drunkeness about three years ago but that he could not unite in fellowship with any of the churches in the neighborhood where he had recently come to reside, on account of intoxicating wine being used at the Lord's Supper, lest it might lead him astray. There is both a Wesleyan and a Primitive Methodist Church in the place.

Are the Churches not casting "a stumbling block" and "an occasion to fall" in the way of such a brother, and many others like him?

MINESING, 1873.

ANSWER.

We publish the accompanying letter from our correspondent because it suggests an important question which demands careful consideration. We do indeed think it inexpedient that intoxicating wines should be used on sacramental occasions. How can unfermented wine be obtained? may be a question with many. Stewards of churches, or ministers, or any persons holding an official or private relation to the Church, ought to be interested on this subject, and with proper pains and forethought all church communities may be supplied with unfermented wines for sacramental purposes. Such wines are often advertised in religious newspapers. We regard the matter as of vital importance, and in relation to this as of many good things, it will be found that where there is a will there is always a way. We know a lady so persistent in her purpose that fermented wine should not through any inadvertency be used, that she raised grapes herself, and pressed them for sacramental purposes in her own neighborhood. She did this from deep religious convictions, and acted on the principle that she ought to be willing to show the sincerity of her convictions, by sacrificing that which *cost her something* by way of carrying them out. A question, that may by a little proper pains-taking be so easily settled right, obviates the necessity of answering the strangely grave question that follows, "Is it right to remain in Church fellowship in a Church where I cannot ask my children to unite with me in commemorating the dying of our Lord?" The better way is to exercise that charity that hopeth all things, and lovingly use every possible means to rectify wrong, remembering that charity suffereth long and is kind.

The great body of Methodists in America (of which the respected correspondent is a member) are most strictly temperance in principle. See page 356 in their book of Doctrine and Discipline on the subject of Temperance. *Resolution* 3*d* reads thus: That we not only regard the manufacture, sale, or the use of intoxicating drinks as a beverage, morally wrong, but we also most earnestly protest against our members giving any countenance to the liquor traffic, by signing petitions for license, by voting to grant licenses, by renting property for such purposes, or by directly helping in any other way to promote intemperance. Any one thus acting is guilty of unchristian conduct, and is subject to disciplinary action.

Resolution 4th. That we recommend the use of unfermented wines on our sacramental occasions. The Philadelphia Conference adopted the *Resolve*, that as unfermented wine can now be obtained, we do most earnestly recommend its *exclusive* use in all our Churches for sacramental use. Methodist Conference New York East. *Resolved*, That we earnestly recommend and exhort the stewards of all our Churches, to whom the providing of our sacraments belong, that they use all possible carefulness to provide such wines as shall afford no element, or shadow of endorsement of one of the greatest scourges that blast the human race. The New York Methodist Conference have passed a similar resolve. The Maine Methodist Conference as a body, with doubtless many others, have done likewise. We repeat that unfermented wine can be obtained from almost all parts of the country. It is therefore that we hesitate in recommending any particular place. But to leave all without excuse, that Dr. Welch's unfermented wine is used by about one hundred Churches in Philadelphia, and a large number of Churches in New York, Brooklyn, and elsewhere. It is manufactured in Vineland, N. J. Orders sent to Rev. D. Tracy, will be attended. This wine costs but $12 per dozen for quart bottles, and will be, and *has* been sent to Nova Scotia, Scotland, England, and largely over the United States of America. This announcement in made purely gratuitously, and unsought. We have been loth in giving so much space to this subject, but the cause of truth and holiness seemed to demand.—EDS.

Correspondence.

ROUND LAKE, N. Y.

There will be two Camp-meetings at Round Lake this year. A New York State Meeting, conducted by Rev. B. I. Ives of Auburn, N. Y., will be held July 8th to 18th, and a Troy Conference Camp-meeting, conducted by Rev. S. Washburn of Fort Edward, commencing Sept. 3d, and closing the following

week. Eighty acres additional ground has been purchased and the grounds will be opened as a Christian summer resort. A new and elegant iron depot will be completed by July 1st, at an expense of nearly ten thousand dollars. The D. & H. C. Co., has leased the Rens. & Saratoga R. R., on which Round Lake is situated, and will run drawing-room cars through from Philadelphia to Saratoga and Round Lake without change. The route will be via Binghampton.

E. A. HARTSHORN, Sec'y R. L. C. M. A.

THE UNION CAMP-MEETING AT SEA CLIFF.

The Camp-meeting to be held in Sea Cliff Grove, commencing on Tuesday, June 26, and continuing ten days, is specially appointed as a *Union Camp-meeting for the Promotion of Holiness.* All Christian laborers who are seeking to encourage the spiritual growth of believers, or who are seeking to realize in their own personal experience the fulness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ, are most cordially invited to participate in the meeting.

We understand that able and devoted clergymen and laymen of different denominations, well known throughout the Churches as earnest and successful workers, have promised to be present. Those eminent and honored evangelists, Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, will conduct the experience meetings, and Dr. Tourjee, of Boston, will lead in special "praise meetings" to be held during the services.

Superior tent, cottage, and hotel accommodations, with postal and telegraph privileges, will be afforded on the ground, and daily steamers, conveying passengers at unusually low excursion fare, will ply between New York and the Grove direct, making the distance in one and a half hours, and affording passengers one of the most inviting trips by steamer in the whole country. Circulars giving full information will be furnished on application by letter directed to "Secretary Sea Cliff Grove Association, Sea Cliff, Long Island, N. Y. By order of the Committee.

WORKING FOR JESUS.

During this past winter I gave my heart to God, and have since been working in His vineyard, and I now realize that the blood of Jesus cleanseth me from all sin. I am now in my seventeenth year, and am striving to do the will of God. I praise God for what He has done for my poor soul, and for His Word and Spirit, which alone can save us from sin. I love to read the "Guide." It has been a great help to me. I am trusting in Jesus, and He saves me now.

"Jesus all the day long
Is my joy and my song."

ROSA J. SPEARY.

Miscellaneous Gatherings

JESUS BEARS OUR BURDENS.

A curious case, which is intended to combat Professor Tyndall's idea of testing the efficacy of prayer, is found in the story of a dissenting exhorter in England. The man had acquired considerable local fame, and he attracted the confidence of a lady who heard him. After his sermon she went to him to relate an incident of personal experience, which, as she thought, might afford him exhortations. The preacher listened to her with peculiar interest, and in great excitement, and, when she had finished, he requested her, as a special favor, not to repeat the circumstance until he should come around again. It was some time after that the preacher visited the locality, and he found the same lady among his audience. As a conclusion to his sermon on the value of prayer, he said, that a few years before, a lady living in an out-of-the-way place, in an old-fashioned house, and almost alone, in the wing of which her bedroom was situated, discovered, upon retiring to her room at midnight, that a man was concealed under her bed. She was afraid to go out, lest the burglar should suspect that she was going to call for help, and so attack her. She took out her Bible and read the parable of the Prodigal Son. Then she knelt down at her bedside and prayed aloud. She prayed for those who had been exposed to temptation, for the outcasts, and the wrong-doers. She begged that she might be spared fnom peril during the night. She asked that mercy be vouchsafed to all who repented.

Having concluded her earnest and eloquent prayer, she retired. The burglar came

from under the bed and said to her: "I mean you no harm, ma'am; I am going to leave the house, and I thank you for your prayer." He then went away, and the lady soon heard him jumping out of the window to the lawn below. "The good woman of whom I have told you," added the exhorter, in a broken voice, "is with us now, and the sinner to whom her simple, womanly prayer was shame, remorse, penitence and a future of repentant expiation, is he who confesses himself to you and his Maker.

The Tuesday Meeting.

Meetings for the promotion of holiness are held at the residence of Dr. Palmer,

316 East 15th Street,

opposite Stuyvesant Park, at 2½ o'clock, every Tuesday afternoon.

REDEEMED BY THE BLOOD.

Rev. L. Dunn.—I am very glad, for one, and I have no doubt we are all glad, that the objection which the infidel makes to our religion is, that it is a Religion of *Blood*. All down the stream of time, even throughout all ages, even unto the world of blessedness, we hear them singing, "Worthy the Lamb," etc., "who redeemed us by His blood." But for the blood I should sink down in despair. I find in the blood pardon, forgiveness, cleansing.

I bring my guilt to Jesus, who washes me in His blood until not a stain remains. Glory to the Lamb.

The verse, "I have finished the work thou gavest me to do," and another, "I do always those things," etc., overwhelm me. Oh, that I could always, everywhere, have the constant consciousness that I please the Father.

One of the greatest griefs of my life is, that I do so little in my Master's service. I toil and toil from week to week, yet a sense of my want of usefulness becomes a burden. Pray for me that I may leave myself, my all, in His blessed hands—a vessel sanctified and meet for the Master's use; "that I may finish the work given me to do."

ALL IN JESUS.

Rev. H. Belden.—Christ is all I want. More than all I find in Him. I praise Him that years ago He led me within the circle of those influences which led me to expect full salvation in this life. He graciously led me unto the fellowship of those who talk as you do here. There was a spontaneous accrediting of their testimony. God made me to understand that day the simplicity of faith, which I had before mystified, so that when I cast myself upon the Lord, in a sweet, gentle way, I was led to believe the fact that I was *received*. One of the dear saints had instructed me not to reason with Satan, but to *believe*. Holding on there, the Lord gave me the witness, and I knew it was a fact.

That simple truth was the foundation of my life of trust and confidence.

Blessed be the Lord who has brought me in sympathy with the teachings of the Word to turn to Jesus, who meets all exigencies. Blessed be His holy name.

LEARNING TO DO LITTLE THINGS.

Rev. M. French.—I feel to praise the Lord for the *liberty* and the *strength* I have in the Lord Jesus. The enemy has tried to discourage me, as he did Brother Dunn, by the temptation that I had done so little. The Lord expects me only to do my work according to divine measure. Forty years of Moses' life was a blank, so far as the help of the world was concerned; but the last years of his life were a world in themselves, and will last forever.

Wherever the Master places us, that is a grand place. Little things are great if God appoint them. My Heavenly Father gives me a great many things to do, which He does not let me understand.

I have learned to be willing to do little things. It is a great thing to dwell in Christ, and to be hidden away in Him. The Secretary of the New York Prison Society said to me this P. M. that he wishes to send among prisoners, as teachers, men who have been saved themselves.

I want to walk before the world bearing the testimony that I am saved; that I am in the King's Highway, loving Jesus and His work, and glorifying Him at every step.

OVERCOMING FAITH.

A Brother.—I am well satisfied to-day that the blood of Jesus does cleanse. It cleanses now. It cleanses every day, every hour, but I am tempted—have been tempted here; but I overcome through the blood of the Lamb.

One evening I went into my room, I prayed for the blessing of a pure heart, and found it. I had no instruction except that contained in Wesley's Christian Manual. The Lord who saved me will save every one who comes in the same way I did. Oh, that all may come!

RENEWAL OF COVENANT.

Rev. Brother Goss.—I was converted to God soundly when I was seven years of age, through the labors of my Sunday-school teacher, in old Forsyth-street Church. The Church was sceptical about the conversion of little children, and it was not until my fourteenth year that I joined the Church. At a camp-meeting at White Plains I went forward as a seeker of sanctification. I told those present that I had found the Lord a complete Saviour. I afterwards lost the evidence, but at Seacliff Grove last year I renewed my covenant with the Lord, and ever since I have been preaching full salvation through the blood of Jesus.

GLORIFYING JESUS.

Episcopal Minister.—I suppose it is the common desire of all true Christians to be fruitful. I see that a brother did not seek success for its own sake, but simply to glorify Jesus. It is safe for us all to continue to look to Jesus. Not satisfied with past success, but Christ Jesus is the blessing, the power, the zeal, and all we want. The Lord is blessing me more clearly than heretofore. He honored me by converting two souls where I was visiting last week. Methodism is nothing, Episcopalianism is nothing, confirmation is nothing. Jesus is all.

CHRIST IN YOU.

Sister C.—Brother Brown reminded me of the words, "We are workers together with Him." The mystery, which was hid from ages, Christ in you the hope of glory, is revealed. "I will dwell in them and they in me." Glory to Jesus for that blessed promise. People use their eyes, their tongues, their feet, doing the work of God. We can all do something to spread the Gospel. In my earlier acquaintance with this blessed experience I was led to do more than perhaps was proper. It is more what *we are*, than what we *do*. So if we are willing to *suffer*, if that be God's will, Jesus knows how to deal with us, and our highest privilege in being filled with the Holy Ghost.

Children's Corner.

WHEN THE DARK COMES.

A little girl sat, at twilight, in her sick mother's room, busily thinking. All day she had been full of fun and noise, and had many times worried her poor, tired mother.

"Ma," said the little girl, "what do you suppose makes me get over my mischief, and begin to act good, just about this time every night?"

"I do not know, dear. Can you tell why?"

"Well, I guess it's because this is when the dark comes. You know, I am a little afraid of that. And then, ma, I begin to think of all the naughty things I've done to grieve you, and that perhaps you might die before morning; and so I begin to act good."

"Oh!" thought I, "how many of us wait '*till the dark comes*,' in the form of sickness, or sorrow, or trouble of some kind, before we 'begin to act good'! How much better to be good while we are enjoying life's bright sunshine! and then, 'when the dark comes'—as it will, in a measure, to all—we shall be ready to meet it without fear."—*Well-Spring.*

A STRIKING QUESTION.

"Mamma," said a little child, "my Sabbath-school teacher tells me that this world is only a place in which God lets us live a while that we may prepare for a better world. But, mother, I do not see anybody preparing. I see you preparing to go into the country, and Aunt Eliza is preparing to come here. But I do not see any one preparing to go to heaven; why don't you try to get ready? You scarce ever speak about going?"

CAMP-MEETINGS.

Tilsonburg, Canada W.,	June	18
Sea Cliff, Long Island,	"	26
Fifteenth National, Cedar Rapids, Iowa,	"	26
New York State C. M., Round Lake,	July	8
Rehoboth Beach, Delaware,	"	9
Sixteenth National, Landisville, Pa.,	"	23
Pitman Grove,	"	29
Hurlock Station, Md.,	"	30
Chester Heights, Philadelphia,	August	5
Ohio State Camp-Meeting, Canton,	"	6
Illinois State, Barclay, Ill.,	"	6
Embury Park, Dayton, Ohio,	"	6
Church Creek, Md.,	"	8
Ocean Grove,	"	8
Bethel, (Barnsboro, N. J.,)	"	13
Millersburg, Pa.,	"	20
Brandywine Summit	"	26
Round Lake, N. Y.,	Sept.	3
Seventeenth National, Moundsville, W. Va.,	"	3

THE

Guide to Holiness,

EDITORS:

DR. W. C. AND MRS. PHŒBE PALMER.

New York:
WALTER C. PALMER, Jr.,
PUBLISHER, 14 BIBLE HOUSE.
1873.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1873, by

W. C. PALMER, Jr.

in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.

INDEX TO VOLUME LXIV.

FROM JULY, 1873, TO JANUARY, 1874.

Alone with God. Rev. I. Simmons..... 14
A Union Sea-Side Convention..... 27
A Right Spirit..... 34
A Precious Letter. Rev. D. Nash..... 43
Ask of Me. Charles H. Pierson..... 61
A Way to do Good. Rev. G. W. Mitchell..... 62
Appointed to Me..... 64
Attractive Religion. Mrs. Bottome..... 74
A Chapter in My Experience. Rev. L. G. Hiscox.. 79
An Aged Disciple's Testimony. Samuel Hard..... 80
A Voice from Wesley..... 104
A Word to the Sorrowing. Rosa O. Baker..... 106
A Will and a Way. Mrs. Phœbe Palmer..... 136
A Quiet Mind. E. C. Pierson..... 138
An Aged Minister. Pres. Mahan..... 173
Are You the Lord's? H. E. R..... 178
A Family Consecrated..... 186
An American Preacher in Ireland..... 188

Bishop Emory's Experience of Perfect Love..... 10
Bought with a Price. Rev. C. H. Spurgeon..... 12
Bethlehem's Star. Rev. J. Wilson..... 14
Book Notices..... 34, 67, 99, 162, 191
Blessing of a Clean Heart. Rev. J. J. Maxfield.... 37
Bright Heaven. J. W..... 39
Bible Terms. M. Annesley..... 51
Burdened Julia. E. Redford..... 83
Bless, and Curse Not..... 161
Benefits of a Clean Heart. Rev. J. K. Ford..... 178
Brandonville Camp-Meeting. J. P. Thatcher..... 184
Bellefonte, Pa. M. L. Smyser..... 187

Camp-Meeting Directory..... 34
Camp-Meetings, Conventions, etc..... 90
Christ Takes no Silent Partners..... 99
Christ in You. Edith Rowley..... 109
Camp-Meetings—Sea Cliff, Action, Indiana, Newark Conference Camp-Meeting, Ocean Grove Camp-Meeting, Sing Sing, Grimsby, Ont., Round Lake..... 118
Church-Work Across the Ocean. W. A. Spencer.. 126
China and Japan. Letter from Mrs. Jenkins..... 154

Difficulties Considered Rev. A. M..... 11
Directory for Tuesday Meetings..... 35
Daily Praise. Miss A. Mills..... 47
Dr. Newman in Japan..... 155

Echoes from Patmos. Rev. W. H. Poole..... 8
Experience of Rev. A. Osborn. Rev. E. Davies.... 70
Experience and Labors of a Female Evangelist.... 112
Echoes from Patmos. Rev. W. H. Poole..... 135, 166
Experience of a Presbyterian Minister. Rev. R. J. Sims.....157, 165

Fifty Years' Walk with Jesus. Mary D. James 13, 40, 72, 107, 138, 169
Filled with the Holy Ghost. Pres. A. Mahan..... 17
Faith and Victory. A. A. Phelps..... 49
Funeral at the Bay-Side. Mrs. Phœbe Palmer .. 98
Frankincense and Myrrh. M. Annesley..... 136
Fearful yet Fearless. Phœbe Palmer..... 171

Goings Established. Mrs. S. E. F..... 19
Gathering Shells. Mary on the Mountain..... 75
German Union Camp-Meeting..... 93
German Camp-Meeting at Sea Cliff..... 126
"Guide to Holiness." W. T. G..... 145
Gracious Lessons..... 171
Grace Church..... 187

Holding the Bowl..... 34
Holiness. Phœbe Palmer..... 42
Healed in Answer to Prayer..... 63
Holiness Convention..... 93
How I was Led. J. D. Leslie..... 142
How to Obtain the Needed Revival. Rev. D. Nash. 175
Happy Experience of a Class-Leader. J. E. Snow.. 179
Holiness Tested in Sickness. C. A. Caton-..... 187

If I were a Seraph. S. Nash..... 45
"I Can." Phœbe Palmer..... 76
Illinois State Camp-Meeting..... 95
Illinois State Camp-Meeting. Rev. H. Belden.... 123
Incident at Ocean Grove..... 161
"I Can Walk by Praying." R. M. Putnam..... 161

Just Now. Phœbe Palmer..... 11
Jacob's Blessing: What was It? John Gulliver.. 46
Jesus Bears Our Burdens..... 64
Jesus Lifted Up. O. M. Luke..... 188

"Know Ye Not?" Mary B. Willard..... 167

Locked on the Inside. Miss Abby Mills..... 16
Liberty to Walk About Heaven..... 30
Life for a Look. Jennie M. Willing..... 47
Landisville Camp-Meeting..... 94
Letter from an Aged Pilgrim. John Covert..... 111
Letter from Rev. A. P. Graves..... 125
Love Thyself Last. Mary on the Mountain..... 174

Ministers' Experience. Rev. S. L. Gracey..... 5
My Heart Shall not Reproach Me. Mrs. M. Bottome 81
My Bible. Phœbe Palmer..... 141
Malta Bend Camp-Meeting. Frank Echsli..... 155
Mid-Summer Rest. Abbie Mills..... 156
My Great Mistake· H..... 177
Mother, God has Come..... 191

Now Salvation. Phœbe Palmer..... 10
Now I Believe it Strong. Rev. Henry Belden..... 28
Notes by the Way-Side. B. H. Bartlett..... 30
Note of Thanksgiving. E. G. W. Hall..... 30
Notes from Sea Cliff 38
Notes from Iowa. S. H. Henderson..... 94
No Friend Like Jesus. Rev. James Wilson..... 106
National Camp-Meetings in 1874..... 187

"Oh! I've Got It." L. D. S..... 143

Palatine, Ill..... 61
Prayer. Rev. J. Scarlett..... 72
Power. Miss Olive M. Luke 73
Praise to Jesus. Rev. H. Varley..... 135
Prayer Answered..... 187

Rest. A. W. C..... 17
Rejoice Evermore. M. A. Hawkins..... 20
Revival at Vermont Conference..... 27
Revival Items..... 28
Round Lake Camp-Meeting. Rev. E. Davies..... 60
Reasons for Professing Holiness. Rev. B. M. Adams..... 82
Rocky Mountain..... 93
Round Lake Camp-Meeting..... 92
Roll of Honor..... 131, 163, 192
Reading, Pa. S. Irwin..... 187

Sound Doctrine..... 18
Shall Sing for Joy of Heart. Rev. C. P. Hard..... 38
Sea Cliff..... 57
Simple Faith..... 64
Sea-Side Convention at Ocean Grove..... 91
Shelter Island Camp-Meeting, L. I..... 92
Salvation and Suffering. Rev. Charles Blakeslee.. 168

The Bible. Rev. T. Cuyler..... 7
The Firm Bank..... 7
The Way of the Kingdom. Mrs. A. A. Clark..... 18
The Christian's Inheritance. Rev. S. W. Mitchell. 21
Teasing God. Miss O. M. Luke..... 28
Tuesday Meeting..... 31, 64, 95, 128, 158, 189
The Christian's Prayer. Lizzie Fennen Baker.... 42
Trust in Providence..... 48
The Illinois State Camp-Meeting. Rev. E. Jones. 63
The Changed Minister. Bishop Peck..... 69
The Lord's Prisoners. L. A. B..... 71
The Work of God. Rev. D. Nash..... 77
The Fearless Preacher..... 83
The Captive is Free. T. F. Dolan..... 94
Thankfulness..... 95
The Hungry Arab..... 95
Then and Now. Mrs. L. H. Baker..... 103
The Bible..... 103
The Cleansing Blood. Rev. Joseph F. Wickline.. 110
Tuesday Meetings in Oregon..... 118
The Ohio State Camp-Meeting..... 126
The Christian at Work..... 122
The Bible. Q. Q..... 140
The Quaker Boy..... 162
The Revival the Church Needs..... 145

Tabor. Rev. Robert Evans..... 169
The "Howard Trunk." Rev. John Todd, D.D.... 174
Tabernacle Meeting..... 185
Thirsting for the Water of Life..... 186

Urbana State Camp-Meeting, Ohio. Rev. M. P. Gaddis..... 125

Visit to Heaven. Rev. J. B. Finley..... 94
Very Interesting Letter..... 179
Village Camp-Meeting at Clifton, Pa. Rev. Davies. 184

Williamsville State Camp-Meeting. W. S. Hussey. 27
Wonderful Answer to Prayer. R. W. Travis..... 29
Walking in White..... 52
Work Until We Die..... 78
"What I Gave, that I Have." Mrs. Phœbe Palmer 104
Wilt Thou be Made Whole? Mrs. S. J. Lanch.... 116
What is That to Thee? Follow Thou Me. C. Grace 147
Washington, D. C. W. S. Fort..... 157
Work of God Among the Friends..... 185
Washington, D. C. Wm. S. Fort..... 186

EDITORIAL.

Port Clinton Revival..... 23
Our New Volume..... 26
A Remarkable Promise..... 54
Notes by the Way..... 35
Experience of a Bulgarian Convert..... 87
How Holiness is Obtained and Retained..... 89
Days of Power in the Forest Temple..... 117
Evangelical Alliance..... 152
Did Wesley Profess the Blessing of Holiness?..... 152
A Woman's Dress Association 153
Justification and Sanctification..... 182
"With Singing to Paradise Go." 183
Crowded Out..... 184

LOVED ONES GONE BEFORE.

Mrs. Ellen McGinley. E. McGinley..... 23
Jane Chapman. L. S. Crane..... 53
Mrs. Sarah Stanfield. Lizzie J. Rice..... 53
Julia R. Hall. G. W. Hall..... 53
Mary Isabella Andrews. J. C. Andrews..... 85
Sarah O. Smith..... 86
Mary Ann McClelland..... 116
Mrs. Pamelia Steele..... 149
Rebecca J. Hamilton. M. E. Kelly..... 150
Mrs. Ann Moore. A. M. Irvine..... 151
Mr. Thomas Arland. Elizabeth A. Sheasby..... 181
Mrs. A. M. Swan. M. A. S..... 181
Mrs. Loraine J. Buspee. A. Tyrrel..... 181
Caroline Pettigrew. Sarah E. Brown..... 182

MUSIC.

Blessed Assurance. Mrs. J. F. Knapp..... 36
Divine Union. Mrs. Joseph. F. Knapp..... 68
The Heavenly Visitor. Asa Hull..... 100
Anywhere with Jesus. E. P. C..... 132
I am Coming, Lord! Rev. L. Hartsough..... 164

Guide to Holiness.

JULY 1873.

MINISTER'S EXPERIENCE.

REV. S. L. GRACEY.

On the first day of May, 1853, I connected myself with the Union M. E. Church of Philadelphia, and in a few months was assigned to the charge of the class which I at first entered. Sought Divine assistance and guidance, walked in the clear light of justification, felt the regenerating influence of the Holy Ghost; never had any doubts as to my conversion. The Lord blessed me in my efforts as a class-leader, and in a year or two I was urged to prepare myself for positions of greater usefulness in the Church, and in 1857 entered the Philadelphia Conference. My labors were owned of God, and during my first year of ministerial work, we rejoiced in an addition of over one hundred to the Church. Greatly loved the work, and labored with diligence and zeal, though my mind, at times, was greatly agitated on the subject of a deeper work, as described by the fathers of Methodism and professed by living witnesses. I felt that either these persons were mistaken in regard to the Spirit's operations, and the extent of the Gospel salvation in justification, or that there was a work of the Spirit, and an experience of the heart, that I had not realized in my religious life.

I became deeply interested in everything relating to this subject—read, studied, listened, and argued much on the doctrine; prayed for direction; but all this with mind so prejudiced that I would only receive light that seemed to confirm the views I had already embraced. I had come to regard the work of regeneration as the completed work of sanctification, and that the soul was then entirely holy and filled with the Holy Ghost. The arguments so commonly urged, "in regard to God doing an imperfect work," and many others, were constantly before my mind, and every effort was made to meet the claim constantly pressed by friends, and as I now believe, by the Holy Spirit, and by the remembrance of the solemn vows made at my ordination, that I expected to be made perfect in love in this life, and was groaning after that experience. My life was unsatisfactory; I could not confidently assert, "The blood of Jesus cleanseth me from all sin." I had seasons of great joy and love, followed by days of doubt and fear. My religious life was largely emotional, hence I had nothing settled—yesterday, I was on the Mountain of Transfiguration; to-day, deep in the valley, with clouds and darkness surrounding.

Although I had supposed my mind fully settled on what I thought to be a scriptural basis for a completed work in regeneration, yet I was not at rest. It was often suggested that I should plead with God for the blessing of heart purity and the fulness of the Spirit. The Father would persuade His rebellious child.

There were many texts from which I dared not preach, for although I could form very plausible arguments to sustain my theory, yet my heart protested; my

experience could not confirm the doctrine as I argued it. I felt within the movings of a spirit, which, though subdued and held under restraint to a great degree, was not in conformity to the Spirit of the blessed Master. I could control anger, so that it should not break forth in violent storm—pride swelled the heart in an unconquerable, rest-disturbing ambition; self fought against the Christ-spirit of humility.

For years I felt an intense longing of heart for a higher life—a settled experience; would seek "more religion," and God would bless me with renewed evidences of mercy and favor, and yet I was not satisfied; rest I had not. There was a point clearly defined in the experience of others that I had not attained, —was not fully satisfied that I was right in my views, and certain that I was not in my experience. I was compelled to admit a higher style of religious life, in the example set by those who professed to enjoy entire sanctification as a distinct blessing from regeneration, than I beheld in those who with me maintained opposite views. Could I have that experience? the conviction came in response to the inquiry, "It is for all who are willing to receive it." Instead of unhesitatingly and promptly following the leadings of the Holy Spirit, and making a full surrender to Jesus, I conferred with flesh and blood. What will be the effect? Very humiliating to human nature. What will my friends think before whom I have so earnestly and publicly espoused the opposite views? Then it was suggested that this doctrine was unpopular. Now my very hesitancy, for these and other reasons no more worthy, convinced me more fully that I was not free, as I longed to be; I was in bondage to public opinion.

Then there stood in my way a needless indulgence, which I clung to tenaciously, because of its social character. I now look back with disgust to the enslavement of appetite in which I lived for years. It was more despicable than the apple of Eden, yet it came to occupy in my heart the same relation that the innocent fruit did to our first parents—a test of obedience.

I often struggled for complete freedom. When urging sinners to give all to Jesus, and the cold and backslidden in the Church to present themselves a "living sacrifice, wholly acceptable unto God," I would myself endeavor to get my offering completely on the altar of consecration, that I might be entirely the Lord's. In social and private prayer, when almost on the point of claiming the fulfilment of the promises, my innocent gratification would thrust itself in, and insist on being seen and heard. I flattered myself that I could relinquish the habit at any moment, but that it was such a little thing, that I was foolishly sensitive; besides, why should I be so punctilious, where so many better and more useful men had allowed themselves the same pleasure? Thus I always presented a "lame," imperfect sacrifice. The Holy Spirit said yield that pleasure? "Be ye clean that bear the vessels of the Lord," "from all your filthiness and from all your idols will I cleanse you," &c. With this ray of light falling upon mind and heart, my prayers after holiness became like the cold patter of the winter's rain. I lived thus for years with a ghost in my closet, I was afraid to meet it.

Yet in all these years the yearnings of my heart were for rest, liberty, a death to sin and a life hid with Christ in God, but my proud, stubborn will would not yield. My mountain peak and dark valley experience did not suit me; I believed there was a better way; I often sang

> "I cannot rest till pure within,
> Till I am wholly lost in thee."

I continued in this unsettled condition until attending, with my charge, the camp-meeting at Camden, Delaware, when God led me into clearer light, and gave me deep convictions of the necessity of a greater work of the Holy Spirit in my own heart. By His assisting grace I was enabled to make a full surrender to Jesus; a consecration more specific, complete, and thorough than I had ever previously known. My time, talent, reputation, friends, pleasures, appetites—all, all! were placed on the altar of

sacrifice. I desire to state most emphatically that I had at this time a sense of God's love, a consciousness of acceptance with God and frequent seasons of religious enjoyment. I brought "living powers" to Jesus, a soul alive unto God, loving and fearing him; I came to consecrate renewed powers fully to God.

Presenting myself thus to Him, I had expected the Lord would do some great thing in bestowing a baptism of unutterable joy; that was the proposed plan, on which I expected the Lord to appear. I held the offering consecrated to God—reckoned that it was all His—believed that He accepted, on the authority of His Word, and yet could not be satisfied that my soul was fully cleansed, until I had the distinct, clear witness of the blessed Spirit, that it was done.

I had an abiding conviction that the offering was made to God, and that He would give me unmistakable evidence of the work being performed. He gave me quiet, rest, peace, but not at that time a baptism of joy as I wanted. My faith apprehended Christ in His power, love and willingness, and I was enabled soon to rejoice that the Holy Ghost was shed abroad in my heart, performing its great sanctifying work. My convictions were clear and satisfactory that the blood of Jesus cleanseth. Since then I have enjoyed uninterrupted rest and quiet, with many seasons of rapture and glorious displays of God's love and favor.

My Christian life now seems so settled, so full of love; my communion with God so blessed; my triumphs over temptation so easy: my work so interesting, and the salvation that I am permitted to preach so full and "to the uttermost," that I seem to have entered upon a new platform of belief and labor. Every day I repeat the offering, living by faith in Jesus. Here my weary heart has at last found rest.

THE BIBLE.

REV. T. CUYLER.

One of the deep things of God is His WORD. No fathoming line has ever touched its bottom. No consumption of its pure refreshing waters has ever lowered it an inch. Within it play the leviathans. Its sublime utterances are as the sound of many waters. "Deep calleth unto deep." And in its profound bosom lie all manner of pearls and precious stones; any one of them is worth all the pebbles of earthly streams. That single pearl, "God is Love," out-weighs the globe in value.

Just compare, too, all the human books ever written with this one book as the subject of pulpit and private study. Upon this one book the most cultured and devout minds have been engaged for eighteen centuries. Millions of spiritual and soul-saving discourses have been drawn out of it. And the Bible is as fresh and faithful as when Augustine explored it twelve hundred years ago. Men run dry; but the Bible never.

THE FIRM BANK.

We love to repeat occasionally the accompanying lines for the inspiration of our own faith, and the faith of others, and have been asked to give them to the readers of the "Guide." We are aware that they will not be new to some of our readers, but to such, the reperusal may produce a freshness of faith.—EDS.

I have a never failing bank,
A more than golden store,
No earthly bank is half so rich—
How then can I be poor.

'Tis when my stock is almost gone,
And I without a groat,
I'm glad to hasten to my bank,
And beg a little note.

Sometimes my banker smiling says,
Why don't you oftener come?
And when you ask a little note,
Why not a larger sum?

Why live so niggardly and poor?
Thy bank contains full plenty.
Why come and ask a one pound note,
When you may have a twenty?

Yea, twenty thousand ten times told,
Is but a trifling sum,
To what your Father has laid up
In Christ His precious Son.

Since, then, my banker is so rich,
I have no cause to borrow;
I'll live upon my cash to-day,
And draw again to-morrow.

For the Guide.

ECHOES FROM PATMOS.

REV. W. H. POOLE, ONTARIO.

No. XI.

SARDIS.

The "Prince of Joy" is the meaning of this word, Sardis—a precious princely name for a Church. It is possible to have a very fine name, and a nature directly opposite.

"The Seven Spirits of God" denote the variety and perfection of the gifts, influences, and operations of the Holy Ghost. That Spirit is called the Spirit of Christ. His action, and His work upon the human heart is the work of Christ, and in harmony with His will.

The "Seven Stars," and the Pastors of the Seven Churches they are in the right hand of Jesus. In His hand, for their comfort, and safety, and protection. In His hand, safe from the design of wicked men and devils. If not in the hand of Jesus they would soon be under Satan's feet. Jesus holds them in His hand, in His *right* hand, the place of strength, and of security. They are *His*, to call, to qualify, to commission, to employ, to dispose of, to reward. What a comfort in hours of affliction, and in times of conflict. What an idea of responsibility is here. Ministers belong to Jesus. He holds the Stars in His right hand.

This letter treats of soul life, and Church life. There can be no Church life, where there is not individual soul life. There are several aspects of Church life. First, we are informed of some who have died—died in a Church; lost their life in the place where they ought to be imparting life to others—died in hearing of a richly ornamented pulpit—died in the presence of a very popular preacher—died in a very comfortable pew.

IS REALLY DEAD.

Soul death, spiritual death, is much more to be deplored than physical death. What shall we do to express our general grief? Shall we crape the pulpit, and the gallery, and the pew of the deceased? Will the minister not give a funeral sermon on the sad event; will not the choir sing a funeral requiem? In this case the death is unknown. Neither pastor, nor family have any idea of such a melancholy event. The party has a "name to live," and is dead. On the door of that house there is the name on a silver plate, while there is a corpse in the parlor. Persons passing by see the name on the door, and they think he is living, but he is dead. So in the Church of God there are many whose religious life is only nominal—only an assumed life—an outward life—a feigned life—an empty form. A form of Godliness, but the power of wickedness—a name, but not the principle of life. Sardis is not the only Church in which death reigned. Mr. Wesley found a Church in Cornwall where the ministers had not preached the doctrine of holiness, and he found dead souls there, and he laid it down as a general rule, that, "wherever this doctrine is not preached, there the believers grow dead and cold."

Another aspect of Church life is, there is consumption in an advanced stage; many in a dying condition. We have, of late years, so much of this form of disease among us that almost every thoughtful person can discover the symptoms of consumption or decline. A Church "ready to die," or in a dying condition, has all the symptoms of one who is consumptive.

1. There is great loss of strength, no energy, no physical force, general debility. In this we have a true phase of the life of many in our Churches who are in spiritual decline. They have no power to resist the wrong, or to do the right—to speak for Jesus—to talk to sinners—to reprove the erring—to counsel the wayward. Alas, for them! their fine gold is becoming dim—their wine is mixed with water—they have no strength.

Another symptom is great loss of appetite. A healthy soul "hungers and thirsts after righteousness"—he delights in the law of the Lord, and meditates upon it day and night. To him, "it is sweeter than honey and the honey comb." As the hunted deer longs for the cooling brook, so his soul longs for Divine com-

munications—his soul "followeth hard after Thee, O God"—his appetite for the pure and the good is almost omnivorous. The word of the Lord is to him as marrow and fatness; the means and ordinances of the House of God his constant joy. He sings,

> "I have been there, and still would go,
> 'Tis like a little heaven below."

His chief delight is in the prayer meeting; these are to him Bethels, houses of bread, and in them he feasts daily. But, oh, how changed!! He has so far lost his relish for these things that he loathes the dainty food, and has become a spiritual dyspeptic.

Another phase of this Church life is a loss of enjoyment. To the consumptive there is no happiness in either business or pleasure; friends and acquaintances cease to afford him any enjoyment; neither sunshine nor flowers give him delight. How much like the spiritual invalid. He has no pleasure now in the good or the beautiful—no happiness in duty—no joy in the Lord—no comfort in the Holy Ghost—no voice of praise or thanksgiving. Listless and inattentive to duty, the fountains of his joy are dried up, and all his joys are withering and dying—"things ready to die." There are conditions of spiritual health which must be attended to, if he would be strong to do battle for Jesus. Those conditions are, in many respects, analogous to the conditions necessary to maintain the health and vitality of the body. Those conditions are three:

1. There must be a good supply of wholesome food. The mind, as the body, needs nourishment. The trashy poisoned literature of our day is to the mind what chaff and husks would be to the body. A novel-reading Church is sure to be a weak, sickly, sentimental Church, dying, or "ready to die."

2. There must be suitable exercise. This is not more needed to develop the muscular system than it is to cultivate our spiritual life. If you would be strong in prayer you must exercise your gifts of prayer. If you would be a man of mighty faith, exercise your faith often, put it to the test, use it. If you would be a courageous, skilful soldier, you must use graces, exercise your arms. Our Churches and our Camp-meetings are spiritual gymnasiums.

3. To be healthy in soul, as in body, we must secure a pure atmosphere. It is impossible to have a healthy, vigorous body, or soul, if the atmosphere in which you breathe be impure. "Keep thyself pure" is a very important exhortation. No man can live, and grow in grace, whose conversation is impure and worldly. "Let your conversation be as becometh the Gospel of Christ." "For our conversation is in heaven." "To him that ordereth his conversation aright will I show the salvation of God." "Be an example to believers in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity."

These are a few of the more important conditions of health. Where these are neglected, or violated, we will soon find the sad and melancholy spectacle of "things that are ready to die." Oh! a dead and a dying Church.

This condition is the more deplorable, because it is so deceptive that a consumptive person is, in his own estimation, always improving in health, is always feeling so much better, the disease is so flattering, so false, so delusive. So it is in the experience of, alas, too many of the members of this Church, always hoping, always talking of improvement, praying for progress, talking of holiness, fancying that they are going to do better; but death is surely near, and, with all their self-deception, and false hopes, they are "ready to die."

But in this letter to the Church in Sardis there is another class here noticed. I rejoice that even in Sardis, amid the dead and dying, there are a few names living in the enjoyment of Christian holiness, and testifying that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanses from all sin. "Pure garments," "white robes," "clothed in white," even in Sardis. If the Church in Sardis had a few persons who, amid the general declension, had maintained their purity, and professed Christian holiness, none need be discouraged. We may have a few holy, happy witnesses in any Church in our country, or

in any land. Pure in heart, holy in life, garments pure. Names recorded in the Lamb's Book of Life. Jesus confessing "the holy ones in the presence of His Father, and before His angels." What an honor to come up, even from Sardis, and be honored by Jesus. What a reward? Fidelity to Christ never fails of its reward.

There are *four* things enjoined upon those who are unfaithful and sickly—"who are ready to die":

1. Watchfulness—be on your guard.
2. Recuperation—cherish, nourish.
3. Reproduction—remember.
4. Reformation—repent.

The reader will remember that I promised to catch the echoes only, not to elaborate the idea, or dwell upon the thought. I must, then, of necessity, leave many a point unfinished.

(To be continued.)

BISHOP EMERY'S EXPERIENCE OF PERFECT LOVE.

March 10, 1812.—To-day, while meeting class, and pressing the members to look for that "perfect love which casteth out fear," the Lord renewed my own witness of it, after having been some time in doubts about it. This is the third time I have had the witness given. I believe not declaring it, and want of watchfulness, were the chief causes of my being brought into doubts before. May I be wise and more faithful hereafter!—*Life of Bishop Emory.*

For the Guide.

NOW SALVATION.

PHŒBE PALMER.

For Christ is the end of the law for righteousness, to every one that believeth. Rom. x. 4.

Faith is an act between God and the soul. If Gabriel, in the mightiness of his power, was present, he could not perform that act for you. If Christ is the end of the law for righteousness, to every one that believeth, why not believe this moment? You well know that you have not far to go to find Christ. Is He not nigh you? Even at this moment, He is inly speaking to you. And what is He now saying? Listen! Lo! I AM thy salvation. Not I will be, or I can be, but I am thy salvation! Instantly respond to His living voice, and let your soul cry out, "Behold, GOD IS MY SALVATION! I will trust and not be afraid!" for the Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song; He also has become my salvation.

The late Rev. Dr. Bangs told the writer of an experience, illustrative of the simplicity and power of a simple instantaneous act of faith, connected with his own experience. In the early part of his ministry, he had experienced the blessing of holiness, amid a tempest of emotion, so that faith seemed scarcely recognized in the manner of its reception.

For several years he retained the power of that baptism, and went about as a burning flame, diffusing energizing influences in the newly-formed churches, and mighty in pulling down the strongholds of Satan. Afterwards he was placed in positions, where, the secularities of the Church demanding much of his time, he became less definite in his experience, and ceased to testify explicitly.

It was while in this state that he was surrounded on one occasion by a pleasant social circle, when an intelligent Christian lady, introducing the precious theme of heart holiness, addressing him, said, "Doctor, you enjoy this blessing, do you not?" The Doctor was startled at being approached so closely. That he had once experienced the blessing he knew; but that he was now enjoying the witness of it, was not so sure. He had never intentionally given it up, yet he dared not say unequivocally that he had lost it, fearful that it might seem like denying what the Lord had done for him.

Lingering a moment in answering, and knowing that the blessing was received by an instantaneous act of reliance on Christ for it, he renewedly cast himself on the merits of the Lamb newly slain from the foundation of the world, and exclaimed, "Through the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, I feel that I can say I do enjoy the blessing." That moment the powerful witness of

the Spirit was given. From that hour, Doctor Bangs stood forth as a flaming witness of Christ, as a Saviour able to save to the uttermost.

"By faith I plunge me in this sea,
Here is my hope, my joy, my rest;
Hither, when hell assails, I flee;
I look into my Saviour's breast—
Away sad doubt and anxious care,
Mercy is all that's written there."

For the Guide.

JUST NOW.

PHŒBE PALMER.

And would'st thou now be sanctified
From all pollution free?
Look *now* to Him who for thee died,
And purchased this for thee.

Yes! look *just now*, the morrow's sun,
Thy new made grave may view!
And what remains that should be done,
With all thy might pursue!

And thou hast said "The morrow" till
Hours, days, and months have past,
Soon God will say, "Be filthy still,"
And thou shalt mourn at last.

Now is God's time! the cleansing flood
Is open to thy sight,
Oh! just now wash in Jesus' blood
And make thy garments white.

For the Guide.

DIFFICULTIES CONSIDERED.

REV. A. M.

This excellent article was mislaid, or it would have been published before. We hope to hear from our correspondent again.—EDS.

We have often been impressed with the fact, that many of the objections urged against Sanctification, or Holiness, have their origin in a misunderstanding of a few portions of the Scriptures. To this source, we think, most all those opinions of candid persons against this blessed doctrine and experience, may be traced. It is lamentably true that there is another class of persons, whose aversion to Holiness arises from a moral malady of which the head is not the seat, but which has its residence in the heart. This can be removed by no human reasoning however acute, learned, or pious. However, we purpose to consider a few passages of Scripture, which are often quoted by candid persons in defence of the *impossibility of attaining to Christian perfection in this life.*

In so doing, our aim is to do good, to impart *light* in *love*, to both instruct and save, and to this happy end may the Great Eternal Teacher, who spake as never man spake and taught as one having authority and not as the Scribes, drive with love's melting breezes, and bring the truth home to every heart not yet emancipated from sin.

In 1 Kings viii. 46, we find the following language—"If they sin against Thee (for there is no man that sinneth not)," which is a part of King Solomon's prayer offered at the dedication of the Temple, and which is often quoted, somewhat triumphantly perhaps, to prove that no man can be delivered from sin so long as he lives. Now it must be observed that, as the passage stands in our common English version, the verb in the first clause is in the *potential mood* and hence denotes that the men in question *may* sin, or they *may not* sin against God; while this sense is wholly destroyed by the second clause; not only so, but the second clause in the sentence contradicts the first, by affirming that, "there is no man that sinneth not." Now, it cannot be supposed that the Holy Spirit, which spake by the mouths of all the holy Prophets since the world began, could thus contradict his own testimony. Therefore, any consistent explanation of this passage must be preferred to the one now under consideration. Such an explanation, however, is not wanting. The best Hebrew scholars, that have ever written on the Scriptures, agree with scarcely an exception that the passage not only may, but should be translated thus: "If they shall sin against Thee, for there is no man that may not sin." This rendering does not contradict itself, but simply accords with a multitude of other passages which might be quoted.

The next passage we consider is a portion of Our Lord's Prayer: "And forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors," from which it has been inferred

that we must be continually sinning or how can we be called debtors: *i. e.* if we do not commit sin, what need have we for this petition? To this the reply is, that we are still debtors to Divine Grace although living without sin, because the grace to live without sinning against our Heavenly Father constitutes us His debtors since we receive it from him.

Another Scripture, that is more frequently quoted than any other, is that recorded in the 1st epistle general of John and 8th verse: "If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us." To get the true meaning of this often misapplied passage, we must in the first place consider that the writer understood his subject too well to contradict himself. In the preceeding verse he speaks of "walking in the light," of "having fellowship one with another," and the last idea is "the blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleansing us from all sin." He then adds, "If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us": *i. e.* if we shall say that "*we have no need of this cleansing, and, like some Jews of old, shall say, that 'we be not born of fornication, we are of the circumcision,' we are not by nature common sinners,*" we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us. Accordingly he adds in the next verse: "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us *our* sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." And this accords with another Scripture by the same Apostle, to wit, "He that is born of God doth not commit sin."

SANGAMON Co., Ill., 1873.

BOUGHT WITH A PRICE.

REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

The world has a right to expect more from a Christian than from anybody else. He says he is "bought with a price," he says he is God's; he therefore claims more than others, and he ought to render more. Stand in fancy in one of the fights of the civil war. The Royalists are fighting desperateiy, and are winning apace, but I hear a cry from the other side that Cromwell's Ironsides are coming. Now we shall see some fighting. Oliver and his men are lions. But lo! I see that the fellows who came up hang fire and are afraid to rush into the thick of the fight; surely these are not Cromwell's Ironsides, and yonder Captain is not old Noll? I do not believe it; it cannot be. Why, if they were what they profess to be, they would have broken the ranks of those perfumed cavaliers long ago, and have made them fly before them like chaff before the wind. So when I hear men say, "Here is a body of Christians." What! those Christians? Those cowardly people who hardly dare speak a word for Jesus! Those covetous people who give a few cheese-parings to his cause! Those inconsistent people whom you would not know to be Christian professors if they did not label themselves! What! such beings followers of a crucified Saviour? The world sneers at such pretentions; and well it may. With such a Leader let us follow bravely; and bought with such a price, and being owned by such a Master, let us glorify him who condescends to call such poor creatures as we are his portion, whom he hath set apart for himself.

And let us remember that by men who profess to be "bought with a price" the name of Christ is compromised if their behavior is unseemly. If we are not holy and gracious, ungodly men are sure to say, "That is one of your believers in God; that is one of your Christians." Do not let it be so. Every soldier in a regiment ought to feel that the renown of the whole army depends upon him, and he must fight as if the winning of the battle rested upon himself. This will cause every man to be a hero. Oh! that every Christian felt as if the honor of God and the Church rested upon him, for in a measure it certainly does.

"Art thou a Christian? Dost thou say thou art?
High is thy destination; O act well thy part,
And be Christ-like, and follow thy Great Head,
In all things hear His voice, and by that voice be led;
Though at His requisitions, fearful nature tremble,
Still follow on, in all things Christ resemble."

For the Guide.

FIFTY YEARS' WALK WITH JESUS.

MRS. MARY D. JAMES.

(*Continued from page* 173.)

STANDING FOR JESUS

as a *decided, uncompromising witness*, was a duty which had been made so apparent that no doubt was left. The purpose of her heart was at once carried to the ear of her compassionate Saviour, and with deep contrition and repentance she wept and lamented her departure from the straightforward path of duty. Conscious of no intention to swerve from that path, but an unwavering purpose to please God, she could, without hesitation, claim His forgiveness through the all-cleansing blood, and immediately felt a fresh application of that blood, in the renewed cleansing of her heart, and the bright evidence of her full acceptance. Then came the fulness of peace and joy in the Holy Ghost, and the blessed fellowship with the Father and the Son, which had been the crowning bliss of her happy experience, and she felt that henceforth it would be her chief delight to show forth His praise, who had again lifted upon her the light of His countenance, and wished for an opportunity to speak of her dear Saviour's wondrous love. Before such an opportunity was afforded, a young Christian came to her seeking light and help in the pursuit of the higher experience. She said, "I heard you enjoyed it, but have *not heard you speak of it;* and oh, how earnestly I have wished to know more of the Christian's privilege! I have been reading the memoir of Hester Ann Rogers, and her glowing experience and beautiful life quite charmed me. I want to be thus devoted to God, and am trying to be so. Then came again the bitter reflection—*I have not been doing the work which was given me to do here.* This lovely young Christian might long ago have entered into the King's Highway *if I had held up the light to show her the path, and had extended a helping hand to her;* and many others, too, might have entered into the goodly land of perfect love, had its

RICH FRUITS

been set before them, and had they been told by one who knew its wealth of blessings, and of the way to enter in, and invited to "go up at once and possess it."

Tears again gushed from her eyes at the thought of the good she might have done by a faithful testimony. But now she endeavored to redeem the time lost, by doing all she could to help the sincere inquirer, and sought opportunities of speaking to individuals, and in private circles, on this subject, dearest to her heart; and, as she improved these opportunities, her faith, and love, and joy increased.

Before the privilege was given her to witness in a public meeting, her wise and loving Father took her up into the Mount of Blessed Communion with saints, where the fruits of Canaan were spread out in profusion, that she might gain greater strength before testing time would come.

A VISIT TO NEW YORK

brought her in contact with some of the purest spirits that have ever blessed our world. It was her first introduction to the abode of Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, in the year 1838, and to the precious privileges of the Tuesday Meetings. With those meetings, the names of Brother and Sister Moore, Sister Lankford, Mother Stebbins, Brother and Sister Shipman, Rev. Timothy Merrit, and many others are associated. Oh, what memories cluster round those names! How full of sacred fragrance! How blissful the fellowship enjoyed with the beloved circle who worshipped and communed in Rivington Street!

FEASTING THE SOUL.

By a reference to her diary, records are found of conversations with Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, and Mrs Lankford, which made her soul "as the chariots of Aminidab." While enjoying the hospitalities of their pleasant abode, she felt as the disciples on the Mount of Transfiguration: a heavenly atmosphere surrounded them, and Jesus revealed Himself so gloriously to their spiritual vision as the centre of attraction. His presence was the charm, and His love the theme, not only of the Tuesday Meetings, but of

the family circle, the social company, and even at the table. At each meal, a portion of the precious bread that is furnished by God's Word was distributed, as being essential to the soul's advantage and comfort, as the bread on the table was required to feed and nourish the body. As the passages were repeated by each one around the board, there seemed a peculiar freshness and sweetness in them; and they were as "marrow and fatness" to the company of believers. Never did the Word of God seem so appropriate—so blessed; and how beautiful to have it mingled with our food, that the soul and body both might be fed at the same time! How easy then to obey the injunction, "Whether ye eat or drink," etc., "do all to the glory of God," if His own words were in our minds and on our tongues while eating and drinking.

It had not been considered religiously profitable to mingle with large companies called "tea parties," but here were companies of twenty to thirty, and each countenance bore the image of the heavenly; and the conversation was all of Jesus and His love. How often, while thus favored with those spiritual feasts did the happy visitor say in her heart,

"Blest Jesus, what delicious fare!
How rich Thy entertainments are!"

At the tables so bountifully spread with heavenly food, how many hungry souls were fed, *richly fed!* For did not the King of Saints say unto them, "Eat, O friends, and drink abundantly, and let your souls delight themselves in fatness!" Was it any wonder that the little one, whom her Father, in the plenitude of His goodness took to "His banqueting house," and covered with the "banner of His love," should have returned to her home "strong in the Lord and in the power of His might," and that she has walked in the strength of that food for more than thirty-four years. Through this establishing grace, becoming rooted and grounded in love more thoroughly than ever, she was prepared for labors, conflicts, and trials which awaited her through all her subsequent life.

It is true that we "cannot live on past experience;" the blessings of years gone by will not suffice for the present, and we find it necessary to ask our Father in heaven, as He has bidden us, every day "Give us this day our daily bread," yet it is also true that through those who are living in close companionship with Jesus, and are taught of Him, we may be "taught the way of God more perfectly" and thus gain knowledge and strength that will more thoroughly furnish us for life's great work, to do, and to bear, and make us, in a fuller sense, "Meet for the Master's use."

Thus was the disciple of Jesus instructed, enlightened, strengthened, and newly equipped by her association with those precious servants of God, whom she met in New York.

(To be continued.)

For the Guide.

BETHLEHEM'S STAR.

REV. J. WILSON.

I see the star! I see the star!
The star of Bethlehem;
I see it shining from afar,
Just like a brilliant gem.

I see the star! I see the star!
The star of stars to me;
The day-star from on high—that star,
By Faith's keen eye I see.

I see the star! I see the star!
That cheers me as I roam;
I see the star! I see the star!
That soon will light me home.

I see the star! I see the star!
The brightest star on high;
Of all the stars the purest star
That gems the moral sky.

For the Guide.

ALONE WITH GOD.

REV. I. SIMMONS.

There is no necessity at the present day of guarding against the esoteric phase of our holy Christianity. The multiplying calls of social life, the varied and frequent conventions, committee, and preliminary meetings; the festivals and fairs, rehearsals, lectures, and con-

certs fill up all the spare hours of day and evening, while the lateness of the hour of closing them, and the fatal fashion of late parties and late suppers render the physical system indisposed to early rising, and thus the private devotions are hurried or superficially performed, the words of repentance are not meditated thoroughly, nor the consecration seriously considered. Add to all this the necessary time spent in daily toil, and how much is left in which we may "steal away to Jesus?"

The injunction to "Pray without ceasing" cannot obviate the necessity of special and protracted seasons of private devotion. Long praying is not always devout praying; but devout praying is a natural result of staying long with God. The Saviour was in momentary communion with the Father, and yet spent whole nights in prayer, arising often before it was day for these holy communings. A few general requests, though made in faith and repentance, a few general expressions of thanksgiving, though well meant and acceptable, do not comprise the grand exercise of prayer. It embraces conversations with the Spirit, and soul intimacies and friendships that deepen and strengthen by that posture of the soul implied in waiting upon the Lord.

One result of such tarrying alone with God is *spiritual mindedness.* It is natural to be most strongly influenced by the nearest objects. The material world lies all around us. Its sights, its sounds, its glittering attractions indulge and occupy our senses. It takes more than an occasional few moments to step securely beyond their controlling influence. While the brief devotions of the family altar, the sincere worship by the bedside on rising and retiring, and the frequent ejaculatory petitions and praises that leap up from our hearts during the day, are all inexpressibly valuable; they cannot be substituted for the longer waiting in the closet with God. In fact it is the longer waiting that gives the spiritual glow from which these ejaculations arise, and that prevents the family altar from depreciating into a merely formal exercise. Our natures need to wait in the spiritual presence until we are consciously affected by the sense of the Divine holiness. Consecrations are not alone in words and thoughts, nor in groupings of material possessions, and surrenders of conscious powers, but a yielding of our entire nature to spiritual occupancy and rule; while every voice of our being cries, "Amen, let God's will be now and for ever done." The act is the work of a moment, but such a condition perpetuated, the spiritual prevailing over every interest of business and pleasure will be by imitating the Master, and spending time with God in prayer.

Another result of such waiting is *spiritual strength.* Strength is vital to Christian progress. The words *war* and *warfare* are suggestive of muscle and force. The enemies enumerated, and the dangers pointed out, indicate the prowess necessary to final success. Physical strength is subject to protracted training. The gymnast eats, drinks, and sleeps like other men, but he secures to himself long periods of special exercise. And he has his reward. The Christian athlete must have special training, and while his field is the world, his armory is his closet, and his drill close communion with God. There is no substitute for this. We may possess a sound orthodoxy, maintain a scrupulously correct deportment, and enjoy a high standing in Church position, and be as weak as a paralyzed arm. Our hands will hang in the battle. Get alone with God! Tarry until His might encompasses your weakness, and shuts you in behind a fortress of supernatural spiritual energies. The public exercises, that savor of the protracted privacy with God, are potent with the people. Intellectual experiences founded on the memory of a distant conversion are too weak for the Armstrongs and Steel-plates of present unbelief; the world needs strong utterances, full of light and love, and from a soul that has accustomed itself to frequent talks with Jesus alone. Don't be afraid you will become too mystical and self-inspecting. There is no danger. The drift is all the

other way. With all your efforts, the secular propulsion will be strong enough to prevent undue ascetic tendencies. But if you would be spiritually mighty, mystic or no mystic, you must be much alone with God.

Another result is *spiritual beauty*. The "Beauty of Holiness" is not the fruit of a few faint efforts, nor of formal and occasional praying. It is such an acquaintance with the Holy Spirit that its Divine lineaments are graven on the soul. The sweet harmony of our passions and virtues, the placid equilibrium of our desires and will, the happy subjection of the whole to God, write on our lives a grace, and on our faces a beauty, nature alone could never give. The most homely face is beautiful when it stays so long in the royal presence that the smiles of God linger upon it when it has come from within the vail. That sweet tenderness of spirit that gently moves among the discords of men, impressive and influential, is recognized as the result of intimate and protracted communion in the closet. Shut in with Jesus! The finite must take on the possible features of the infinite, as the weaker is lifted up to the Almighty. Linger a little longer at His feet, and you will catch inspirations not embraced in the scope of hurried devotions. They will shine on your brow, they will mellow your tones, they will grace your person, they will give finish to your whole being, they will make you holy within and without, and holiness is beauty.

It is a question, in our crowded lives, how we can secure more time alone with God. First, systematize your hours with reference to this. Want of a system is always a loss. But with a little forecasting an available hour can be easily commanded. Set it apart, and keep it sacredly. It will be the richest part of the day to your soul. No excuse should deprive you of this delight. If the day is peculiarly filled with demands upon your time and strength, so much the more need of the thorough preparation the devotional hour will give.

Secondly, secure time for private worship, by positively ignoring many inexpedient matters that require time, without conferring profit. How much time is spent in frivolous conversation, in useless trimming and decorating of our persons, and in unprofitable reading. Cut loose these dead weights, and you will have ample time to be alone with Jesus. There is time running to waste on every hand. The essential news of the day can be read in a few moments. Give to meditation and prayer the time hitherto given to the long columns of minute descriptions of murders and street scenes. Throw away the secular newspaper on the Sabbath, and give that day entirely to the spiritual side of your being. And on every day ignore the unnecessary dozing of the morning, burn up the religious romance, and have a heart-searching season with God before you set foot out in the busy world. Our Saviour was a man of toil, but his zeal was fired up by his faithful hours with His Father. "Let the same mind be in you that was also in Christ Jesus." Take the Scriptures and retire a while. Get under the glory! God invites, come a little nearer! Now, nearer still! Ah! there are fresher baptisms as you wait. Oh, if Enoch, walking with God, without Bible, without Sabbath-school, or prayer meeting, rose to a level with heaven, and so stepped in to the increasing glory, what spiritual results might now be expected, with all our religious appliances, if the millions of Christ's friends spent more time alone with God.

For the Guide.

LOCKED ON THE INSIDE.

MISS ABBY MILLS.

I turned the key to my door, and soon after forgot all about it. Some one knocked, and, instead of going to the door, I said, "Come in." But, of course, the effort was fruitless until the key unlocked the door. So many ask Jesus to come into their hearts, yea, urge Him, with tears, to do so, when all the time "the *door is locked on the inside*." One fairer than the children of men stands outside knocking. His name is as ointment poured forth, it would fill every chamber of the soul with sweet perfume;

His locks are dewy, His garments smell of myrrh, but this princely guest will not force an entrance, though He desires to come in, and patiently stands and knocks, again and again.

My friend would have soon left my door, feeling insulted by an invitation to enter, if I had not at once unbarred the door; but having heard the Saviour say, "Behold, I stand at the door, and knock," you say, "Lord come in," but hesitate to lay aside your own plans. You are loth to lay hold of the key, and open wide the door, that He may enter who comes laden with richest blessings; comes to abide with you for ever. But if he tarries thus with you, every key of the blood-redeemed heart-temple must be delivered up to Him, that He may refit and furnish the whole. Not one little room will be left for rubbish. He will make all beautiful, and His presence will diffuse light and joy everywhere. Every harmful intruder will find the door locked on the inside, but the highway heavenward will always be open, whereby celestial visitants shall often enter to charm the soul with heavenly music and converse.

"When Jesus makes my heart his home,
My sin shall all depart;
And lo! he saith, I quickly come,
To fill and rule thy heart."

For the Guide.

REST.

A. W. C.

Jesus! Holy Saviour,
Take me to Thy breast,
Calm the raging billows,
Be my rest.

Ever be my prayer,
Father, Thy will,
Whisper to my soul
Peace, be still.

Ah! I hear Thy voice,
Come unto me,
Yes, gladly I come,
Trusting to Thee.

No more grief and pain,
Calm is my breast,
Safe in my Father's arms,
This is my rest.

FILLED WITH THE HOLY GHOST.

PROF. A. MAHAN.

"The Memoirs of the Scotch Worthies, disclose three central facts in their spiritual history—their conversion, followed by the common forms of Christian experience; a subsequent heart searching, breaking up of the fountains of the great deep of the soul, and a *renewal*, in which they were filled with the 'light of God;' and finally, forms of the divine life so new, and so far transcending anything before experienced, that they were utterly at a loss, in regard to the nature of their first conversion. It was after this renewal that they became the mighty men of God, who revolutionized that kingdom. It was no uncommon event, then, for one, two, and sometimes as many as five hundred souls, to be converted under single discourses delivered by these men—souls who evinced by their subsequent lives, that they belonged to 'the people of whom God is not ashamed to be called their God.' It was the eclipse of this glory which left the Scotch Church the comparatively 'dead letter' which it now is."

First, conversion; then entire sanctification—the emptying of self, and then—what? The little growth and usefulness, too common with professors of holiness? Oh, no! nothing of the kind. But to us is offered these same "forms of the divine life," by which those old "worthies became mighty men of God" in revolutionizing Scotland.

In unison with this thought, Bramwell, writing to a friend, said: "To be cleansed from sin is great indeed; but to receive the inward glory, in its full influence—this is salvation." This, let it be remembered, was written by one who was, instrumentally, one of the greatest soul-savers of modern times.

The point is plain: Would we glean souls for heaven with the greatest efficiency, there must not only be a complete cleansing, but a divine filling up of the heart—a constant heaven-union; a lasting growth in grace; a persistent and mighty faith, which "laughs at im-

possibilities, and cries, it—the work of God—shall be done."

We solemnly invite those, who, with us, believe in and profess the blessing of perfect love, to pray for, hunger for, and receive this nearness to God, this ineffable fulness, this soul-saving power, which is the weapon by which we shall be able to labor for Jesus with glorious triumphs. Let us go directly to the cross of Christ.

For the Guide.

THE WAY TO THE KINGDOM.

MRS. A. A. CLARK.

(*Continued from page* 178).

"The love of money," we are told, "is the root of all evil," and such it does indeed prove itself to be. Alas! how many who, for a few *paltry dollars*, make shipwreck of faith, and hew out to themselves broken cisterns that can hold no water, eternity alone will reveal; yet they are tightening the links of rebellious chain, and, with haughty bearing and unrelenting grasp, pass on until they reach its extremity.

Who in striving to be a *Bible Christian* has not been forced to realize that the way is straight and narrow. We are told that the spirit of God is easily grieved, it is a tender spirit. How far can we step aside without offending? How much may cruel passion be allowed to vent itself upon the innocent. How many harsh words fall from lips that should be sealed, unless to administer grace to the hearer. How much envy treasured up in the bosom's secret cell? How much hatred cherished and concealed, perhaps from every eye but His who has said, if we regard iniquity in our hearts, He will not hear us. How many duties can we omit. How many crosses shun. How large a throne can self sit up within, assuming its crown scepter, *caring not* for the pleasure or prosperity of another seeking only to gratify *its own* sinful desires and evil propensities. How much of man's own will may be set up in defiance of His whom winds and seas obey. How much sloth indulged. How much waste of time. How much *needless visiting*. How much *foolish talking* and *jesting* before the grieved spirit will quietly withdraw, leaving behind the bitter sting of sorrow and remorse in the bosom of the professing Christian. "The little foxes spoil the vines."

God has said, Be ye holy, for I am holy. We are not only invited, but commanded to avail ourselves of a full and complete redemption from all sin. Proud man makes his mark, and is reaching after it with *burning aspirations*, happiness is the mark that he has set. *Hope* rekindles ambition's fire, and he presses on, expecting to obtain the prize; but he never presses the *golden treasure* to his heart, or obtains the object of his search; he never wins the prize; it is only the *pure* in heart that can possess the treasure. "Holiness and happiness are inseparable."

For the Guide.

SOUND DOCTRINE.

Our late Bishop D. W. Clark wrote a sermon of Golden sentiments on the "*importance of doctrinal truth in religion, and man's responsibility for his belief.*"

This sermon should be widely *scattered and read*, through the boundaries of Methodism. We make a short extract adapted to the "Guide." *Q. Q.*

"*Again, if you wish to make men holy, preach the doctrine of holiness.* Don't let it trouble you that the doctrine has become old; that men have tinkered upon it, and patched it all over with the unseeming patchwork of human invention. The good old doctrine remains the same, carved upon the very door-posts of the narrow gate through which we enter heaven. Behold, O ye heavens! O earth, read the wondrous inscription, tremble, and adore! "Without holiness, no man shall see the Lord." Heb. xii. 14.

Jesus Christ is the very same now that He was in the Apostles' day. The efficacy of His Blood to cleanse away human defilement is as complete now as it was when the fountain was first unsealed by the Cross. The old medicine has never lost its virtue. Quacks and charlatans may pervert its use and abuse its application. But bring it out afresh,

take it from the Word of God. First, incorporate it into thine own heart, till it becomes there a *living verity*, glowing like fire shut up in the bones! Then shall Christ, the great purifier, be revealed to the yearning faith of the believer—longing for holiness of heart. Then to all the world shall be made a demonstration of the all glorious truth that, "He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, *and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.*"

Finally, it is the preaching of Gospel truth and doctrine that is to carry salvation to the ends of the earth.

GOINGS ESTABLISHED.

MRS. S. E. F.

When fourteen years of age I sought, and after a hard struggle obtained, the pardon of my sins: and was made happy in a Saviour's love. But with deep regret and shame I must confess that I often grieved the Holy Spirit till at last I found I had lost the pearl of great price. Though I wandered far from my Father's house, He did not forsake me, he gave me to see my lost and ruined condition. Then I began earnestly to seek for my lost treasure, but many weary months passed before I could again rejoice in a Saviour's love. Oh, the anguish, the darkness of mind that I suffered. At last, one Sunday night, while alone in prayer, God for Christ's sake pardoned all my sins.

For two weeks I was very happy, but I soon began to feel my need of something more; I saw plainly that holiness was the doctrine of the Bible, that without holiness no man shall see the Lord, and that this is the will of God—even our sanctification. I was in great distress; I searched the Scriptures, read every thing I could get on the subject; but my way seemed dark, my mind was often clouded with doubts and fears. Satan tempted me to give up the struggle by saying that it was too much for me to expect the blessing, when so many older Christians do not profess it. I thought if others could live Christians without it, I could not, I must go up at once and possess

"The land of rest from inbred sin,"

or give up my hope. Sometimes I could almost claim the blessing, then doubts would arise, and I would for the time give over the struggle. Two years passed in this way, and I had become almost discouraged. I attended a camp-meeting for the promotion of holiness, where I heard Dr. and Mrs. Palmer and others speak on the subject. The way seemed so plain that I could not doubt, I began to seek the blessing; but I had a hard struggle, before I could let go my hold on unbelief, and take Jesus at his word. At last I was enabled to believe, and oh, how happy was I! I believe that I did love Jesus with all my heart. I came home rejoicing, I was so happy, and felt so secure. I thought surely temptation cannot reach me now,—I ought to have remembered that temptation was not sin unless yielded to,—but temptations and trials did come, and I thought, I have been mistaken, if truly sanctified I would not be thus tempted and tried; I forgot that the just shall live by faith. I began to reason, then to doubt, and lost the blessing.

Oh, how keenly I felt my loss. But I was fully determined to regain it. I tried many times but failed. Oh, how my heart groaned to be free from sin. I can no better express my feelings than in these lines:

"O Thou, in whose all searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart, it pants for thee,
Oh, burst these bonds and set it free."

More than a year had passed away. One morning, after reading many precious promises in the Bible, I meditated thus: this great blessing is for me, unworthy though I am. If it is for me, why can I not have it *now*. The Spirit whispered, You may—only believe. I went to my room, fell on my knees and commenced praying. Glory be to Jesus! the witness came, my soul was filled with the love of God. I felt willing to do or suffer any thing for my blessed Redeemer. Oh, glory be to his holy name, he keeps me moment by moment, and though I have trials, he says my grace is sufficient for you. I am enabled to cast all my care upon him, who careth

for me, and is able to keep me. Unto his name be all the praise.

Three months have passed away since I received this blessing. I can still say

"I am trusting Lord in thee,
Dear Lamb of Calvary,
Humbly at Thy cross I bow,
Jesus saves me, saves me now."

Satan has tried hard to cheat me out of this blessing. Glory be to God, every temptation only serves to bring me closer to Jesus. I am a reader and dear lover of the "Guide." The January and February numbers for this year have been a great blessing to me. May Heaven's richest blessing rest upon the dear Editors. My soul was drawn out after God more than ever before, while reading an article in the February number, entitled a "Bride for Jesus." I felt that I could give up every thing to be the Lord's. I said, O Lord, seal me unto the day of redemption, to be wholly thine, soul, body, and spirit. My bodily strength was taken away, and oh, such happiness, such nearness to God, I never felt. The thought I was wholly the Lord's filled my soul with inexpressible delight. Oh, glory, glory, be to Jesus, he is able to save unto the uttermost all who come unto him.

"Oh the rapture this affords:
I am the Lord's, I am the Lord's."

JOHNSTOWN, Md., 1873.

For the Guide.

"REJOICE EVERMORE."

M. A. HAWKINS.

It was during a day of severe trial that this gracious command was presented to my mind, "Rejoice evermore." It came fraught with more than its usual meaning.

Our darling lay dying, and as I saw the death damps gather on its brow, and felt the pulse grow fainter and fainter, I knew I could do no more; then looking up to Him who taught us to say, "Our Father," I asked, Can I now rejoice?

Scarcely two years had passed since we were called to drink from the same bitter cup of sorrow, and now, shall we rejoice that *this* bright bud of promise is so soon to be snatched away? Rejoice that its sweet face will bring sunlight to our hearts no more while passing through this vale of tears?

In this hour of severe conflict I gave myself with all my interests anew to Him who said, "Cast thy burden on the Lord; He will sustain thee."

Soon the Comforter spoke to my heart, saying, "I will give thee back thy child in answer to thy prayer." From that time the little one grew better.

How sweet the assurance that, "like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him." Yes, He cares more for us than we can care for ourselves if we will trust Him. He has said, If earthly parents give good gifts to their children, how much MORE will your Heavenly Father give good things to them that ask Him. He will do for us exceeding abundantly above all we can ask or think. The religion of Jesus seems to say, Read me, criticise me, and embrace me, and I will make you happy; yet, in this world, where is found so much pain and anguish, it seems *difficult always to rejoice.* But if we are ever found "looking unto Jesus," the difficulty vanishes.

When the way looks bright and clear, then He shares our gladness; when the storm gathers, and not even a star appears, then we walk by faith, rejoicing in hope.

There is nothing that recommends the pure religion of our Blessed Master as does the cheerful, even-tempered life of the child of God.

How we love such a character,

"Where beams the light of love and joy,
From heart all innocent and pure."

Where the sweet song is heard from the lip, and echoes back on the heart with answering sweetness.

I love music! I cannot remember when I did not love it. It oils the worn wheels of life, going the monotonous round of daily toil; it lifts the soul above the overwhelming weight of care; it lightens the load of pain, and bids the heart forget half its sorrows.

Our Saviour sang not long before they crucified him. How does the mind love to turn to that Last Supper with

His disciples, where they sang a hymn and then repaired to the Mount of Olives. What a holy calm must have filled their souls as that last hymn was being sung, methinks angels bowed their heads and listened to those sweet sounds.

There is something in music that has the power to arouse and elevate the feelings, to warm and gladden the heart, to thrill the soul with rapture and delight, and make us feel an upward bounding of the immortal nature that lives within us.

What can be compared with its sacred power when heard in the sanctuary? If this were all that could prove attractive, its holy influence alone might be sufficient to lead men to that sacred place,

"Where lowly voices together blend,
And their mingled tones above ascend.
O, the sweetest and loveliest of music is given
From the heart's warm altar up to heaven."

Some one has said that love and music hath the power to keep the heart young. This is the secret of growing old gracefully. Let love ever reign in our bosoms, pure love to God and all mankind, so may we pass homeward, singing for Jesus.

The Psalmist has said, "The path of the just shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

Wesley had no sympathy with sour godliness, he said, "It is the devil's religion."

Then may we ever remember this imperative command: "Rejoice evermore; pray without ceasing; in every thing give thanks;" for we know

"The worst that can come,
But shortens our journey, and hastens us home."

Home to that land of pure delight, to our Father's House above, where we shall meet one another again, where "*we shall see Him as He is*," and enjoy His presence forever. Glory to God for the prospect before us, for the precious privilege of rejoicing both now and forevermore!

WARREN, O.

God would have believers made holy NOW, He would have sinners converted NOW.

For the Guide.

THE CHRISTIAN'S INHERITANCE.

REV. GEORGE W. MITCHELL.

What was the condition of man, while in the innocency of the original creation, when there was not a cloud to darken even the background of his young history? Made in the likeness and image of his Creator, a transcript of His own Divine Excellency, partaking of His attributes and sharing in His beatitudes—a companion of angels and favorite of Heaven. No human mind can imagine the amount of heavenly felicity that must then have attached to the priceless purity of such a being. And yet by redemption he is brought into a relation with the Father more excellent and glorious than that of his original creation. "For where sin abounded grace did much more abound," and we gain more by the last Adam, than we lost by the first.

Herein is love well calculated to excite the astonishment of Angels, who pry into this mighty scheme with adoring wonder that the Father of all spirits should, in the intensity of His parental affection, go out after His rebellious children, who had abandoned His communion, not only to reclaim, but to place them in a condition more blissful still than that in which they were, or could have been placed by direct creation, in harmony with the divine attributes, *or man's free will.* And to effect this He gave His only begotten Son, who had lain in His bosom from all eternity, to endure the crushing weight of our iniquities in His own immaculate body, "that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life." Oh, how precious the redemption of the soul! And now reader, if you can estimate such a price paid for man's salvation, as the agonies of Gethsemane and pangs of Calvary, endured by such a personage, God's own beloved Son, then you may have some idea of the Father's infinite love, and the unspeakable glory of the *Christian's Inheritance.*

Our Saviour makes many allusions to nature, to convey to our apprehension the tenderness of his covenant love. "I will betroth thee unto Me forever." "I have loved thee with an everlasting love." If children, then heirs, heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ to partake of the same eternal glory, with the glorified human nature of Christ

himself. Pilgrim think of this, bring your mind to bear upon it, until your soul is penetrated with the unutterable honor and felicity of such a destiny, born of the spirit, gifted with kingly honors, robed and crowned as God's own child, a member of the royal family of heaven. Then we shall understand that wondrous codicil in the testamentary prayer of our precious Saviour, "Father, I will (it was his dying wish) that those whom Thou hast given Me, be with Me where I am, to behold my glory." Oh, if His smiles be so sweet on earth what must be His presence unfolded in all its loveliness in heaven? And then, too, shall the saints understand the full meaning of the expression, "I am in the Father and the Father in Me." "I in you and you in Me." O glorious consummation of all bliss! found in this union with the Triune Deity, when the soul as a bright mirror shall reflect the lost image of the Godhead, and all its affections be devoted to its original high destiny, to glorify God, and enjoy Him forever.

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." And this interview with the loving Father will be the deepest source of heavenly bliss. We shall behold His glory not only by reflection, but by impartation, which will admit His saints directly into His Divine heart and mind. We shall see Him face to face, in all the peculiar graciousness of His character, as He contemplates His own image in the saints, with infinite delight. How often does the smile of a friend, send a mysterious thrill of joy to the heart of man, and the countenance becomes radiant in the light of their love. What then must be the peculiar joy of His saints when the smiles of His face shall render them sweetly conscious of His love, as He lavishes upon them all the resources of His infinite goodness: "Thy loving-kindness is better than life." "In Thy presence is fulness of joy." Well might the Apostle exclaim, "For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time, are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us." We shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as he is. "Now we know in part, but then shall we know even as we are known." O my soul, canst thou realize it! Is this to be thy *Inheritance?* Shall the Triune Deity, the source and centre of all heavenly joy, bestow His smiles upon the sainted soul? Shalt thou see Him, see His face, see Him as he is? the very thought is heaven, the fulfilment "an eternal weight of glory," "yea, a far more exceeding eternal weight of glory." Oh, let us lie in the dust of humility, love, obey, and adore.

Here then is the *Christian's Inheritance*, the central bliss of the sainted soul; it is the enjoyment of God Himself, in all the power and sweetness of parental love, as His child, an heir and joint heir through Jesus Christ His Son, our precious Saviour. All other glories of heaven are but emanations of this glory that excelleth; for this is the centre to which every ray of light converges, and "God is all in all." Just here the incomprehensible wonders of God's goodness in the plan of redemption are illuminated to the highest transparency, by the majesty and glory of His eternal love, ever imparting to the enraptured souls of His saints, a stream of light and life, which will move the redeemed in the mightiest manner to cry out in blissful accents, that will send a thrill of joy through the ranks of Angels and Archangels. "Unto Him that has loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and made us Kings and Priests unto God and His Father, to Him be glory and dominion forever and ever."

Beloved reader, will you be one of the number to join in this rapturous song? Are you living for this *inheritance?* Is your life hid with Christ in God? Do you often contemplate the vast powers of your imperishable soul, and the chief end of your creation "to glorify God and enjoy Him forever"? Have you considered well the extent, the boundlessness and the preciousness of immortal joy, the continued, lengthened, blissful periods ever elapsing, affording fresh discoveries of God's glory, as you are soaring higher and winging a wider flight over the realms of the blessed, until it would seem scarcely possible but that of necessity it must subside, and yet after the lapse of ages, there is ever present infinitely more to succeed the past, the melody and sweetness of heaven's music still continuing, happiness and glory never ending, but ranging at the highest point of calculation, never to be lowered by the sweep of ages. O blissful thought! overwhelmingly joyous to the pilgrim-traveller. Glory to God in the Highest, for the richness, fulness and unspeakable glory of the Christian's in-

heritance! May every reader of this article obtain a full preparation for it, through the precious blood of the Lamb, and enjoy it forever.

Loved Ones Gone Before.

MRS. ELLEN McGINLEY.

Mrs. Ellen McGinley died in Hazel Green, of paralysis, May 16, 1873—wife of Rev. E. McGinley, of the West Winconsin Conference, aged 60 years.

She loved and served God from her youth. For forty-five years she was a member of the Methodist Church. A sudden attack, on the 7th inst., deprived her or the use of her right arm and limb, also the power of speech and consciousness. After two or three days her consciousness returned, but she never spoke again, hence we have not her dying testimony to the power of Jesus' grace.

But her work was done; and some of us, who knew her longest and best, could testify how patiently and faithfully she has done the work assigned her. Her labors, and prayers, and toils, and tears, for over forty years (more potent than words), speak to us of the power of true religion. For many years she has been a professor of holiness, and oh, how many times her testimony,—the Blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth *now* from all sin, thrilled and fired the hearts of those who heard her. Jesus was an abiding guest. The *Bible* and the "Guide to Holiness" were her chief reading. She has gone to inherit the mansions of rest, where loved ones were waiting to greet her.

E. MCGINLEY.

Editorial.

PORT CLINTON REVIVAL

By invitation of people of Port Clinton, Ohio, we commenced our labors there on Saturday, May 10. We were aware that the town was small, and the membership of the Church to which we were invited few, perhaps not exceeding forty or fifty. But the call was urgent, and the necessities of the case suggested that, if we would adhere to our long-cherished convictions, and go where most *needed*, the duty was plain. Never has the example of the meek and lowly One seemed so sweet and soul-inspiring as of late. "Behold my Servant whom I have chosen, my Beloved, in whom my soul is well pleased; I will put my Spirit upon Him, and He shall shew judgment to the Gentiles. A bruised reed shall He not break, and smoking flax shall He not quench." Let it ever be our soul cry, Oh, to be more like the gentle, loving Jesus!

We reached Port Clinton by the Lake Shore and South Michigan railroad, it being about three hours' distance west from Cleveland. We were pleasantly met on our arrival by the devoted pastor of the M. E. Church, Rev. John Parlett, and the excellent Presiding Elder of the District, Rev. Samuel S. Barter, and a resident Local Elder, Rev. J. Kingham, with whose beloved family we were most affectionately entertained during our sojourn. The meetings on Saturday afternoon and evening were seasons of power. During the first evening Service, a dear minister, who had long been seeking the blessing of holiness, and had come about fifty miles in the spirit of expectancy, was gloriously filled. If the prophet had told him to do some great thing, he had, doubtless, have done it long before, but when Dr. P. said, "If you can't get into the cleansing fountain as well as you would, *plunge in anyway*, only so that you prove its cleansing efficacy. It was just the simple word that the dear longing brother needed. In the desperation of all-conquering faith, he resolved to plunge in the open fountain anyhow. Jesus, as ever, touched with the feeling of our infirmities, undertook his case, and wonderingly he saw himself washed whiter than snow.

EXTRAORDINARY DAY.

Sabbath was a day of extraordinary blessedness. God has a people who, though in the world, are not of the world. A people chosen out of the world by Jesus, and ordained by Him for a special work, that is, to bear much fruit, and that their fruit should remain, and that they should receive through this special ordination much power in prayer, and be authorized to ask of the Father what they will in His name. The Divine Ordainer was on this occasion most manifestly with us. When it was asked, that all present who would set themselves apart for the reception of the gift of power would now rise in the congregation, about one hundred rose, and stood before the Lord as candidates for the Ordination. Great grace rested upon the people.

He who baptizeth with the Holy Ghost, and with fire, shed forth His Spirit abundantly. In this their might, the sons and daughters, servants and handmaidens of the Lord Almighty went forth, and, in the mightiness of the indwelling Holy Spirit, they were enabled to pull down Satan's strongholds.

HARD CASE REACHED.

One in sympathy with his Master, the friend of publicans and sinners, followed a man given to strong drink into a saloon, and, grasping the inebriate's hand, entreated him to attend to his soul's interests, and fly for refuge to Him who came to seek and save the lost. Leaving the inebriate, he met a retired lawyer, a man of some wealth, whom he would fain have won for Jesus. With a hatefulness of manner beneath a gentleman, the lawyer contemptuously exclaimed, "I would sooner shake hands with a dog than with one that will shake hands with a drunkard." How wonderful the condescension of Jesus to stoop to save such a man as that lawyer! Yet, so it was. Grace is omnipotent. Only a day or two after this, and the lawyer was among the penitents seeking salvation. Before leaving the place of prayer that evening he testified that the long-suffering mercy of God had reached his case.

HEART HOLINESS, THE GIFT OF POWER.

The afternoon meetings, though intended mainly, as usual with us, for the sanctification of believers, and the edification of the Churches, were greatly helpful to the work of bringing sinners to Jesus. People came from miles distant, and at every afternoon and evening meeting many sought and obtained the gift of power. But most delightfully did the work of pardon and purity simultaneously progress. Indeed, we cannot feel quite satisfied with a profession of holiness, that does not bear the genuine stamp of sympathy with Jesus for lost sinners. Heart Holiness, and the gift of power should ever be regarded as identical. The *sort* of power that the one hundred and twenty spirit-baptized disciples received in the upper room was identified by its manifestations. They were all filled with the Holy Spirit, and, as the result, the Spirit spoke through their lips, and thus, by the might of its operations through human agency, the Divine power was proved in the conviction and conversion of three thousand sinners. It was thus that the Divine Spirit wrought for sinners in the hearts of those who set themselves apart to work in this place. The burden of souls being laid upon them often, an hour or more of the afternoon was spent in presenting special requests for individuals. Many of these requests were in a most marked, definite manner recorded as answered.

THE TOWN MOVED.

One of the special requests for united prayer was that the whole town, and the region round about, might be moved, and the people know of a surety that this was a time of the passing by of the Son of God. That the whole town was moved, and the region round about, was evident. The crowds of people at the Church (the sparseness of the population considered) was amazing. Surely the Spirit of the Lord mightily moved the people. Another request for prayer was, that the business men and the county officers of the place might be powerfully arrested, and brought to Jesus. Shortly after this the principal merchants, and county officers, and doctors were seen kneeling at the altar, and were raised up happy witnesses of the power of Jesus to save sinners. One newly-baptized brother presented the case of a judge and counselor-at-law, who had thought himself beyond the reach of mercy. Prayer prevailed, and the judge, in all humility, came and knelt among the penitents, and was raised up to testify exultingly of the power of Jesus to save to the uttermost.

YOUNG PEOPLE SAVED.

Special and united prayer was requested for the young people of the town, young men and maidens, and even little children, came flocking as doves to the windows. So eager were they to come to Jesus, and the crowd of seekers so large, that our greatest embarrassment was want of room for their accommodation. The teacher of the High School asked that all the pupils might be led to seek an interest in Christ. The prayer came up in remembrance before God, and it was amazing to witness the infinite condescension of the High and Holy One in so signally answering. For two or three nights in succession the moment an opportunity was given for seeking ones to come to the altar, every available place was crowded with the young people of the High School, almost to the exclusion of

others. Surely definite requests do bring definite answers.

CONVERTS WITNESSING.

One of the most cheering aspects of the work was the strength of the converts, and their delightful readiness to testify of the great things God had done for them. It was only to give an opportunity before the most crowded evening audiences, and leading men in the community, who had just come over on the Lord's side, would rise courageously before their fellow-townsmen, and talk of the blessedness of having enlisted in Christ's service, and thus, also, with young men and maidens, manifestly regarding it a most gracious privilege to testify to the praise of Him who had brought them out of darkness into His marvelous light.

THE ANOINTING THAT ABIDETH.

The day of eternity only can reveal to the glory of grace the amount of Divine influence shed on this region, as the result of this glorious visitation of Jesus. Most of the ministers of the district, and from the surrounding circuits, and the devoted Presiding Elder, and his excellent lady, aided much in carrying forward the blessed work. We cannot doubt that the energizing influences will extend over the district. And as many Church members were afresh baptized with the Holy Ghost, and a number of strong witnesses newly raised up to testify definitely of the power of Jesus to save to the uttermost, who can measure its results? Of the newly saved ones during our twelve days' meeting, the names of about *one hundred* were recorded. May these, with many others who were brought under the powerful arrestings of the Divine Spirit, be found written in the Book of Life when the Lord shall number His jewels. And we trust that the light of eternity will reveal that scores of the disciples of Jesus received the anointing that abideth.

PARTING THOUGHTS AND ASPIRATIONS.

On Wednesday evening, May 21st, we were constrained to say adieu to the dear people of Port Clinton. Our Farewell Service was one of affecting interest. How sweet to know that these precious newly-formed friendships —aye, more—*relationships*, are to be as enduring as eternity! A short parting, and then an eternal reunion! Precious the thought of greeting the many we have seen born into the Kingdom at the various places we have visited, when all the children of Zion shall be gathered home from the East, West, North, and South! Our prayer is, that not one may rest in sins forgiven, but that the goings of each be established in the Highway of Holiness. Several of the new converts became deeply interested, and came forward as seekers of holiness before we left. And some of these, as with many who had been long in the way, obtained the blessing of purity. We rejoice that the Great Shepherd has placed over this dear people one that will make it his one great solicitude to present every one perfect in Christ Jesus. Rev. John Parlett, with his beloved wife, love holiness, and enjoy its blessedness. Above all, it is sweet to think of the many who, by the new and living way, entered into the holiest. And the inspirations of our parting scenes will not be forgotten, as we united in singing—

O when I shall sweep through the gates,
The scenes of mortality o'er,
What then for my spirit awaits?
Will they sing on the glorified shore,—
Welcome Home! Welcome Home!
A welcome in glory for me!

Yes! loved ones that knew me below.
Who learned the new song with me here,
In chorus will hail me, I know,
And welcome me home with good cheer;
Welcome Home! Welcome Home!
A welcome in glory for me!

Leaving Port Clinton, it seemed to be the voice of the dear Master, that we should hide away from the multitude for a little while. From Thursday evening till Monday morning was spent at the Frost House,

EATON RAPIDS, MICHIGAN.

This is a favorite resort for invalids. The Mineral Springs possess curative properties, of which hundreds avail themselves. On Friday and Saturday we rested, as we have not for months, enjoying beautiful drives and the balmy atmosphere. On Sabbath morning we talked to the people about the great salvation, and when we asked that all who would resolve to consecrate themselves wholly to God, in view of all coming time, and seek the full baptism of the Holy Spirit, would rise, nearly the whole congregation rose to their feet. May the solemn obligation to bring all the tithes into the Lord's store-house, there assumed before God, men, and angels, ever be in remembrance! Sabbath evening we addressed a few words to the unsaved; and

when about closing the service, asked that all who had decided to be on the Lord's side, and all who would decide would manifest it, nearly the whole assembly arose. One man came forward and resolved not to *rest* until he had obtained salvation. We tarried with him about one half hour, and he was enabled joyfully to testify that the Son of Man hath power on earth to forgive sins. Monday morning we were again on the wing homeward. Pausing about two hours at Jackson, we called on our dear friend, J. Connable, Esq.; we were rejoiced to hear of the permanency and progress of the gracious revival that occurred during our visit about two months since. Surely it is a privilege that an angel might covet, thus to wing our way over hill and dale, scattering the seed of the kingdom. Monday night we spent at Detroit, Tuesday night at Niagara Falls, and late on Wednesday night reached home. And again they said Alleluia: salvation, and glory, and honor, and power unto the Lord our God!

OUR NEW VOLUME.

This number commences another volume. Thirty-four years ago the "Guide to Holiness" began its heaven-directed career, under the auspices of the sainted Rev. Timothy Merritt. It was undertaken as a work of love, and with a single eye to glorify God in promoting the cause of holiness. In view of pecuniary sustainment, the work was not entered upon without some serious hesitancy. It was commenced and sustained as the offspring of prayer, and most earnest convictions that the Great Head of the Church would favor his servants in efforts to send forth a periodical devoted to the spread of Scriptural holiness over these lands.

We are greatly mistaken, or pecuniary advantage was unthought of, in those days of singleness of purpose. The only question was, can a Magazine on the precious theme of heart holiness be sustained? In regard to this, the now sainted originator of the "Guide," consulted with us, and most gladly did we proffer our aid, commencing and continuing our gratuitous contributions with the first volume, soliciting subscribers, and rejoicing in the privilege of paying our yearly subscription in advance. But though other early lovers of holiness with ourselves rallied around the cause in Father Merritt's day, yet with subsequent editors and publishers it was not carried on without some serious embarrassments; by which ourselves with others suffered pecuniary loss to the amount of hundreds of dollars.

It was not until the time of our great National conflict, 1863, when everything connected with the publishing business was double the cost of preceding years, that, with an eye single to the glory of God, the present editors became personally responsible as publishers of the "Guide." At the time we took it, the size of each number had been reduced eight pages, and on account of the great rise in the price of good paper, a very inferior quality was used. We were pained that the only periodical published on the precious theme in this or any other land should not be better represented, and though in prospect of financial loss, we assumed the responsibility of the publication, at the cost of many thousands of dollars, paying at the rate of one dollar for every name that stood written as a subscriber, though the actual paying subscribers, when all numbered, did not amount to more than about *seven thousand*. It is true that if we had pursued a worldly policy, this large outlay might have been spared. We had from the beginning written so largely on the subject of holiness, that we might have commenced another magazine, with a slight variation of name, and shortly obtained a larger subscription list, than the one we had paid thus largely for.

We believe that God, even our God, favors singleness of purpose. Our first work was to enlarge the Magazine and improve its appearance. The Lord gave it much favor in the eyes of His people. Among the first to write to us after it had fallen in our hands was our senior Bishop commending our course and saying, "Now since you have taken the Editorship, I want the reading of it for myself and wife," etc. Other Bishops also took it, and many of our ministers and people, so that our subscription list rose from 7,000 to near 40,000. *Surely the people must have been much interested and profited* with the "Guide," otherwise why did they so largely patronize it?

It was through the "Guide" that the National Camp-meetings were introduced. It was through the blessing of the Lord on the

"Guide," that the experiences of most of those brethren who now are the leading spirits in the "National" Association was published. During all these years the "Guide" has pursued one unwavering, unfaltering course, unchanged in doctrine, and unflagging in interest, and also with a steady increase of subscribers and contributors, till for reasons which we prefer not to state, an idea has obtained in some regions, that the "Guide" has been merged in another Magazine, and thereby its circulation lessened.

It would not quite accord with our views of modesty, to herald our Magazine in the language of a junior cotemporary "*as the ablest and the best periodical on the subject of holiness in the land.*" Of this we must let others judge. We certainly have on hand many letters from persons in all parts of the land, assuring us that they value the "Guide" next to the Bible, but we have been sparing in parading notices of this kind, believing that emulations of this sort do not well accord with the proprieties that a magazine devoted to the cause of holiness demands.

And now will not all the the beloved friends of the "GUIDE TO HOLINESS," agents, subscribers, and contributors, rally anew to its sustainment. Let every subscriber be an agent, and secure at least *five new names* to our subscription list. We would not ask this, if we did not believe it to be for the glory of God.

The "Guide" has over a quarter of a century been blest in directing thousands into the highway of holiness, and we want this year to put it into the hands of at least 50,000. Dear reader will you help us? Don't say you can't, until you have made the experiment.

News Along the Line.

A UNION SEASIDE CONVENTION,

To promote entire consecration to our Lord Jesus Christ, and full trust in Him, will be held at Ocean Grove, N. J., commencing Thursday, July 10th, at 3 P M., and continuing until Friday of the following week.

The object will be the promotion of holiness of life, through an overcoming faith in Christ, or baptism of the Holy Ghost, by union in prayer, and conference in public and private, and by the teachings of the Word of God as interpreted by the Holy Spirit in personal Christian experience.

We would ask all who would seek for themselves or others to be perfect and complete in the will of God, to bear this Union Convention continually before the throne, that the Holy Spirit may realize to all believers their Union in God (John xvii. 21) and completeness in their living head. And specially do we request, that in daily prayer our dependence upon God be confessed, and the excellency of the power be acknowledged as in and of God, that we may be duly humbled, He exalted, and the movement blessed.

All, without respect to denomination, interested in this great matter, are invited to participate.

A Steamer leaves New York daily at 9.20, 1.40, and 4 o'clock, from the foot of Murray Street. Fare to the Grove, $1.60; Excursion, $2.80.

Further information will be given by either of the Committee of Arrangements: Rev. Henry Belden, Parkville, L. I., C. C. Lathrop, or I. M. Ward, Newark, N. J.

WILLIAMSVILLE STATE CAMP-MEETING.

"The Williamsville State Camp-meeting will be held at Barclay Station, Gilman, Clinton, and Springfield Railroad, ten miles east of Springfield, Ill. Commencing August 6th, and will continue nine days, and be conducted on the same plan as last year."

W. S. HUSSEY.

REVIVAL AT VERMONT CONFERENCE.

A remarkable revival of religion was experienced at the late Vermont Conference. —it was indeed a revival Conference. Seekers of religion were at the altar nearly every day of the Conference. On Sabbath evening some thirty persons presented themselves for prayers.

A VERY gracious work of God is reported at Carlton, Rev. G. J. Dubois, pastor, one hundred converted. Clarendon, Rev. H. C. Woods, pastor, over ninety have been received on probation. Royalton, Rev. J. Hill, pastor, one hundred added to the Church. Lockport, Rev. J. M. Simkins, pastor, thirty converted. Breesport, Rev. H. C. Andrews, pastor, thirty converted. Mecklenburgh, Rev. W. S. Wentz, pastor, seventy have united on probation. North Pitcher,

over two hundred converted. The former pastor, Rev. T. B. White, rendered great service during this wonderful revival.

THE religious awakening reported at Des Moines, Iowa, has been very remarkable for the ingathering of entire households. Parents and children, young men and women have been subjects of this gracious visitation.

AN extraordinary revival is progressing in Tennessee, suspending business and the sessions of the Courts. Sixty-five conversions are reported, and the deepest interest reigns.

A PROTESTANT missionary in the island of Tahiti writes encouragingly of religious movements there. His letters give an account of a revival in the Society Islands, and of the firm stand which the Queen has taken in promoting the interests of the evangelical faith.

Correspondence.

"NOW I BELIEVE IT STRONG."

So said a young man who had just been listening to the clear earnest testimony of one who told how. Jesus was to him a complete, present Saviour from all sin. This witness had learned in his own experience, and from much observation, that definite testimony brought definite results. Having in his own soul a clear assurance of faith that Jesus was to him all that the promises of God's Word represented, he declared that faith; and, as the Spirit gave him utterance, described its fruits and evidences.

A young man who had listened with fixed attention followed the speaker when he left the assembly, and said to him, "I have been for some time in an unsettled state of mind about this question of entire sanctification. I have had many doubts about it, but now I believe it strong. Your testimony has convinced me that the doctrine is true, and the experience practicable, to all who seek in the Scriptural way."

Such, in substance at least, was the declaration of one whose heart God had opened to receive the Word. And so it is commonly, that when the power of God is experienced within, and is spoken out in clear testimony, it comes to the hearers "not in word only, but also in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance." God Himself speaks through the lips when He lives in the heart, and His chief method of making Himself known is by the testimony of His witnesses.

Reasoning and speculation may have their uses in enlightening the intellect, but the testimony of the living witness captivates the heart. Let us so abundantly utter the memory of God's great goodness that we can say with David, "I have not hid Thy righteousness within my heart: I have declared Thy faithfulness and Thy salvation: I have not concealed Thy loving-kindness and Thy truth from the great congregation"—then shall we have faith to claim the fulfilment of the verse that follows: "Withold not Thou Thy tender mercies from me, O Lord: let Thy loving-kindness and Thy truth continually preserve me." Ps. xl. 10,11. Testify clearly and fully, and two results will follow. Others will "believe it strong," and God will continually maintain the blessed life in your soul.

HENRY BELDEN.

"TEASING GOD."

MISS O. M. LUKE.

Sister L. was a little girl when she sought and obtained forgiveness of sins, but she soon found that self predominated in almost everything, and her cry was, "Who shall deliver me from the body of self and sin." "For when I would do good, evil is present with me." But after she consecrated herself to God in an everlasting covenant to do His will whatsoever it might be, she was enabled by faith in Christ to say with Paul, "The Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death."

She had a great gift in speaking, praying, and leading others in the way of salvation. Her gifts were much admired, and she was often called upon to exercise them. She often cried—"Lord keep me from pride and self." How surprised she was one evening when called on to lead in prayer, to find "her gifts" departed. She could only pray in what seemed to herself an unsatisfactory, blundering manner. Instead of looking unto Jesus, and saying I am Thy instrument, and, if thou hast permitted it to have the appearance of a crooked ram's horn instead of a silver trumpet, "Thy will done;" she was ashamed, wondered what people would think; on going home wept much that God had

taken his love away. Commenced at once to examine herself to find the cause; thought it must be something she had done. For years her cry was—

"Driven out from my God
I wander abroad,
Through a desert of sorrow I rove:
How great is my pain,
That I cannot regain
My Eden of Jesus' love."

"My glory has departed!"

Her time was spent in fasting and prayer. If others opposed she would exclaim, "They that have the Bridegroom fast not! I have Him not?"

She was visiting a sister in one of the Eastern States, hoping some one might help her to see why she could not obtain the joys of salvation. As she retired for the night she told her sister not to wait for her in the morning, nor disturb her, as she wished to be alone. Morning and noon had passed away, still she tarried; sister became alarmed, sent her little son to see the cause. He found her on her knees with God's Word open before her, trying to claim this promise, "Ask and ye shall receive."

"Why Auntie! don't you want something?"

"Nothing only what God can give, Dana. Will you ask God to give me His blessings? See here, He says, 'Ask and ye shall receive.'"

He put on a very thoughtful face as he said, "I should think you had been asking *long enough* to be getting." "Why don't God give you?" She was thinking of some reply to make and not cast the blame on God, when he exclaimed, "Oh! I bet I know!" "Maybe it is 'cause you're teasing Him for something He don't want you to have." "Ma won't give me things when I tease for them; maybe it is so with God."

She who thought herself so correct in theory was led by a little child five years old? She now saw that instead of passively yielding herself to God as clay in his hands, she had desired to mold the vessel. Had been unwilling to be made a partaker of Christ's sufferings, that she might be made the righteousness of God *in him*. At this time she realized that, of all the gifts God ever had or would give, His son was the greatest; that no other gifts were received only as they were received *in Him*. She placed her hand in His to be led where he desired.

It has been some years, and though she has but little emotion, often alone, sorrowful, yet she knows she is a branch of the Vine; in Him she has eternal life. Only desires that His image may be reflected in all her members through life; that His righteousness may be her covering, as she has all in all in Him.

WONDERFUL ANSWER TO PRAYER.

Editor Central: I will furnish for your readers a case, which is certainly a miracle of mercy, in answer to the prayer of faith. This case came under my own observation, and I am well acquainted with the parties, and all the circumstances. To save the feelings of the family, I withold both the name and the location. But I will give both to you, for your own eyes.

The brother is, I think, about fifty-seven years old, and is an M. D. by profession. He has for many years been a faithful Christian, and a local preacher in the M. E. Church. He has a praying wife, and two daughters, both good, religious girls. For fifteen or sixteen years the doctor had been much afflicted with sore eyes, and sometimes he was compelled to shut himself up in a darkened room for weeks, so painful was the light to his eyes.

Two years ago, the first of November, his eyes being worse, he went to the city for medical counsel, but all said, "Doctor, there is no hope for you, you will become quite blind in three months." He returned to his home with a sad heart, and his wife and daughters deeply sympathized with him.

A few evenings after his getting home, all, as was their custom, retired for their secret, or private prayers, and all felt deeply impressed to make the matter an object of special prayer. The Doctor said, "O blessed Jesus, I come to Thee for help; I want to both suffer and to do Thy will. If it is for my good, and Thy glory that I should go blind, Thy will be done. But if I can do more good, and glorify Thee more perfectly with sight, then let me see; but Thy will be done, and not mine."

Said he to me; "It appeared as if Jesus touched my eyes, for in one moment I was perfectly cured. I rose to tell my family the

good news, and my wife met me at the door, and said: 'Doctor, I do believe that Jesus will give you sight,' but before I had time to answer, my daughters came running to me, both saying, 'Pa, I know Jesus will hear us pray for your sight.'" Said he; "I told them that He had already cured my eyes. It was then too dark for them to see, but as soon as a light was struck, all saw that my eyes were perfectly cured, and they stay cured."

Now here is a miracle of mercy in answer to the prayer of faith. Jesus, when upon earth, did many things for poor suffering humanity. I judge a large majority of His miracles were of this kind.

The people looked in wonder at His almighty power in feeding the multitudes; while the woman of Canaan, almost alone received His attention and blessing when she fell at His feet and prayed, "Lord, help me."

I refer to the above case to show the efficacy of prayer, and I think there is very much in store for us, if we will but ask in faith for those blessings which are both spiritual and temporal.

R. W. TRAVIS.

DECATUR, Ill., March 7, 1373.

NOTES BY THE WAYSIDE.

I am an old pilgrim of seventy-one in the flesh; yet but a little child in the new sweet life of entire consecration to God. Body, soul, and spirit all are God's. At the same moment that I was enabled by his grace to give *all* up to Jesus, to drink deep and bathe in the pure fountain of His blood, I was laid upon a bed of pain and suffering. And yet, Glory be to God, though ill in body, I am well, *all well, in soul.* And this first Sabbath of the new year I have had beautiful thoughts of God and the great plan of redemption through Christ, not only by his suffering and death, whereby the fountain for all uncleaness and sin, but for the constant grace and mercy given each hour and day, whereby we who are the children of God may keep pure and free from sin.

That hour when Jesus gave up his earthly life and went home to the Father, that by it we might be saved, is one on which my thoughts love to linger. Wash and be clean. The same sweet invitation to all. Oh, thank God, that I was led to dip beneath its healing waters, and come forth washed, cleansed, and ready for the Master's service—ready to suffer His will on earth—to bear the *cross* here—trusting with Jesus' help to wear the *crown* when I enter into the rest that remaineth for those who love God.

"Now then, my God, Thou hast my soul,
No longer mine, but Thine I am;
Guard thou Thine own, posess it whole,
Cheer it with hope, with love inflame;
Thou hast my spirit, there display
Thy glory to the perfect day."

B. H. BARTLETT.

NOTE OF THANKSGIVING.

We are rejoiced to hear that our dear Brother Hall has recovered from his recent severe and protracted illness, and is again engaged in labors abundant. We thankfully publish his note, that, through the thanksgiving of many, praise may redound to God.—EDS.

Permit me to thank my friends, through the "Guide," for their prayers in my behalf, during my fiery trial of sickness. Out of all the Lord hath brought me as "gold tried in the fire." Glory be to His name forever.

During the month of February I held a meeting at Natural Dam, near Gouverneur, N. Y., the first for near two years. "God graciously blessed my efforts there. I have secured two subscribers to the "Guide." I expect others will subscribe for it soon, as they see how much value such a Guide will be to them.

I expect to work for the Master while I live.

E. G. W. HALL.

Miscellaneous Gatherings

LIBERTY TO WALK ABOUT HEAVEN.

"Professor Henry Rogers used to tell the following story of a Canadian convert: He dreamed one night he was translated to heaven, which, to his imagination, was very much like a large church or meeting-house. He said he thought Jesus Christ questioned each one before Him as to his ecclesiastical position. One was an Episcopalian. 'Then,' said Christ, 'you can go and sit down in that pew; there all the Episcopalians are gathered together.' Another said he was a Baptist. He was in like manner told to repair to another pew. A Presbyterian was assigned to a third pew, and so to the rest. At last it came to the poor Canadian to be questioned; and not being sufficiently up in the nice

divisions of ecclesiastical and doctrinal theology, he was afraid there would be no pew found for him. Trembling, he replied, when asked what he was, 'I am a Christian, and love the Lord Jesus with all my heart.' 'Oh, then,' said the Saviour, '*you* may walk all about heaven, hither and thither, just as you please.'"

The Tuesday Meeting.

Meetings for the promotion of holiness are held at the residence of Dr. Palmer,

316 East 15th Street,

opposite Stuyvesant Park, at 2½ o'clock, every Tuesday afternoon.

Isaiah 35.—"The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for thee, and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose," etc.,—was read. The 756th Hymn—

"Thou Lamb of God, Thou Prince of peace;
For Thee my thirsty soul doth pine;
My longing heart implores Thy grace,
O make me in Thy likeness shine."—

was sung. Several letters were read, asking prayers, and verbal requests were made, one for an aged man who was very ill, but said it looked too mean for him to ask God to forgive him at such a time. Prayer was then offered by Rev. H. Belden and Dr. Palmer.

GOD RECONCILED TO THE WORLD.

A sister belonging to the Society of Friends said there was one text of Scripture she would like to leave for that sick man, and that was, "God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself." Not to reconcile God unto the world; that was already done: but reconciling the world unto himself. If the man would only come to Jesus, His Blood would take away all unworthiness and all shame.

A Sister.—This winter I was called to a house where there was a lady eighty-three years of age, unsaved. She was dangerously ill, but, through the power of God, she was led to believe in Jesus, and realize that she was forgiven. Dying, she left a satisfactory evidence of her conversion. She felt that she had been saved like the thief on the cross.

THE OTHER COMFORTER.

Dr. P.—We have abundant proof that Jesus saves all that will come unto Him. He says, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out,"—on no account, not because you have stayed away so long, or refused to come when I called—on no account. So, even that aged man may come at the eleventh hour, and find mercy. I love to repeat that there are no particular favorites in our Father's family; the will runs equally alike to all. "If children, then heirs," heirs to all the promises in the word of God. "Love is of God," and whosoever loveth is begotten—is a child. Love is so foreign to the nature of our adversary, that he cannot counterfeit it: he can transform himself into an angel of *light* and appear very wise, but not into an angel of love. It is therefore God has left us this unerring test whether we are His children or not. It was said very correctly that this is the dispensation of the Spirit. The blessed Holy Spirit has never ascended again since he descended on the day of Pentecost, but remains with us as the other Comforter of which Jesus spoke, and he is here to-day. In the lesson read, a highway is named, and it is expressly called "The Way of Holiness," and it is stated who shall walk there—the redeemed of the Lord. Have we been redeemed? Then we are commanded to walk in the King's Highway of holiness. Every child of God is called to be a Saint. They engage to come out from the world and be separate. The requirements are all in love. Jesus wants to stamp His image upon us, so that our friends shall all know that we belong to Him.

A MARKED PEOPLE.

Mrs. P.—I love to sing those words:

"And Thou, blest Lamb,
Dost take me to Thee, whose I am,"

and that is my experience at the present time. James Brainard Taylor, in writing to a friend, said, "Dare to be an uncommon Christian." The Word of God says, "Ye are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, a holy nation, a peculiar people." Were you on your way to see a person of whom it was said, he or she is *peculiar*, you would be looking for something distinctive. God's people are a marked people; Christ says, "Ye are not of the world, I have chosen you out of the world." The Christian's calling is high above the world; so that he can say: "On all the groveling things of earth with pity we look down."

We are a redeemed company. An in-

finite price has been paid for us. Were we to take five years to make an inventory of what we possess, we should not find anything but what already belonged to God; nothing wherewith to purchase His favor. He has given us exceeding great and precious promises. Each promise is worth more than a mountain of gold. There is a promise for every one. If there is one here unawakened, there is a promise for you: "Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light." Is there a seeker of salvation present? There is one for you: "Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out." Let us count the cost of being honest with God. Each and all can claim the fulfilment of some one of these great and precious promises.

While I listened to the Word read, my mind reverted to a man of note in the theological and literary world, who earnestly desired the blessing of holiness, but he was ashamed of Christ's words. He came to me after the meeting closed, and said, "Would it not be just as well to say entire consecration, full assurance of faith, as to say holiness, sanctification, perfect love, when these terms are so objectionable."

"And why so objectionable? Are they not God's words?"

That brother wanted the power which holiness gives, but he was ashamed of Christ's words. He was like some of the disciples of old, who went back, and ceased to follow the Saviour, saying "these are hard sayings." Let us get on promised ground, and all the promises of God will be ours.

OFFENCE OF THE CROSS.

Rev. H. Belden.—We have got to forsake all we have, if we would come into Christ, so as to be sanctified, to be peculiar, to look different from other people, to have separate interests. If we have idols, they must be given up. We may just as well have ten thousand things as one; all must be given up. Reproach will attach to us if we give up in this way—"If ye will live Godly in Christ Jesus, ye shall suffer persecution." It was so with me. The question came, what will my friends think of me? My brethren in the ministry will also think hard of me. With perfect distinctness the Holy Ghost brought everything up to remembrance; and I said each time, "Lord, I give up that; I give up my relation I hold in the Church." So soon as I began to hesitate about surrendering anything, darkness would come over me. The Lord, bless His holy name, enabled me to give up everything. I had to ask, is there anything more! I had no rest, no peace, no life, until I consented to make confession and restitution. It was very mortifying; it touched me to the quick. When all were given up, I had peace, serenity. I had to go through these things; I had to be deposed from the ministry by the Presbytery that ordained me. My own brother said to me that he would rather have heard of my death than that I had become a perfectionist. (A voice here said, "You were not a perfectionist in a technical sense.") No; there are some who have laid aside the commands of God, and who say they cannot sin, do what they may. We have no fellowship with them. We pity them.

The Lord accepts me, and enables me to walk in peace and joy, sometimes in ecstatic delight. I leave that all with God, whether I am calm or whether I am in ecstacies. The Lord teaches as much by trials as by triumphs. A privation becomes a greater blessing than the opposite would be.

LIVING HOLINESS.

Mrs. Rose (a Friend).—We all know how much the cause of God is dishonored by the inconsistencies of professed Christians. St. Paul appealed to one of the Churches, and said, "Ye are witnesses, and God also, how holily, and justly, and unblamably we behaved ourselves among you that believe." We have all the advantages that the Apostle Paul had. We must not only believe that it is our privilege to be holy, but we must be entirely consecrated. There must be a death unto self. Paul was crucified unto the world, and the world unto him. We must *live* this doctrine of Christ, and we shall not dishonor his name.

UNION WITH JESUS.

Dr. Ball.—I need a whole Saviour: not only the forgiveness of sin, but salvation from the power of sin. I began to pray for this grace, and Christ manifested Himself to me as never before. I had victory over temptation—I began to abide in Christ, and to exercise a habit of trust, and find the words of the Saviour true, that he that abideth in Me, sinneth not. I have a union with Christ which gives me

victory. We must consent to let Christ save us fully. If we would bear much fruit, Christ must abide in us. Christ cannot sanctify any thing that we do not give up to Him. We must have the faith that receives Jesus into our inner being, and let Him reign and rule there completely.

GREAT TRIALS AND GREAT TRIUMPHS.

Rev. F. Hamblin.—During the first years of my experience, I looked upon Jesus as my Saviour in heaven; now I look upon Him as my Saviour within me. In the former state I sometimes came off conqueror, now I always triumph. When I went to my new appointment, a brother came to me, and said, "Did you say in your morning sermon, 'that we could be saved from all sin?'" I said, I don't know that I said that, but I believe it. The brother replied, "I am very sorry. When we were questioning who our minister should be, a brother was named, and it was stated that he preached holiness. We said he will not suit us, then." I replied, "Brother, you will have to have it on this line for one year anyhow."

On going home, the question came up, am I willing to go before this people, who are sceptical on the subject of Christian Holiness, and tell of Christ as a full Saviour? I could do no less and be true to Christ. That same man came to me afterward, and said, "Don't you think it your duty to comfort your people?" "Yes." "Well, if what you preached this morning be the truth, I have been deceived all my life, and know nothing of religion." That same brother came sometime after and said, as he took my hand, "I have been searching the Bible, and find that you preach the truth." Later, he said, "Thank God for a full salvation," while the tears ran down his cheeks.

A sister came to my study, and said, "I have been seeking this blessing two years, spending most of the time in prayer." I said, "Sister, you have prayed too much; you ought to have believed. Let me illustrate: A person has offended the King, and he goes to him and asks his forgiveness. The King writes out his pardon, and holds it out to him; but instead of accepting the pardon, he continues to plead for it. Would he not do better to stop asking, and just take what the King offers. This sister just accepted Christ as her all in all. My own Christian experience is deeper and sweeter than ever. Hallelujah to the Lamb.

WALKING IN FIRE UNHURT.

Rev. I. M. See.—With me the scene of the conflict has been changed. Since I entered upon this blessed experience, the furnace to me has had the form of the Fourth in it, and I have not felt the fire. The furnace has been very hot. I looked into it; the blessed Jesus took my hand, and He has led me. Within this soul there has not been a furnace fire, in which there has not been a Hallelujah to Jesus. If I were separated one moment from Jesus, I should be wretched and miserable. He told me to tell what I know. The lions' mouths are all shut. If there could be any sorrow in prospective suffering, it is all taken away, and we can say with the Apostle, "By whom also we have access by faith into this grace wherein we stand, and rejoice in the hope of the glory of God." I am saved by His life. If there is one soul here who wonders, don't wonder any longer, but give up all to Jesus. The dear Jesus has given me this precious promise. "God has not given us the Spirit of fear, but of power, of love, and of a sound mind."

This life is a moment-by-moment life. I went to Lake George for the health of my family. That secured, I told the Lord that I would as soon be in the desert as elsewhere, if it were His will. The Lord opened a new field of labor: I did nothing but follow His guidance. It seems a little strange to be a Presbyterian; the Lord Jesus led me there, and I preach a full salvation. I use all the words that the Holy Ghost uses, I preach on every theme in the Word of God. My people fill the parsonage when we have meetings there. They say they want to get as near to Jesus as it is possible for a redeemed soul to get.

WHAT WILL GOD THINK?

Mrs. Bottome.—"In ways we have not known, God leads His own." I do not suffer much from depression. Yesterday I was strangely depressed; I went to Jesus; I knew I was all the Lord's. I wrote to a Sister but this did not bring relief. I went out: and as I was getting on the car, the conductor politely put out his hand and helped me in so gently, and said, "Are you going to the Tuesday Meeting to-morrow?" I said, "Yes; do you ever attend that meeting?" He re-

plied that formerly he attended it frequently, but now his business deprived him of the privilege. He said he was a member of Mr. Beecher's Church, and of his Bible Class; that he had engaged to have his Sabbaths free. I was so rejoiced to find one, at least one, Christian conductor in the City of New York, that my depression was all gone.

When I was seeking full salvation, when the temptation came, you will have poor appointments, I said, anything or anywhere, only let me have Jesus. Many are hindered by the suggestion, "What will the people think?" It is a blessed thing to get up where the inquiry will be "What will God think?"

Children's Corner.

HOLDING THE BOWL.

A mother, who had recently parted with a very dear little one of her family, threw herself on the bed, and fell asleep, and dreamed that she saw her little one that had been so recently separated from her, and it had a large bowl in its hand overflowing with water, and in the distance there were a great number of children, about the age of her own little one, that appeared to be exceedingly happy, and were all enjoying themselves very much, when the mother said, "Why don't you join your little playmates?" When she said, "Mother, I would do so, but I have to hold this bowl so as to catch all your *tears*."

A RIGHT SPIRIT.

On one occasion a minister found it necessary to punish his little daughter. But Mary climbed into his lap, and throwing her arms around his neck said, "Papa, I do love you." "Why do you love me, my child?" the father asked. "Because you try to make me good, papa." It is in this spirit that God's people should accept the chastisements He sends, remembering it is in love He rebukes and chastens; not for His pleasure, but for their profit, that they may be partakers of His holiness.

CAMP-MEETING DIRECTORY.

Sea Cliff Grove,	July	5
New York State C. M., Round Lake,	"	8
Rehoboth Beach, Delaware,	"	9
Shelter Island, Long Island Sound,	"	16
Sixteenth National, Landisville, Pa.,	"	23
Pitman Grove,	"	29
Hurlock Station, Md.,	"	30
Accoma, Va., Wise's Point Grove,	"	31
Hillsboro' Circuit, Va., Ebenezer,	August	1
Pearson's X Roads, Wyoming, Del.,	"	1
Chester Heights, Philadelphia,	"	5
Sing Sing, New York,	"	5
Ohio State Camp-Meeting, Canton,	"	6
Illinois State, Barclay, Ill.,	"	6
Embury Park, Dayton, Ohio,	"	6
Church Creek, Md.,	"	8
Ocean Grove,	"	8
Beckwith's and Speddin's, Dor. Co., Md.,	"	8
Georgetown, Del., Pepper's Woods,	"	8
Emory Grove, Baltimore, Md.,	"	12
Bethel, (Barnsboro, N. J.,)	"	13

Book Notices.

THE EARNEST MINISTER.—A Record of the Life, Labors and Literary Remains of REV. RULIFF V. LAWRENCE, for sixteen years an Itinerant in the New Jersey and Philadelphia Conferences. Prepared by Rev. E. H. Stokes, Rev. G. Hughes, and Rev. A. Wallace. Edited by his son, with an introduction by Bishop Simpson. Published at the office of the *Methodist Home Journal*, Philadelphia, 1873, with a fine steel portrait.

This is a good book, and cannot fail to do good. Rev. R. V. Lawrence lived to serve his generation according to the will of God. Of him, we believe it might most truly be written, "He was a good man, full of faith, and of the Holy Ghost." And this memoir of his earnest, holy life will, we trust, inspire the hearts of thousands to follow him as he followed Christ. We need not say to those who were favored with a personal knowledge of our beloved departed Brother Lawrence, that he was not a tame man, but mighty in word and deed. Being dead, may he yet speak to tens of thousands through this excellent memoir.

A JEWELED MINISTRY; OR, THE LIFE OF REV. THOMAS COLLINS, by the Rev. Samuel Coley. Abridged and edited, with Notes and Introduction, by Mrs. Annie Wittenmyer, author of "Women's Work for Jesus."

This is a volume of rare excellence, and we are thankful that this edition has been given to the American public. We were favored with a personal acquaintance of the Rev. Thomas Collins, when we visited England a few years since, and also had the pleasure of epistolary correspondence prior to our visit, he having written, unasked, an introduction to an English edition of some of our works, by way of introducing them to the English public. It was our intention to have abridged this truly excellent volume, and for months past have had it in course of preparation, when we were informed that Mrs. Wittenmyer was also intending to bring out an American edition of the work. The work has now been issued, and we hope that many, both of the ministry and laity, will hasten to secure a copy. The volume abounds in most interesting matter. Mr. Collins was not only a man of eminent piety, enjoying for many years the witness of heart purity, but he was also an original thinker; and Mr. Coley, as his biographer, has done his work nobly. We hope many will read the book, knowing that it cannot be read prayerfully without much spiritual profit.

THE RESURRECTION OF THE DEAD. By Rev. W. Hanna, D.D. Carter & Brothers, N. Y. An exposition of the 15th Chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians.

In calling public attention to the works laid on our editorial table, we glance first at the introduction, believing that we may thereby get the most concise view of the scope and intentions of the author. On turning to the Introductory pages of this volume, we find that the author does not use his own words in introducing his work, neither does he call on any one of the most celebrated divines of the day, but unmingled by one line of human composition, gives words of the blessed Holy Spirit's inspiration through Paul, as recorded in Corinthians 15th chapter. The plan is unique and beautiful. We commend this delightful volume on the Resurrection of the dead as most timely, devout, and inspiring.

DIRECTORY

Of places where special meetings are held for the promotion of holiness.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK CITY.—Tuesday afternoon, 2½ o'clock, Dr. Palmer's, 316 East Fifteenth St., Stuyvesant Park (Established 37 years). Sabbath afternoon, 3 o'clock, Duane M. E. Church, Hudson St., near Spring. Thursday, 3 P. M., Bedford St, M. E. Church, Bedford and Morton Sts. Friday evening, 17th St. M. E. Church, between 1st and 2d Avenues. Friday evening, W. F. Plum's residence, 453 W. 35th St., near 10th Avenue. Saturday evening, 8 o'clock, St. Paul's M. E. Church, 4th Avenue and E. 22d St. Saturday evening, 2d Avenue M. E. Church, cor. of 119th St. 7½ o'clock, Thirtieth Street M. E. Church, between 8th and 9th Avenues.

BROOKLYN.—Friday afternoon, Washington St. M. E. Church, Rev. J. E. Searles. Friday evening, J. Batty's residence, 234 Bergen St, Saturday evening, S. 2d St. M. E. Church (Williamsburg). Saturday evening, South 5th St. M. E. Church (Williamsburg).

MIDDLESEX, YATES CO.—Saturday evening, 7 o'clock, at the residence of Dr. Wm. Allen.

NEWBURG, at Dr. John Mitchell's, Tuesday afternoon.

OSWEGO.—M. E. Church, Friday evening.

POUGHKEEPSIE.—Tuesday evening, Mr. L. F. Street's, Academy St.

SYRACUSE.—Rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association, Tuesday afternoon 3 o'clock.

NEW JERSEY.

JERSEY CITY. — Saturday evening, Hedding M. E. Church. Montgomery St, Saturday evening, St. Paul's M. E. Church, Third St., near Grove.

NEWARK.—Friday afternoon, 3 o'clock, Mrs. Fitzgerald's, 182 Mulberry Street. Friday evening, rooms of the Y. M. C. Association,

TRENTON —Sabbath afternoon, Green Street Church. Saturday, 7 P. M., Trinity M. E. Church.

CAMDEN.—Thursday afternoon, 3 o'clock, Broadway M. E. Church. Friday evening, Union Church.

PENNYSLVANIA.

PHILADELPHIA.—Tuesday afternoon, 3 o'clock, Mrs. Keene's, 1209 Arch St. Sabbath morning, 8 o'clock. Christ Church, Eighth St. Sabbath afternoon, 3½ o'clock, Central M. E. Church, Vine St. 3½ o'clock, Scott M. E. Church, Eighth St. 3½ o'clock, Baptist Mariners' Bethel, Front St. Monday evening, Mrs. Boyle's, 1630 N. Tenth St. Tuesday evening, Mrs Lippincott's, 833 Vine St. Young Ladies' Christian Union, 1155 S. Twelfth St. Wednesday afternoon, 3 o'clock, M. E. Church, Sixteenth and Coates Sts. Rev. Geo. Bickley. Thursday evening (for ladies), M. D. Cahill's, 154 N. Fifteenth St.; Eleventh Baptist Church, Twelfth St; Mrs. Deitz's, 312 Dickerson St. Friday afternoon, 3 o'clock, Book Room, 1018 Arch St. Friday evening, 7½ o'clock, Nazareth M. E. Church. Thirteenth St., near Vine. Saturday evening, 7½ o'clock, Wharton Street M. E. Church, Wharton St., below Fourth.

TREVERTON.—Tuesday evening, M. E. Church.

PITTSBURGH.—Smithfield Street M. E. Church, 2½ P. M.

DELAWARE.

WILMINGTON.—Wednesday, 3 P. M., St Paul's. 7½ P. M., Parsonage, Asbury M. E. Church, 222 Walnut St. Thursday evening.

MARYLAND.

BALTIMORE.—Tuesday afternoon, M. E. Book Depository, 122 Fayette St. Saturday evening, and Sabbath afternoon, Franklin St. M. E. Church, Sabbath, 4 P, M., Madison Square M. E. Church. Tuesday evening, Harford Ave. M. E. Church.

ELKTON.—M. E. Church, Friday evening, Rev Dr. Matlac, pastor.

DEAL'S ISLAND.—Friday, 6½ P. M., M. E. Church.

TOWSONTOWN.—Monday evening, 7½ o'clock, Epsom Chapel.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Tuesday afternoon, 3 o'clock, Dr. Sunderland's church, 4½ St., above C. Union meeting for all denominations. Tuesday evening, Hamline Chapel. cor. Ninth and P Sts.; Ryland Chapel, cor. Tenth and E. Sts. Island; Gorsuch Chapel, Four-and-a-half and L. Sts.' Island. Friday evening, Wesley Chapel, cor. F and Fifth Sts., N.W.; McKendree Chapel, Massachusetts Avenue, between Ninth and Tenth Sts., N.W. Saturday evening, Foundry Church, cor. Fourteenth and G Sts., N.W.

GEORGIA.

LAWRENCEVILLE.—Parsonage of the M. E. Church, South, every Tuesday afternoon, Rev. George R. Kranmer.

MAINE.

PORTLAND.—Second Wednesday of each month, Chestnut Street. Monday, 7½ P. M., 2 Elm St., Miss Jackson's. Monday, 7½ P. M., 87 Spring St., C. K. Lombard's.

HALLOWELL.—Monday evening, C. W. Strout, Middle St.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

KEENE.—Tuesday, 7 P. M., Main St., near Congregational Church. A union meeting.

MASSACHUSETTS.

BOSTON. — Wednesday, 7½ P. M., Highland M. E. Church. Monday, 2 P. M., Grace M. E. Church, Temple St. This meeting is under the direction of the New England Association for the Promotion of Holiness. Saturday evening, Bromfield Street M. E. Church. Dr. Cullis's Hall of the Congregational House, cor. Beacon and Somerset Streets, Tuesday, 4 P. M.

EAST BOSTON.—Thursday evening, 7½ o'clock, Ed. Chandler, 117 Princeton St.

IPSWICH.—Wednesday evening, M. E. Church.

WESTBORO. — Wednesday and Sunday evenings, 7½ o'clock, at Post Office Block.

WORCESTER.—Wednesday evening, 7½ o'clock, Rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association.

RHODE ISLAND.

PROVIDENCE.—Baptist Church, in charge of J. C. Hartshorn, Chestnut St. M. E. Church, Friday, 2½ P. M. Free Congregational Church, Richmond St., Monday, 7½ P. M. J. M. Fenner, 42 Greenwich St., the first Monday evening in the month.

PAWTUCKET. — Sunday, at 9 A. M., High St. M. E. Church.

CONNECTICUT.

HARTFORD.—Tuesday evening, Mrs. C. Goddell, 9 Russel St.

NORWICH.—Monday evening. ——— ———

DANIELSON.—Friday evening, Bro. Fuller's.

WILLIMANTIC.—Congregational Church, first Monday evening of each month.

NEW LONDON.—Monday, 7½ P. M., M. E. Church.

KENTUCKY.

COVINGTON.—Main St. M. E. Church, Thursday, 3 P. M.

LOUISVILLE.—Chestnut St. M. E. Church, south, Thursday, 7 P. M. Baltimore Methodist Book Depository, Tuesday, 3 P. M.

TENNESSEE.

KNOXVILLE.—M. E. Church, Rev. J. B. Ford, ——— evening.

OHIO.

COLUMBUS.—Friday afternoon at Mrs. Homer C. Lewis's residence.

CLEVELAND.—Wednesday evening, A. E. Burlison, 159 University St., Cleveland Heights.

CINCINNATI.—Tuesday evening, St. Paul's M. E. Church; Mrs. Vornholz's (for ladies). Sabbath afternoon, Christie Chapel

DAYTON.—Tuesday evening, Room of the Y. M. C, Association.

GALION.—M. E. Church, Sabbath evening, 5½ o'clock, and Wednesday evening at 7½ o'clock.

HAMILTON.—Thursday afternoon, 3 o'clock.

MIDDLETOWN.—Monday evening, 7 o'clock, Parsonage.

OXFORD.—Friday evening.
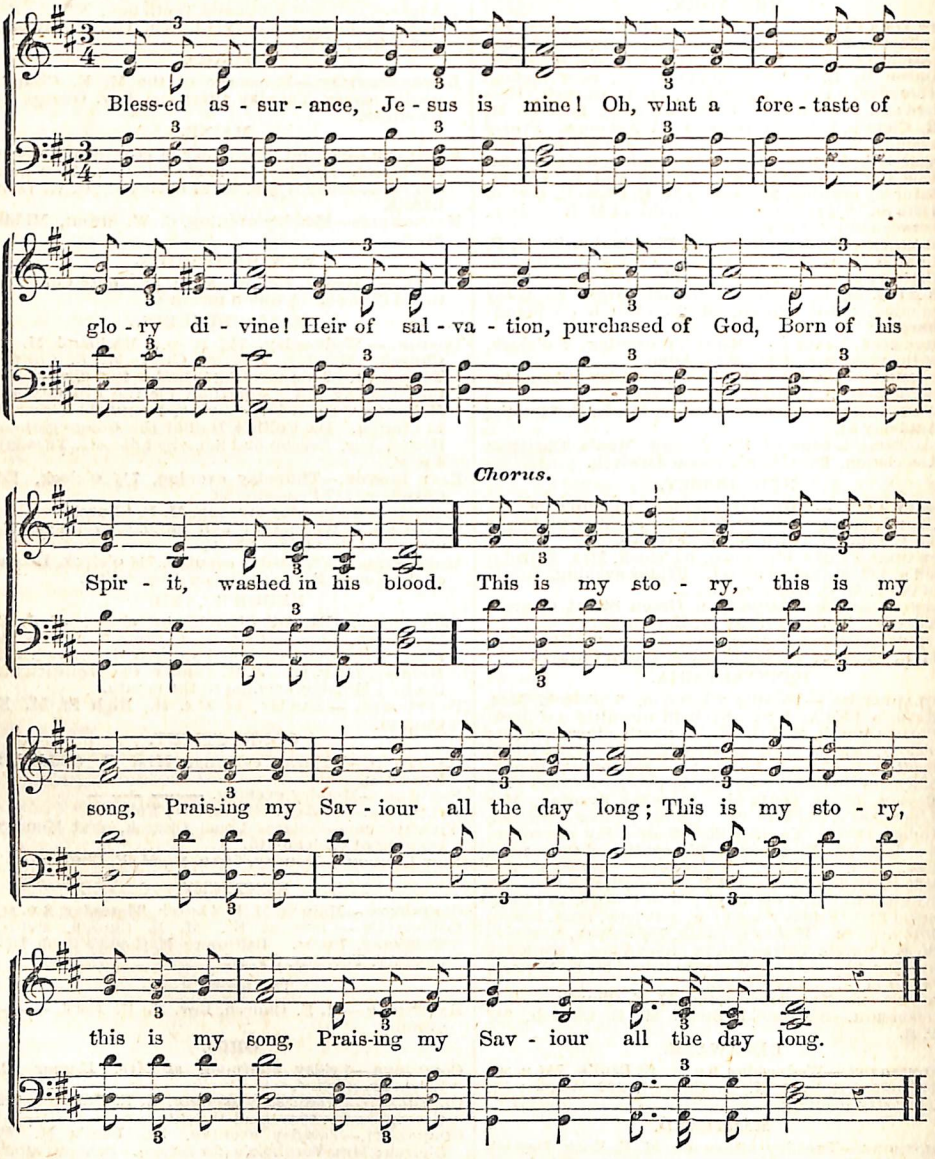
CALIFORNIA.

SAN FRANCISCO.—At the residence of E. L. Smith, 302 Montgomery St., Tuesday evening. Powell St, M. E. Church, Thursday evening.

For the Guide.

BLESSED ASSURANCE.

Words by FANNY CROSBY. Music by MRS. J. F. KNAPP.



Perfect submission, perfect delight,
Visions of rapture burst on my sight,
Angels descending, bring from above,
Echoes of mercy, whispers of love.

CHORUS.

Perfect submission, all is at rest,
I in my Saviour am happy and blest,
Watching and waiting, looking above,
Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.

CHORUS.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1873. Words by FANNY CROSBY, Music by MRS. J. F. KNAPP, in the Office of the Libraian of Congress at Washington, D. C.

Guide to Holiness.

AUGUST, 1873.

For the Guide.

BLESSING OF A CLEAN HEART.

REV. J. J. MAXFIELD.

Soon after my conversion, which was clear and satisfactory, the Holy Spirit led me to ask God for a deeper religious experience. For four months my walk was, indeed, "with God," but after this period temptations began to prevail, and from various tempers which I discovered within me, I knew that faith had other triumphs to win.

I had heard something of the Wesleyan —or I had better say—Bible doctrine of entire sanctification, but had never known any person who claimed to have such an experience. I read the Bible and Caughey's "Revival Miscellanies," and cried out in bitterness of soul for the fullness of love, desiring rather to die than to live without it. At one time, while praying in secret for the blessing, the Lord seemed to come very near to me; so near that I thought He would take my life. I was perfectly conscious of His actual presence. Immediately after an awful fear fell upon me, so much so that I arose from my knees and ran across the field as fast as I could go. In the moment I was conscious of God's presence, a sudden light, attended with a rustling noise, also came within my spiritual vision.

For some time after this occurrence, I was afraid to mention the subject of holiness in my prayers, carefully avoiding any allusion to it, supposing that I had been asking for that which God did not intend to bestow. Yet the intense hunger of my soul continued to increase and my soul was tossed to and fro with many doubts. I could not then, and do not now, understand the strange occurrence, though I have repeatedly since carried the matter to God and asked to be taught of Him.

A few years after this I was permitted to attend the Sabbath afternoon class which was held at Bishop Hamline's. There I first met Christians who had courage and grace to say that the "blood of Jesus Christ His Son" cleansed them from "all sin." Here, then, I said, are those who are competent to teach me more perfectly the way of salvation. And while they talked of the "cleansing blood," I cried out in silent agony for a clean heart. My heart was broken indeed, and if ever a soul counted *all things* worthless, compared to the indwelling of Jesus Christ, I am certain I did in that dark and bitter hour.

I wept until the tears fell like rain upon the seat. Sister Hamline said, "My brother, you seem to be very near the kingdom—only believe!" I was exhorted to trust God's faithful promise—"*I will receive you.*" As I passed out of the door at the close of the meeting, sister H. said to me, "Now do you go trusting?" I replied, deliberately, "I do." I was touching solid foundation, the Rock Christ Jesus, and though I felt no change beyond a satisfaction, in consequence of having obeyed God, yet I knew I was saved. Yes, blessed be God, I did go trusting, all that afternoon, and the next day until sunset, when a very

strange but powerful impulse to pray came suddenly upon me. I left everything and fled into my closet and fell upon my knees before God, and as I opened my mouth God filled it with praises. With the baptism of the blessed Spirit came the words, "This day is salvation come to this house." These words were spoken in my heart with so much power that it was with difficulty that I could persuade myself that I had not heard an audible voice. For several days I wept and laughed for joy, which was often so great that it seemed to be as much as I could bear. I was necessarily associated with young persons who could not sympathize with my new found joy, and while they uttered their witty sayings and joined in the laugh, I laughed with them, but my laugh was to the Lord; glad of any pretext to give expression to my joyful soul.

Then did I truly find rest. For long months, like Mordecai, I had lain at the King's gate, bewailing my sad condition. Now my request had been granted, and my peace was like a river. Oh what glorious rest! And the saddest thought —it might have continued. But not yet clearly discerning the way of faith, I looked too much to emotions; hence I took my eyes from Jesus the Saviour, and Peter-like began to sink in the waves of doubt. But the Holy Spirit did not forsake me; and though I wounded my Saviour so deeply, still I could hear His plaintive voice saying, "Look unto Me and be ye saved." But "thanks be to God who giveth us the victory," I was at length brought to see that the simple and easy way of faith was the only safe way, therefore I began to trust in Jesus to save me fully,—no matter what my feelings were like, my joyful state of mind could not save me; it was Jesus alone. Oh the precious cleansing blood! I feel its power now.

Since the Holy Spirit has taught me to look at Christ's sacrifice as a finished work, I have ceased to attach any virtue to anything I can do. Tears cannot wash out the dark stains which sin has made. The blood, the precious cleansing blood, alone can do this. Jesus *finished* the work, and nothing can be added to its completeness. It only remains for me to take the cup of salvation as a *free gift*. Then let not any anxious seeker after purity hope to become any better, or more acceptable to God, by tears or long repentance. The only preparation we need is a humble willingness to receive the precious gift. Come to Him just *now*, just as you are—just where you are, looking *only* to Jesus. Will you, doubting one, trust Jesus just now, before you read another line? God help you! Do you venture upon the promises? Do you? Then do not be discouraged if you do not have great joy while you believe. It is not joy so much as it is faith which you need. God will give you the feeling at the proper time if you honor His Word.

If you have never before trusted in the promises of God, stripped of all emotions of joy, do not deny yourself the blessed privilege one moment longer. In the name of Jesus I implore you to give up your God-dishonoring unbelief, and accept Christ as your complete Saviour *just now!* Let your *feelings* perish, if they must, but let God's faithful Word be honored. The Lord help you to look into His Word and then find some precious promise which covers your case, and then trust that faithful promise, though you should feel nothing more than you now do to your dying day.

For the Guide.

SHALL SING FOR JOY OF HEART.

REV. C. P. HARD.

Isaiah long ago wrote out the New Testament experience of a vast company of the saved through Jesus' blood, "My servants shall sing for joy of heart."

This joy is deep. It has not a surface character. It has artesian wells. There is a fullness in the blessing of the gospel of peace.

It has a contrast with other joys in its source. They more generally come from without, this springs up within; they are drops brought from a distance, this is a well of water in the soul; they arrive, this is at home.

This joy has less of the temporary in

its nature than have all other pleasant things. Christ abides in the heart of the sanctified, and He is the eternal life, in whose presence there is fullness of joy. Heaven moves with Him its centre—He brings heaven where He comes.

This joy has more of influence, because more real, and hence naturally persuasive. Giving rest to one heart, it diffuses calmness and sweetness through the social circle, the community, the Church. It may have less of smiles and loudness of laughter in some cases than those which mark worldly persons, but it impressively teaches its character through the months and years.

Genuine Christian experience agrees with God's assurance that His servants shall sing for joy of heart.

Then it is right to be happy, and to appear so. It is God's appointment that we are glad and that we let our joys be known.

The fully saved is glad in the power of Jesus. He thinks of this more than he did before his heart was made pure, before his lips were touched with a live coal from the altar, before the baptism of fire and power fell upon him. He marks how easily he is kept through faith—how carefully Jesus leads him—how an omnipotent hand clears his path—how his soul is filled with zeal for God—how precious his prayer—how pleasant are the privileges of toil for Jesus.

Christ's servants sing for joy of heart as they look into the treasury of His promises. Promises for every individual soul with all its peculiarities of temperament and circumstances. Promises for all hours and in every path of duty. Promises of purity of heart preserved, of strength for times of human weakness, of comfort on the arrival of sorrows, of cheer when losses are experienced, of light sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart. Promises of every want supplied, of grace abounding. Promises of glory, abundant, increasing, eternal.

The servants of Jesus sing for joy in the fellowship of saints. They are in the general assembly and Church of the first born whose names are written in heaven, and no home words are so sweet as those which are heard here. Testimony to the power of the same Saviour is delightful. Spiritual songs concerning the blood, the spirit, the eternal home, are more precious than those which fall from any other lips. There is a sympathy which affords great comfort, a unity which comes through Christ and tells of the gathering in the Father's House, when the doors shall finally close behind the last one home, and we shall go no more out forever.

With this promise of God we seem also to hear a command. We see that it is God's will that His servants sing for joy of heart. He is honored in the happiness of His people, as is any king by the joy of his realm. He rejoices in our being blest. He is glad in the fact that we are so. He is pleased that we offer Him praise. It increases our joy. Each thought of our blessings is linked with another thought of the good we have and draws it toward us.

The duty of praise is not less than that of prayer, and in these days of toil it reminds us of that country where our hearts abide, and of that company of loved ones before the white throne to whose ranks we hasten to sing with them forever for joy of heart.

CASTILE, N. Y.

For the Guide.

BRIGHT HEAVEN.

J. W.

In bright heaven no tear shall roll
Down the fair cheek;
No sorrow there to cloud the soul
Of Jew or Greek.

No sin shall spread its dismal wing
O'er that pure land;
None but the pure in heart shall sing
In heaven's band.

Nor sun nor moon shall sparkle there
To make it bright;
For God shall shine in beauty *there*
And be its light.

In bright heaven I soon shall sing
Among the blest;
And underneath the Almighty's wing
Sit down to rest.

For the Guide.

FIFTY YEARS' WALK WITH JESUS.

MRS. MARY D. JAMES.

(*Continued from page* 14.)

"They that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength. They shall mount up on wings as eagles," &c.

Thus renewed in spiritual strength, the newly baptized one returned to her home full of holy energy, and strong purpose to work for God. Her glowing soul longed to show forth His praise, who had so gloriously revealed Himself to her, in the precious privileges she had enjoyed in New York. In the ardor of her zeal, she hastened to tell a sister in the church of the riches of grace which she had heard of, and seen, and enjoyed during her visit. She found that heart so cold, that it could not reciprocate those warm expressions of hallowed love and exultation:—so languid and listless were the replies to the story of joy and triumph, that it seemed as water thrown upon a fire.

The artful tempter suggested—there now! you see how your testimony of full salvation is going to be received! If so active a Christian treats this subject with such indifference, what can you expect from the church in general? What a hard time you will have, if you undertake to talk holiness here. You had better be very careful or you will do more harm than good. By incurring the censure of your friends, you will destroy all your influence for good to them.

This new assault for a moment daunted her, and she said what shall I do?—*Flee to your stronghold*—said the Holy Spirit. Then prostrating herself before God, she poured out her soul in fervent supplication. The Spirit said God has placed you here to "*Let your light shine.*" He calls you to be a witness for Him—and bear testimony to the power of the cleansing blood. Will you shrink from the cross—and hesitate to be a witness? or will you

STAND UP FOR JESUS

in the face of opposition, reproach, and even persecution? If you will bear faithful testimony, great and glorious will be the results, but if you will not, you will forfeit the Divine favor. It seemed the voice of Jehovah speaking to her heart, and sinking down in deepest self-abasement she said, "Thou knowest my utter weakness—but if Thou wilt give me strength, I will stand up a decided witness for Thee—let the consequences be what they may. Only arm me with the panoply Divine, and I will not fear, nor hesitate to proclaim the great salvation."

Then light and life and joy and strength were imparted in larger measure than ever—and so strong did she feel in the Lord, and in the power of His might, that she could have met a myriad of opposers, boldly, for now she could stand up in Christ; and He would fight her battles for her, and she would overcome through Him who is "mighty to save."

THE ENEMY VANQUISHED.

That afternoon there was to be a meeting of ladies, the object of which was to sew for the aid of the church. This presented another occasion for the Adversary to try once more to intimidate her in the performance of the duty she felt incumbent upon her.

Now he suggested—it will be very much out of place and imprudent for you to say a word about your experience in that company of ladies; you know Mrs. A. and Mrs. B. and Mrs. C. have particular objections to that doctrine—and it will seem like making a parade of your religion to talk of it there. Of course your visit to New York will be spoken of, for they all know of it, but you, while you may speak of it as a very delightful visit, you need not tell them what made it so specially interesting and profitable. If you should do so your feelings will be wounded by some opposers,—and you had better be silent on that subject.

At once the disguised enemy was detected, for her eye being single, she had light to discern that it was Satan again trying to turn her feet off the Gospel track—and she said I *will not listen for a moment to him; I will trust in God and do my duty.* Then came the sweet words of the hymn founded on a precious portion of God's word:

"See the Lord, thy Keeper, stand
Omnipotently near!
Lo, He holds thee by thy hand!
And banishes thy fear:
Shadows with His wings thy head,
Guards from all impending harms,
Round thee, and beneath are spread
The everlasting arms."

She said it is enough! "I will trust and not be afraid, for the Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song, He also is become my salvation." He will teach me what to say and what to do. "I will go in the strength of the Lord God. I will make mention of His righteousness and of His only."

She went to the meeting, and as usual was called upon to open it with prayer. The blessed Spirit of God helped her infirmities, and a melting influence attended the words of supplication and thanksgiving as utterance was given to the fullness of her ardent devotion. The way was thus opened to speak on the subject dearest to her heart. In reply to the question, "had you a pleasant visit to New York?" she spoke of the hallowed communion of saints—of the revealed presence of the Highest—of the strength divine imparted to her and of her purpose to bear testimony to the fullness of the believer's privilege as a blessed realization of her own heart. Immediately one of her most valued friends remarked—I think you have been sufficiently decided: every body knows you enjoy a great deal of religion, and to be any more definite or to give it the name of entire sanctification or holiness would only excite opposition, and curtail your usefulness. Others expressed the concurrence of their views with those just advanced. While their conversation was going on, the tried one was sending up the fervent prayer "fill thou my mouth with arguments." Then she spoke as the Spirit gave utterance, and that they were "right words," and "forcible," the results demonstrated.

As she spoke of the great salvation, its fullness of bliss, its power to give perfect victory over the world, the flesh, and the devil, and to bring the soul into conscious and constant union with Christ, and to assimilate the heart to the Divine likeness, and urged the importance of the church coming up fully to her high privilege in the gospel, nearly all in the room were in tears. For some minutes after the appeal was finished, not a word was uttered. At length the sister who had first spoken—said, "perhaps I did wrong to speak as I did. I have no doubt that you are under the Divine guidance, and will be directed to pursue the right course; do as you believe to be your duty, and your testimony will be received; for every body has confidence in you." Then others also spoke encouragingly. Thus the enemy was put to flight and a glorious victory gained.

THE CLASS LEADER.

During the same week a class-leader called to see the triumphant one of whose happy experience he had heard, and as she told the story to him tears ran down his face like rain—and he said, "Oh, that I were as in years past, when the candle of the Lord shone upon me, and my heart was filled with this pure love! I had the precious treasure of perfect love for six years, and lost it by coming here and withholding my testimony. Oh, how I have longed to regain it—but have been so discouraged—Now your recital of the rich enjoyment you possess in the fullness of gospel blessings makes me feel that I cannot live without it. I *must have it—I will have it, God helping me*, and sister Mary you shall have one at least in the church to stand by you."

"What would you think of having a meeting for those who are hungering and thirsting like yourself!" asked the happy Mary—"for" said she, "there are several others I know of."

"*Grand idea!*" he replied, "*let us have it right soon!*" "Well, I will tell the friends who would be interested and we'll have it to-morrow afternoon in our house," she said.

The next morning two brethren called, who had come from Philadelphia to assist our pastor in a series of meetings which he proposed to hold, commencing on the evening of that day. Those brethren were local preachers and were full of faith and of the Holy Ghost.

In conversation with them on her favorite theme, Mary found that they knew experimentally the blessedness she spake of, and then she thought "*how they will help us in our meeting this afternoon!*" filled her heart with gladness. Readily promising to attend, they greatly encouraged her in this special effort for the promotion of holiness, and the first meeting for that specific object in New Jersey, was held that day in her own house. Its wonderfully glorious results will thrill the hearts of all the lovers of holiness who may read the history which will appear in the succeeding pages.

(*To be continued.*)

For the Guide.

THE CHRISTIAN'S PRAYER.

LIZZIE PENNER BAKER.

Lord! give me strength, the strength which sweeps aside,
The hosts of sin, with one low breathed prayer;
And give me rest, the rest of those who hide,
In Thy Love's shadow, without fear or care:
And steadfast faith, for my unfaltering guide,
To lift my heart to heaven and hold it there.

Give to me patience! Let that meek eyed one,
Walk with me day by day in seraph form;
And glad hope, pointing to the mansions won,
By those who fought their way thro' dark and storm:
And sweetest charity!—till life is done,
Be Love my comforter at eve and morn.

Oh! still in Thy rich tenderness, dear Lord,
These graces of the soul, on me bestow,
Warm, tireless zeal in Thy blest work afford,—
Yet let humility's pure blossoms grow,
Thickly, along each pathway yet untrod,
As to Thy children's changeless home I go.

Much do I ask of Thee—Thou Holy One!
Meek Sufferer once, beneath the thorn and cross—
Whose glorious conflict, o'er death's empire won,
Hath been to Sin's eternal shame and loss,
And whose high throne when earth's brief years are done,
Shall stand, when all her crowns are dust and dross.

Much do I plead for at Thy blessed feet!
And yet, not more than Thou wilt glad bestow,—
In Thee all glories, and all graces meet,
And those who are Thy children surely know
The mystic meaning of that promise sweet,
"I will abide," with My beloved below.

Divinest answer to Thy people's plea!
What more can the most loving soul desire?
Master and Saviour! wilt Thou dwell in me?
Then fill Thine altar with celestial fire!
Let self and sin be all consumed by Thee,
That I may praise with lips that never tire.

For the Guide.

HOLINESS.

THREE STEPS—CONSECRATION, FAITH, CONFESSION.

PHŒBE PALMER.

You cannot be a *Bible* Christian unless you are holy. Holiness is not the high state of grace which many seem to imagine. It is the lowest state with which we can see the face of God in peace. The demand of the Lord, our Redeemer, is "*Holiness*, without which no man shall see the Lord." Do you ask "*What is Holiness?*" It is not necessarily a state of rapture. The Son of God was holy; but he was a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief.

Holiness is a *state* in which all the powers of the body and mind are constantly given up to God, *through Christ.* It suggests nothing more or less than a state of common honesty before God. Its meaning is implied in the words of Paul, "I beseech you, brethren, by the mercies of God, that you present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable, which is your reasonable service."

There are but *three steps*, which, if you will now take, you may at once be ushered into the enjoyment of a state of Holiness. The first step is

ENTIRE CONSECRATION.

The reasonableness of this step, and the demand that you should be holy *now*, are most manifest. "For ye are not your own, ye are bought with a price, therefore glorify God in your body and spirit which are God's." Do you observe that this suggests the necessity of a present act of *unconditional, absolute, and eternal surrender to God?* You admit the fact that you *are* not your own. And if not your own, to *whom* do you now belong?

But I have not yet made the *entire consecration!*

Then you are now *robbing* God, and can you retain a state of *Justification* unless you now, in acknowledgment of His imperative claim, admit the Divine right, and reckon yourself all the Lord's?

And *are* you not already the Lord's? You have been redeemed at an infinite price.

"Can I reckon myself wholly the Lord's until I have more *feeling* on the subject?"

Why not? Suppose that you had purchased some very valuable property, consisting of houses and lands, with everything on the premises, at an immense price. The property *is* yours. Would the fact that the person refuses to make the immediate surrender, invalidate your claim? Not in the least. It would only designate the withholder in your mind as *dishonest*. You would say, that property is *mine*; and that man is a ROBBER! Will a man rob God? Yes; thousands do thus rob God. And thus, from this hour, will you be regarded as unreasonable, aye, dishonest, unless you now consecrate yourself *unconditionally and eternally* to *God*.

Will you here pause in solemn silence before the Lord, your Redeemer, while in His Name, I ask, IS THE CONSECRATION MADE?

In the name of the Lord Jehovah, in whom is everlasting strength, I hear you say

"'Tis done, the great transaction's done,
I am my Lord's and He is Mine!"

And now that the *first step* is taken, don't linger another moment in taking the succeeding step. With what distinctness is it marked out in the Divine Chart. "I WILL RECEIVE YOU." Faith is to believe it. This is the *second step*.

"*Faith*, mighty *faith*, the *promise* sees,
And looks to that alone,
Laughs at impossibilities,
And cries it shall be done!"

"Done *when!* NOW! NOW is the accepted time. BEHOLD, NOW IS THE DAY *of Salvation*. What a wonderful Salvation! His Name shall be called Jesus, for He shall save his people from their sins. And now your glad heart exclaims "Behold! God *is* my Salvation; I will *trust* and not be afraid." Ah! now you have almost at unawares taken the THIRD STEP. You have believed with your heart. And now your lips are CONFESSING what your heart believes. This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith. You are apprehending the new and living way into the holiest. Through the blood of the everlasting covenant you cast anchor within the vail. With the redeemed and blood-washed on earth, and with prophets, apostles, and martyrs you have learned the ancient mode of overcoming the prince of this world. They overcame him by the Blood of the Lamb, and the Word of their testimony. The Blood-washed ones around the throne are striking their harps to a higher strain, because you have now learned to unite with them in the song that only those can sing, who have been redeemed from earth. It is the *new eternal* song. And now from this day forth, long as time and eternity endures may it be your ceaseless ascription, "Unto Him who hath loved *me*, and redeemed *me*, and washed *me* from my sins in His own Blood be glory and dominion forever and ever AMEN!"

For the Guide.

A PRECIOUS LETTER.

LETTER TO THE READERS OF THE GUIDE.

REV. D. NASH.

The love of the Eternal Father, the sympathy of our Lord Jesus Christ, with the consolations of the Good Spirit, be multiplied to all the readers of the "Guide," abundantly.

PRESENCE OF JESUS.

Wherever we may be, the presence of Jesus makes the place a court; and His visits are not withheld from humble, contrite hearts. It is with them He loves to take up His abode, for they are sure to bid Him welcome. Nor can any adverse power break the rest which He takes in a bosom devoted to holy love. The savor of His name is as ointment poured forth, drawing after Him the spirit that is alive to God. To the broken heart He comes as a Healer, to bind up, and unite, and fill with Himself its only satisfying portion. Does He take away anything upon which our affections were placed? It is in order to fix them more entirely upon His own person; He has in the exuberance of His love given Himself wholly to us, and He reasonably expects

THE ENTIRE SURRENDER

of ourselves to Him, and His service. Why are we so tardy in making it? Let us look, and look again, at Jesus Christ crucified for us, and dying for our sins. Let the eye of our mind never stray beyond the scene of His sufferings, and death, and resurrection, and exaltation. For our dying to sin and living to righteousness can only take place when we are crucified with Christ. It is the devout consideration of His lowly nativity in a stable that must humble the pride of life. From the daily contemplation of His bitter agony and bloody sweat, His cross and passion, His death and burial, will spring the mortification of the lusts of the flesh; while to a soul in the habit of looking upon His resurrection and ascension to glory, the lusts of the eye can be no temptation. Let "a door be opened in heaven" through which our eyes may behold the Lamb as it had been slain, and they will no longer wander after vanity. It is our little acquaintance with the things unseen that leads us to love and value those things which are seen. But as we are to take up our lasting abode with the things unseen, and in a little time part for ever from those which are seen, how foolish will it appear to be engrossed with the latter while we forget the former.

HOW BLESSED TO DIE IN THE LORD!

It is your desire, I doubt not, to remove and set sail to the Fair Havens. Having your conversation in heaven, you cannot but wish to take your place within the walls of the New Jerusalem. Longing to depart and be with Christ, you can only feel reconciled to stay because it is the Lord's pleasure. Doubt not, then, in due time He will come and receive you to Himself. He will come, "whom having not seen, you love" He will come and meet you as you pass over the threshhold of time. Willingly may we close our eyes on all to be seen in this world, to open them upon another and a better. Gladly may we part from our friends below to meet our Friend and our Beloved above. Nature shrinks, but grace longs to be dissolved and be with Christ. Heart and flesh fail, but Jesus is the strength of our heart, and our portion for ever. To fall asleep in the arms of Jesus, and have the soul drawn from its tabernacle by a kiss, as it were, from His lips, is bliss indeed. To die is the lot of fallen man; to die *in the Lord* is the gracious privilege of the followers of the Saviour. The grave is a dark prison-house to others, to them it is a bed of sweet repose. They make their escape when they make their exit, but the rebellious dwell in a dry land, and are driven away in their wickedness.

LOOK TOWARDS ZION.

Oh, that our thoughts, by night as well as by day, were turned towards the temple in the heavens! If the Jews in their banishment, with holy sorrow looked towards Zion, desolate and forsaken, how much more should Christians cast their eyes upward to the New Jerusalem, the city of the Great King! There are our companions who have gone before, a number which no man can number. There are set thrones upon which they shall sit, and administer Judgment. There are the mansions built without hands, destined never to decay. It is within the walls of that city the Almighty Ruler keeps His court, and from the inhabitants thereof receives such homage as is His due. From beneath His throne of grace and of glory flow the streams which gladden all hearts; the rivers of His pleasures conveying life and blessedness all around. There is the Lamb, bearing the marks of His passion, and appearing as if newly slain, our Saviour and our God. Prepare for

THE BEATIFIC VISION.

This glorious vision of God should draw our eyes and ravish our hearts, since it was for us He took upon Him our nature, was made man, and suffered on the cross. But, alas! the mists which often arise from these low grounds hide these things, and we look out upon what appears a vacuity—sin. Sin it is that conceals from our view the glories that lie beyond the boundaries of time, and the stroke of death. We must mount upwards and ascend to a purer region, if we would enjoy a prospect of the

heavenly Canaan. It is not for those who are cleaving to the dust, or walking in a vain show, to have a thought worthy of things eternal and divine. Wisdom, heavenly wisdom, enters not into a soul polluted by foul desires and base appetites. Her virgin purity scorns to join itself to sensuality, earthly-mindedness, and pride. The crowd of vain thoughts must be driven from the temple of the heart ere a suitable offering can be presented in it. Men living in sin, and indulging their evil propensities, gradually unfit themselves for having any right conceptions of God, and heaven, and the world to come. They look upon everything through the medium of their passions, and feign a God like themselves, while they construct a paradise according to their desire.

TRANSFORMING POWER.

The mind is made what it contemplates, as a mirror reflects the objects before it, and what object so worthy of contemplation as Jesus Christ crucified for our sins? Here the penitent soul shall find pardon. Here the mourner shall be comforted. Here the wavering shall become decided. Here the sorrowful shall pour out tears of joy. Here the weak shall be strengthened, the strong more established, and the established fitted for glory and immortality. It is an object alike suited to all the change of circumstances, and all the variety of experience; nor can we ever travel safely, rest quietly, live comfortably, or die happily without Christ. It is the contemplation, in a holy and devout manner, of a crucified Saviour that fits us to live or die, to mourn over sin's doings, to rejoice in the Lord, to trample under foot all our enemies, and cast the crown of victory at the feet of Jesus. May He, then, never go forth from your hearts, who, that He might save us, refused to go down from the Cross. Keep your hearts sacred to Him, and only desire that His good and perfect will may be accomplished in you. To Him, then, I commend all the dear readers of the "Guide," with prayers to our Heavenly Father, that I may meet you at length at His right hand, and that we may stand before Him without spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing.

In the enjoyment of the forgiveness of sin, and the sanctification of the spirit, in the fellowship of saints, and looking for the life everlasting.

CHESHIRE, Conn.

For the Guide.

IF I WERE A SERAPH.

S. NASH.

Oh that I had a bright Seraph's quick wings,
And the musical voice with which he sings:
I would range through fields of unbounded space,
The work of creative power would trace;
And from star to star as I spread the wing,
The Redeemer's praise, I would sweetly sing.

I would sing of grace, its power to transform;
And the strength it gives to resist the storm:
My song would embrace the scenes of that place,
Where the Saviour died for the human race;
The darkness that strove to hide the sad sight,
As the sun fled from the scene with its light.

Of the pain that caused the rent of the rock,
While the vail of the temple felt the shock;
Of the Saviour's sorrow and bloody sweat:
Why the locks of His hair with dew were wet:
Of the surety to us which Jesus gave,
When "He rose in triumph over the grave."

Away to the city with golden street,
I would haste and sit at the Saviour's feet:
And strike up anew that eternal song,
Of praise to Him who has led me along;
Who guarded my way and conquered my foes,
And made for me sure, a blissful repose.

I would bathe in the pure water of life,
In that land so free from sorrow and strife;
And on the bank of the river would stand
Where the harpers form that beautiful band:
I would hear that song of beauty and worth,
Sung only by those redeemed from the earth.

I would gather old friends long since gone up,
For whom I have drank of sorrow's full cup;
There we would sing of the love of our God,
And of Him who alone the winepress trod;
Such love for enemies never was known,
As the Father and Son to us has shown.

I would fly through all the length of that land;
On the top of its highest mount would stand;
Survey the rich beauty, grandeur and grace,
And drink of the sweets of that holy place:
Return to my Lord and cast at His feet,
The love of my heart so full and complete.

Then singing I'll go, through this world below,
For trials will haste me onward I know;
And when the time comes for final release,
With victories won, and warning to cease;
I shall have no cause to fear or to weep,
And will lay myself down sweetly to sleep.

For the Guide.

JACOB'S BLESSING.—WHAT WAS IT?

JOHN GULLIVER.

The Christian community, to a great extent, have recently had their attention turned to the night scene where Jacob wrestled with the angel until the dawn of morning. The conversion of Jacob probably took place at Bethel. It is plain from his history that he was naturally a cool, shrewd, self-reliant, unscrupulous, selfish man—refusing, as he did, to give food to his fainting brother, except at the cost of his birthright; and deceiving his venerable father by contemptible trickery and bare-faced falsehoods. But, as he was not to be given over to hardness of heart, he was checked in his career, and at the very moment when he expected to reap the reward of his successful maneuverings, he is driven from his paternal home, and obliged to flee for his life. During his long and lonely walk to Bethel, he no doubt felt a deep conviction of his guilt, and when, in the visions of the night, he was instructed, as he doubtless was, that although sinners of earth deserve to be shut out from heaven, yet, through the promised Seed—symbolized by the ladder—there was a way by which they might be pardoned, sanctified, and saved, he submitted, he repented, believed, and was forgiven. He was a changed man. He now consecrated himself, and all that he had, or should have, to the service of God. And there was nothing in his after life which shewed that he was not sincere, unless it was his device in regard to the wages he was to receive from Laban. But, as the success of this device depended upon the direct interposition of God, as intimated in his dream, and expressly acknowledged to his wives, we may well suppose it was right for him to do as he did, receiving nothing more than a just reward for his twenty years servitude. That it was a sound conversion is proved by his devout acknowledgment of the hand of God in all the events of his life, his prompt obedience, his strong faith, and his model prayer.—Gen. xxxii, 9–12. It is also proved by the many promises made and fulfilled to him personally, the convoy of angels, and the wonderful declaration,—"I am the God of Bethel, where thou anointedst the pillar, and where thou vowedst a vow unto me."

If this view of the case is correct, the blessing sought was not *regeneration*, for that he had enjoyed for twenty years. When told that Esau was coming with four hundred men he was in great fear and distress. With his usual tact at expedients, he adopted a plan of consummate wisdom to cool his anger and conciliate his favor. The present sent him was of great value. Five hundred and eighty head of cattle, including thirty milch camels, with their colts, which were so valuable in that country, on account of their great strength and long endurance, and as they gave milk of the most nutritious character without cessation, even when with young. He thus made full restitution for any pecuniary loss Esau might have sustained by giving up his birthright. Then the mode of presenting his gift was like heaping coals of fire on his head. The whole was divided into five droves; with a space between each, wide enough to make each a perfect surprise; with a message by the leader that they were from his *servant* Jacob to my *lord* Esau, thus yielding to Esau all his claim to reverence and distinction. These were all the particulars which made the birthright valuable to Esau, and these were voluntarily and generously conceded. The plan was wise and good; but could it succeed? Certainly not, except with the special blessing of God. And for this he stopped to pray, after his wives and children and flocks had gone over the brook. And, no doubt, he obtained assurance that his prayer was answered, and all would be well. But as this was something to be realized only on the *morrow*, it could not be the blessing he sought and found *that night*.

Probably, when leaving his retirement, to join his family, he found himself confronted by a man who stood in his way and would not let him pass. With his usual self-reliance and de-

termination, he attempts to force his way; but he soon found his own strength to be perfect weakness. This was revealed to him by the secret touch of the angel, and led him to cease struggling and wrestling to get the blessing by his own efforts, and be willing to receive it as a gift—the gift of sovereign mercy, in accordance with his faith. This was the "second turning point in the development of Jacob's character," a perfect abnegation of self, and a simple, childlike *faith* and *trust* in the Lord; and this touch not only reached the body and heart of Jacob, but it revealed the true character of this strange visitant, the promised SEED, the ANGEL of the everlasting covenant—THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

And now was the time for Jacob to secure his own personal interest in the spiritual part of the birthright. The temporal part he had freely relinquished, but the spiritual part—never. Now is the time; JESUS is revealing Himself to him as not unto the world—he throws himself into His arms and hangs upon His neck saying, in the language of unfaltering faith, "I will not let Thee go, except Thou bless me," with the blessing of PERFECT LOVE, that casteth out fear—the blessing of PURITY OF HEART, that I may see God. His prayer was answered, his faith was honored, and the blessing was granted in all its fullness. He saw God face to face, and a new name was given him, for as a prince he had power with God, and prevailed:

"My prayer hath power with God; the grace
Unspeakable I now receive;
Through faith I see Thee face to face,
I see Thee face to face, and live!
In vain I have not wept and strove;
Thy Nature and Thy Name is love.

"Contented now, upon my thigh
I halt, till life's short journey end;
All helplessness, all weakness, I
On Thee alone for strength depend;
Nor have I power from Thee to move:
Thy nature and Thy Name is Love.

"Lame as I am, I take the prey;
Hell, earth and *sin* with ease o'ercome;
I leap for joy, pursue my way,
And as a bounding hart fly home
Through all eternity to prove
Thy nature and Thy name is Love."

For the Guide.

DAILY PRAISE.

MISS A. MILLS.

Grace and mercy, peace and blessing,
From the upper courts comes down,
All my heart with rapture filling,
Shedding fragrance all around.

"Wherefore didst thou doubt," says Jesus,
Why was faith so small and weak?
Had you then let slip my promise,
I will answer, while ye speak?

Ask! there's fullness far exceeding,
Thy petition, or thy thought,
Wait! thy heart shall be encouraged,
With My gifts, by thee unbought.

Precious Word! O richer treasure!
Than famed Ophir's purest gold,
Still my understanding open,
More and more its truths unfold.

Here I fix my anchor firmly,
In my God I boast all day,
And when shadows gather round me,
Glory streams along my way.

With the blood from Calvary flowing,
All my sin Christ covers o'er.
And He sprinkles me with water,
Making clean forever more.

Friends may come or friends may leave me,
I can never be alone,
Since the Comforter abideth,
Jesus claims me for His own.

I can never cease my singing,
E'en though sorrow's tears may fall,
For the power of Christ rests on me,
He is ever all in all.

FAYETTE, Iowa.

For the Guide.

LIFE FOR A LOOK.

JENNIE F. WILLING.

The soul is healed by one look of faith as certainly as were the snake-bitten Israelites by a glance at the brazen serpent. This is a hinge mystery of our religion. It cannot be explained in words. It must be spiritually discerned. Our "experiences" may illustrate it; but if one would know for himself, he must

seek the guidance and teaching of the Holy Spirit.

We had just arrived at our place of work. Weary with our night in a sleeping-car, and the hot, dusty forenoon, we were sitting in our friend's parlor when the Methodist Pastors—Northern and Southern—called. As we belonged to these two Churches, each Pastor honored us with this attention. Our conversation opened at once upon the vital subject of entire devotion to God. We found that each of these Ministers had sought full redemption (as I believe most Methodist Preachers have), very earnestly, many times. Failing to attain it, they had settled upon a tacit conclusion to live as well as they could, hoping, somehow, to grow into it; or that some outburst or freshet of Divine grace would bring them to it. They were evidently deeply pious men. The one purpose of their life seemed to be to do all in their power for the Master. We had been talking about the close work of complete consecration, when Mrs. W. said, "I presume you do thus consecrate yourselves to God." They both assented. "To the limit of your knowledge? Consenting that Christ's will be done in you, and by you, as long as you live?" Each gave an affirmative answer. We sat in silence a moment, breathing unvoiced prayer, while the gracious Spirit rested upon our souls. "Does not that consecration put you in the Saviour's hand?" asked Mrs. W. "Y-e-s—it must," replied Brother M., with some hesitancy. Then you are entirely in His hand, by your own volition." "Why—yes—that must be so." "Christ so hates sin." Mrs. W. spoke slowly, that each sentence might be fully apprehended, "He will not wait long, now that He has control of you—the chance to cleanse you—till He gives you pure hearts—will He?" "I see it! I see it!" exclaimed the Southern Brother, clasping his hands, his face all aglow with the joy of salvation. "And I too praise the Lord!" responded the other.

Ten glorious days followed. Days of hard work—hand to hand fighting with the enemy of souls, but days of victory. The two Pastors stood side by side, their testimony clear and ringing, "The blood of Christ cleanseth us from all sin." "If only God's children would learn the simplicity of salvation by faith. One minute's steady trustful belief in the Saviour's presence, love, and power, will do more for us than years of fasting and struggling, prayers and tears."

JOLLIET, Ill.

TRUST IN PROVIDENCE.

John Wesley's translation from the German, by Paul Gerhard, founded on Psalm xxvii, 5-6.

"Commit thou all thy griefs
And ways into His hands,
To His sure trust, and tender care,
Who earth and heaven commands.
Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey,
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way."

In a village near Warsaw there lived a pious German peasant named Dobey. Without remedy he had fallen into arrears of rent, and his landlord threatened to eject him. It was winter. Thrice he applied for a respite, but in vain. It was evening, and the next day his family were to be turned out into the snow. The church bell called to evening prayer, when Dobey knelt down in their midst. They sang:

"Commit thou all thy griefs
And ways into His hands."

As they came to the last verse, in German, of Part I,

"When Thou would'st all our need supply,
Who, who shall stay Thy hand?"

there was a knock at the window close by where he knelt, and opening it, Dobey found a raven, one which his grandfather had tamed and set at liberty. In its bill was a ring set with precious stones. This he took to his minister, who said at once that it belonged to the King, Stanislaus, to whom he took it and related the story. The King sent for Dobey, and rewarded him so that he had no need, and the next year built him a new house, and gave him cattle from his own stall. Over the house door, on an iron tablet, there is carved a raven with a ring in its beak, and underneath, this address to Divine Providence:

"Thou everywhere hast sway,
And all things serve Thy might;
Thy every act pure blessing is,
Thy path unsullied light."

The origin of this hymn is itself such a remarkable proof of the blessing of trusting in Providence, that it cannot be omitted in this place. Paul Gerhard was a preacher in Bradenburg, in 1659, and he loved to preach from his heart what he believed. The Great Elector admonished him, and threatened his banishment if he did not preach as the Elector desired. Gerhard returned a message to his Sovereign that it would be hard to leave his home, his people, his country, and his livelihood; but he would only preach what he found in the Word of God. So into banishment he went, with his wife and children.

At the end of the first day's journey they rested at a little inn for the night. The little ones were crying and clinging to their mother, and she, also overcome with fatigue, could not restrain her tears. The sad sight gave Gerhard a very heavy heart, so he went alone into the dark wood to commend the whole to God. Whilst there, his mind was comforted with the text, "Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in Him, and He shall bring it to pass." "Yes," he said; "though banished from house and home, and not knowing where to take my wife and children on the morrow, yet God sees me in the dark wood; now is the time to trust Him."

He was so happy that he had remembered the text, and so thankful to God, that he made the text, in connection with his saddening lot into a hymn, as he paced to and fro among the trees. Every verse begins with a word or two from the text, so that if you read the first words of each verse in the German, you must read the text. When he returned into the house he told his wife about the text, and repeated to her his hymn. She soon dried up her tears (the children having gone to sleep), and became as hopeful and trustful in God as her husband.

They had scarcely retired to rest when a loud knocking was heard at the door. The landlord, on opening the door, found a messenger on horseback, who said aloud: "I come from Duke Christian, of Meresburg, and am in search of Paul Gerhard; has he passed this way?" "Yes," said the landlord; "he is in my house." "Let me see him instantly," said the Duke's messenger. A large sealed letter was at once handed to the banished pastor, from the good Duke Christian, who said in it, "Come into my country, Paul Gerhard, and you shall have church, people, house, home, and livelihood, and liberty to preach the Gospel as your heart may prompt you."

For the Guide.

FAITH AND VICTORY.

TO A STRUGGLING SOUL.

DEAR BROTHER M——: You are certainly right in the conclusion that *faith* and *obedience* are both essential to Christian character; and also that *saving* faith is something more than a theoretical or historical belief in Jesus Christ. Such faith is hard to define, because of its *simplicity*. We shall understand its *nature* by observing its *effects*. The faith that saves is not a tugging, toiling, climbing process; but a relaxing, yielding, sinking process. "It is not Reason's labor, but repose." It not only *believes*, it also *trusts*. It ventures out on God's unfailing promise, and *appropriates* the blood that can make the foulest clean. It gladly gives all *to* Jesus, and in return it finds all *in* Jesus. Faith cuts the last rope that held us in painful suspense, and lets us drop into the Everlasting Arms. It is easy to believe when the last idol has been demolished, and the last barrier has been broken down.

WHAT A LIVING FAITH DOES.

Faith is the hand that reaches out for a Father's blessing. It is the vital link that joins us to God. It is the key that unlocks Heaven's treasury, and the channel through which the waters of life flow freely to the thirsty soul. Hence we are "justified by faith," and by faith we *stand*. Such a faith will bring *peace —purity—power*. "This is the victory that overcometh the world, *even our*

faith." We do not become boastful and self-sufficient—we feel strong only because we have an Omnipotent Backer. Our faith makes God's resources available, so that we have the benefit of His unmeasured wealth of wisdom, power, and love. Truly this is a wonderful arrangement, born of boundless benevolence.

Such a faith must either work or die. A dead faith may content itself with dry theories, and pleasant dreams, but a *living* faith demonstrates its power and presence by producing "good works." The absence of *fruit* proves the worthlessness of the *tree.* So that, while good works cannot save us, we have no reason to expect salvation *without* good works. We can now understand in what sense James contended that "a man is justified by works, and not by faith only." He argues that the faith which stands *alone* —isolated, selfish, inactive—is a *dead* faith. A vitalizing, God-honoring, soul-saving faith will lead to positive *results,* commonly called "*works.*" These are the evidence and measure of faith, and are the outward demonstration that the man who performs them is "justified"—not by the works, but by the underlying faith that produced the works.

POLICY AND PIETY.

I fully sympathize with you in standing squarely against a worldly-policy religion, which supports itself by going "down to Egypt for help," and which shows its essential worldliness by running after the *fashions* and *amusements* of the world, by forming *secret alliances* with wicked men, etc. In this respect I stand exactly where I have stood for many years. Such a *sham* religion never received much comfort from me, even when I was associated with those who were prone to think that policy and piety made an excellent mixture. I deeply deplore the terrible and growing tendency of the age to ignore the self-denying religion of the Bible, by the substitution of carnal pleasure and glittering pomp. This is Satan's most successful snare. And yet this very condition of things in the nominal Churches is a striking counterpart of certain prophetic pictures of the "last days." How important, amid the rushing tide of fashion, and the feverish rage for frolic, that we keep ourselves "unspotted," while we send out a solemn warning to others. In denouncing popular sins, however, let us avoid that rasping censoriousness which will only embitter our own spirit, without benefitting those for whom we labor. We need the *baptism of love* to give us "bowels of mercy" for erring humanity. This is very different from that false "charity" which caters to public sentiment, compromises real principle, and is always ready to apologize for the works of the devil.

STANDING DOUBTS UNNECESSARY.

You speak of doubts—*standing* doubts. These are surely undesirable things! Are they *necessary* evils? Is there no escape—no deliverance? I believe there is. It is not essential that you should be able to point to the definite time and place of your conversion; for some of the dearest of God's children were never able to do this. But an honest and earnest soul will not long be left in darkness. God wants his children to *walk in the light.* If any man will faithfully follow the divine leadership, it will not be long before he will be able to look up into the smiling face of his Father, and claim the Spirit's witness of his discipleship.

We are not to expect exemption from *trials* or *temptations,* but if we fully consecrate ourselves to God it is our glorious privilege *to be saved from sin.* It may require a struggle to get there, but when the victory is won we shall feel amply compensated, and find better living.

I am glad you have set up a family altar. May the sacred fire be kept perpetually burning there! But do not forget that the *best* place to gain *personal* victories is in the *secret place.* Oh, make a

CONFIDANT OF JESUS!

He understands your case far better than I do, and can render you greater assistance. I have been in dark and difficult spots during my pilgrimage, when I felt that I was not right, and very much needed a fresh supply of grace. *Some-*

times—perhaps not necessarily—I have prayed, and wrestled, and waited for *hours* before I could exercise the faith that brought light and victory. But such struggles were *far better than continued defeat.* If we really do fall into darkness, doubt, or condemnation it ought to be our very first business to obtain deliverance. If we are so *deep* in the mire that it requires the most cutting confessions, the most desperate struggles, and the most earnest pleadings for help to bring us safely out, emancipation from bondage even at *such* a price is far cheaper and better for us than to be groaning, and groping, and guessing our way along, for months or years, uncertain, unsettled, and unsatisfied.

Oh, my dear brother, seek for a *clearing-up shower!* Strike for decisive victory! Pray through! Burst the chains that Satan has forged, and press your way through difficulties and discouragements till you can touch the very hem of Jesus' garment. See that C— M— is *crucified* to this world, and committed to do the whole will of God. Without this what shall we ever be worth in the Master's vineyard? Nothing can supply the lack of *heavenly unction.* This is the great want of the Church. How many faint and sickly ones would be effectually cured by a touch of Pentecostal power!

Deeply desiring your spiritual prosperity, I am your brother,

A. A. PHELPS.

VINELAND, N. J.

For the Guide.

BIBLE TERMS.

M. ANNESLEY.

"And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit, and soul, and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ."

Even regenerate minds seem to take pleasure in making their exceptions, with regard to doctrinal truths in their names and terms, if not to their vital importance; and yet it is right to use proper names for the most precious truths.

In the present revival, or hitherto much neglected doctrine of sanctification, we hear good and sincere people making objections to peculiar Scriptural terms, and thus absorb attention about the shell, neglecting the substance or kernel.

The Bible term for holiness, or being set apart from common to holy uses, is the word sanctification. This was the meaning the Jewish Church understood for all the utensils of the Tabernacle—they were sanctified—set apart, and it was sacrilege to use them for common things.

Types of the purity of the Christian Church. Christ, who taught according to the law and the Prophets, as He often expresses it, "as it is written," in His last prayer, when He instituted the last supper, the memorial of His death, entered in His supplication fully into this permanent state of His future Church, using the word "sanctify," in its powerful meaning, as He knew what its length and breadth would be under the ministration of the spirit, which was to be poured out beyond anything ever experienced by man before, through His great sacrifice. He knew the whole redemption of man would be complete from the dominion and guilt of sin, and that as the types had done much in answer to the faith of the offerer, so the great adorable fulfilment was not only equal to satisfy divine justice for man, but sufficient to restore his polluted soul to innocency by the cleansing of the atoning blood of the Lamb slain from before the foundation of the world.

The reality had come, which the types had prefigured, and Jesus prayed, as He had not taught His disciples before, for the full measure to be received for His atoning merits, by His people. It seems that the blessed Saviour's use of this term is quite enough to make it dear to us, and give it a satisfactory sanction. Paul uses the words sanctify and sanctification. John, in his loving way, takes up "perfect love," while Peter dwells much upon the necessity of being holy, as he reasons, because "the Lord your God is holy." All these Scriptural terms mean the same state, and most of the Canons of the various parts of Zion use the word sanctification to express the doctrine. And the whole Presbyterian

family, laying their foundation more or less upon the Westminster Confession of Faith, must accept "sanctification," as it alone expresses it in a full chapter on the doctrine, also in the larger and shorter catechisms.

The Quietists or Mystics of France used the term "Christian Perfection," as Fenelon and Madame Guion. The Moravians used this term, as we find in Mr. Wesley's controversy with Count Zinzendorf, and in his writings. And perhaps we may as well say here, that the term "assurance of faith" does not express this doctrine in experience, either Scripturally or according to the different standards.

There is a chapter in the Westminster Confession of Faith called "Assurance of Grace of Salvation," which means an assurance of present and final salvation, and "is not of the essence of faith, but that a true believer may wait long, and conflict with many difficulties before he be a partaker of it." In the Scriptures and in the standards sanctification is taught, and assumed, as a state entered into, as conversion, by faith, through the convictions and leadings of the Holy Spirit.

"Assurance of grace of salvation" does not intimate in any way an entire deliverance from the power and reign of the evil nature. Neither is sanctification "the sealing of the soul unto the day of redemption"—as that is, and may be enjoyed without the witness of the spirit, that the heart is purified—and many cases prove this. Now we may conclude that if the soul has the witness of its purification through the cleansing blood of Jesus, and is made the Temple of the Holy Spirit, we may, to the praise of the blessed Master, acknowledge it in any Scripture phrase.

THE WITNESS OF THE SPIRIT.

It is experimentally true that the Spirit witnesses to this state of grace under any of these Scripture terms. As we sometimes listen to these various testimonies, one says: "It is perfect love in my heart." Another, "I know I am wholly the Lord's, wholly sanctified." Another, "How precious, like David, I can say through the cleansing word, I am holy." Another, "I know there is a blessedness in purity of heart—I feel its power." Again, "I know this fully, that I stand complete in the will of God."

For the Guide.

WALKING IN WHITE.

O Lord my God, 'tis early dawn,
And I would walk with Thee to-day;
Clothe me in garments white and clean,
All bright and beautiful, I pray.
Grant I may walk with greatest care,
So I may keep my raiment bright;
To-day, my Father, hear my prayer,
And let me walk with Thee in white.

O help me plunge within the tide,
That stream for all our guilt and woe,
Once opened in my Saviour's side;
'Twill make my garments white as snow.
With hands and feet—with head and heart,
All clean and pure before Thy sight,
Not for one moment, Lord, depart,
But let me walk with Thee in white.

No thought, no word, no deed, to-day,
Which may displease my blessed Lord;
No idle faltering by the way,
But sweetly trusting in Thy Word.
What e'er my hands may find to do,
That may I do with all my might,
To-day, my Father, pure and true,
Grant I may walk with Thee in white.

The failures of the yesterday,
The cares which may to-morrow come;
Each tear, each fear, now chase away,
And guide me in my journey home.
And when the evening shadows fall,
And I come kneeling in Thy sight,
Then may I feel, my Lord, my all,
That I have walked with Thee in white.

And can I walk alone with Thee,
With robes all white, and pure, and clean,
Oh! tell me, Saviour, can I flee
Forever from that monster sin?
I know that in our home above,
Thy saints, in all their full delight,
Shall bask within redeeming love,
And *always* walk *with Thee in white.*

Loved Ones Gone Before.

JANE CHAPMAN.

Jane, wife of David Chapman, died at Sterling Run, Cameron County, Pa., June 23, 1873, in the 45th year of her age.

Her maiden name was Hoop. She was born in Oneida County, New York, March 11th, 1829, and united in marriage to D. Chapman, September 13, 1859. She has been an acceptable member of the M. E. Church for more than twenty years, having first joined the Church at Smithport, Pa.

She was a good wife and mother; and her husband and four children are sadly bereaved, but they "sorrow not as those who have no hope." Their loss is her infinite gain. Her illness was protracted and her sufferings great, but she endured patiently, having a bright hope of eternal life. A few days before her death she talked calmly about dying and the joys of the future; and when she thought she was about to depart she bade adieu to her friends on earth, and when the final message came she went to be with Jesus.

L. S. CRANE.

MRS. SARAH STANFIELD.

Died, at Big Hill, Kansas, March 31st, 1873, Mrs. Sarah Stanfield in the 54th year of her age.

My mother is now reckoned with the "loved ones gone before." She was not permitted to give a *dying* testimony for Jesus, but many can truly say she gave a constant *living* testimony of the power of Christ to save even to the uttermost.

About seven years ago she entered into the fullness of perfect love. The change was very great, she had always been so shrinking and timid, that she would sometimes remain at home from the prayer-meeting, through fear of having to take up the cross in prayer, but now she felt it a duty and privilege to take up every cross trusting in Jesus for strength. She was a great help to young christians, and any that were desponding, or in trouble, they loved her cheerful company. She often praised the Lord with joyful lips, and rested in Him as her portion and all. Surely her children can never forget the ministry of those loving hands or the prayers of that gentle heart!

She had strong *faith* in God, in all the bereavements and sore trials of her life she looked with unwavering confidence to Him who doeth all things well.

Death had snatched seven children from her embrace—one was drowned, truly she was chosen in the furnace of affliction. Yet I have heard her say: "I *have* no trials, *Jesus bears them all.*" She was earnestly and truly devoted to the cause of Christ, and her prayers daily ascended to God for her family, and those that were strangers to religion.

Oh! how often have I heard her speak of the *promises*, how she loved to dwell upon them and feast upon them; many times would she sit up until midnight reading the scriptures and meditating upon them. It was thus she gathered strength for the conflicts of life, her faith rose triumphant above every "earthly woe."

Two years ago I pressed that dear hand for the last time; she was preparing to come to us, but now she is gone to a *better* country, even a heavenly. The last lines she wrote were these, "May God grant that we may make an unbroken family in heaven." Even so, grant it Lord Jesus.

LIZZIE J. RICE.

WALLA WALLA, W. T., *May* 29, 1873.

JULIA R. HALL.

Julia R. Hall, of St. Louis, Mich., died in January, 1873.

Sister Julia was one of the meek of earth, a quiet, calm believer in the blessed Jesus. She was converted at the age of fifteen, and lived fifteen beautiful years serving her Master. A stroke of paralysis, three years before her death, prevented her from almost every kind of labor.—Without murmuring, she suffered her loss.

In the month of May, 1870, she read the "Still Hour," by Phelps, aloud, to her blind mother, whom she always kindly treated; this book convinced her of the necessity of holiness; from that time she became an earnest seeker for purity; a constant reader of the "Guide." At the sunrise Sabbath morning meeting, held in St. Louis, she embraced Jesus as her sanctifying Saviour. Ever afterward she was a rejoicing Christian; she was freed from envy; it gladdened her heart to see any of her associates prosper.

She never spoiled the beauty and harmony

of her life by saying "Oh, dear! I never can have anything nice, nor go anywhere as other girls go," but cultivated a thankful spirit for the ordinary blessings of life. Quietly she remained in her humble home, doing what little she could for her blind mother, sick sister, and hard-working father.

Regularly she attended the means of grace, though it was a great effort for her to walk, and always added something to the interest of the meetings. About one month prior to her death, she sent a beautiful letter to the writer, who was once her class-leader, beaming full of a deep Christian experience, with beautiful quotations from the Blessed Word: "Great peace have they whose mind is stayed on God, and nothing shall offend them."

An allusion was made to the woman in the Gospel, who touched the hem of the Saviour's garment and was healed.

In the great resurrection we shall see that she has touched Christ, and the little withered hand that we used to shake will be restored whole as the other. Her sister, Sarah Hall, who had a lingering sickness, and who had been for two years a Christian, died in a few days after her death, leaving the aged parents bereft.

May grace sustain them in their way to the tomb, enabling them to triumph over death.

OXBOW, N. Y. G. W. HALL.

Editorial.

REMARKABLE PROMISE.

"THRICE IN A YEAR."

Many people though in comfortable circumstances, such as well to-do Farmers, Mechanics, Merchants and Housewives imagine that they cannot afford the time, or the expense, or incur the responsibility of leaving home to attend a camp meeting. Though they wish to stand recognized before the world as having engaged in the service of the Lord, yet it is most manifest to the eye of Omniscience, and to worldly observers, that they *do not* in obedience to the Divine Command "Seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness." Though the promise, "all things else shall be added, is as assuredly given as any other promise in the Bible, one cannot but feel that practically they are unbelievers. They are afraid that they will suffer loss if they leave their home, and say to their worldly cares, "Abide ye here while I go yonder and worship." The farmer is afraid that some of his worldly interests may suffer. The Mechanic thinks of the dollars he might earn, the merchant of the trespasses that might be made on his premises and the sales he might lose, and the Housekeeper of the many things that might occur bringing disaster and confusion during her absence.

Now if we speak to many who profess to be of God's Israel, of going to these feasts of tabernacles, called camp-meetings *three times every year*, where God is blessing thousands, how they would be startled at what they might regard as the wondrous sacrifice required. That it might be helpful to their own spiritual interests, and might result in the salvation of some unsaved members of their household they allow, but the loss of time and cost is to their minds preposterous.

If it were only to go, on Saturday evening or Sabbath morning and return in time to exact all the labors of the week, so that it may cost nothing, the proposal to go to camp-meeting might easily be acceeded to.

Do such people remember that the Bible is the Book by which we are to be judged? "ALL Scripture is given by inspiration and is profitable for doctrine, reproof, correction, and instruction in righteousness. Would not the God of the Scriptures have us learn something about sacrificing time and means to the interests of the soul by the various ordainments of the Old Testament Scripture? Shall the *Christian* imagine that he can sacrifice that which costs him nothing, and be accepted of God!

These thoughts were in part suggested by picking up a scrap, the writer of which we know not, reading thus:

Thrice a year were the Israelites from all, even the remotest parts of Palestine to go up to Jerusalem, there to worship and pay their offerings at the temple. The great distance of some places from thence could not excuse the inhabitants from making their appearance there, which the Mosaic law exacted as indispensable. Whether or no they had coaches, to the temple they must go; nor could it excuse them to plead God's omniscience, that he could equally see and hear them in any place; nor yet their own good will and intentions; as if the readiness of their mind to go

might, forsooth, warrant their bodies to stay at home. Nor, could the real danger of leaving their dwellings to go up to the temple excuse their journey; for they might very plausibly and very rationally have alleged that during their absence their enemies round about them might take that advantage to invade their land. And, therefore, to obviate this fear and exception, which, indeed, was built upon so good ground, God makes them a promise, which certainly is as remarkable as any in the whole book of God, Exod. xxxiv, 24, "I will cast out the nations before thee; and enlarge thy borders: neither shall any man desire thy land, when thou shalt go up to appear before the Lord thy God thrice in a year." While they were appearing in God's house, God himself engages to keep and defend theirs, and that by little less than a miracle, putting forth an overpowering work and influence upon the very hearts and wills of men, that when their opportunities should induce, their hearts should not serve them to annoy their neighbours.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

TILSONBURG, Canada, *June* 20, '73.

Again we are in the Queen's dominions attending a Camp Meeting. We left our home on the 17th, just after the close of a most delightful Tuesday afternoon meeting. Travelling all night and the whole of yesterday, till about ten o'clock in the evening, brought us here. This is our first day on the encampment. We have looked upon some dear familiar faces of those who received the baptism of the Spirit when we were here the first time, one year ago, and still, Enoch-like, are walking with God, and others who, on that memorable occasion, were newly born into the Kingdom of Grace.

We took the half-past two o'clock Service this afternoon, trusting in Him who giveth power to the faint. While speaking of Christ as the end of the law for righteousness to every one that *believeth*, Jesus drew near and revealed Himself as near at hand. Many believed with the heart, and, ere the close of the meeting, confessed with the mouth of the grace that saves to the uttermost. One dear promising young minister was among the number that testified that he had just entered into rest. Other ministers were humbly kneeling among the waiting ones seeking to be endued with power from on high. It was a precious commencement.

SABBATH.

The congregation has been very large today. With each day thus far we had had an increase of the all-pervading influence of the Holy Spirit witnessed in the awakening of sinners and sanctification of believers, but this has exceeded. The multitude has manifestly been held under a divine restraint, and the Lord of Sabbaoth has been working in power. This morning in the prayer meeting that preceded the ten o'clock meeting from the stand, we had the shout of a King in the camp. One dear sister, who had been forward seeking the fullness the day previous, had received a wonderful baptism about two o'clock in the night, and now the Spirit told her to declare it to the great congregation. Like the healed leper who returned and glorified Christ with a loud voice, she made the forest resound with her joyful Halleluiahs. It reminded us of an occasion when an earnest minister rose in the pulpit at a Camp Meeting, and exclaimed, "Glory to God is always in order, I feel like saying Glory to God!" Welling up most manifestly from the deepest recesses of his soul, he then shouted with a loud voice, Glory be to God! The scene that ensued was wonderful, and can only be accounted for on the same principle that the walls of Jerico fell when the command to shout! was obeyed. On that occasion the walls fell, and God's Israel took the city. At this time as the minister shouted, and the people re-echoed, "Glory be to God!" sinners fell under the power of the Almighty in every direction, and there was an amazing victory on the Lord's side. We had a glorious prayer and praise meeting between the eight and ten o'clock meeting, in which several were sanctified, and others converted.

A MIRACLE OF MERCY!

As I was about to speak to a kneeling distressed penitent who had passed his three score years in the service of sin, one of the ministers said to me, "The father of that man was converted when he was *over one hundred years of age. He was converted on the Sabbath*, and died on Thursday." What a marvel! My faith was encouraged, and now while trying to lead the man of three score to look to Jesus, his eye caught the sight of

Christ crucified for him, and he shouted, "Glory to Jesus!" The two services that succeeded were most solemn and powerful. Dr. Freshman took the afternoon, and ourselves the morning half-past ten service, and the people seemed held under the mighty arrestings of truth. Surely it is "not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit saith the Lord."

In the afternoon it rained. Yet many were disposed to "stand the storm," and listened to Dr. Freshman, the converted Rabbi, with profit and delight, unmoved by the rain, but were forced to take shelter in the tents soon as he had finished. The seed of the Kingdom had been scattered broad-cast, and doubtless took root in many hearts. We were thankful to hear that a number of conversions occurred in the tents amid the pelting storm without. Monday was a blessed day, and the Camp Meeting was announced to continue over Tuesday. But God's ways are not as our ways. During the evening and night the windows of heaven were opened, and the floods descended, making it utterly impossible to continue the services on the camp ground.

To human observation this seemed disastrous, yet assurances that our disappointments are God's appointments are ever multiplying. The Wesleyans have an excellent large church edifice in the town of Tilsonburg. The meetings were announced for the Church at half-past two o'clock, and half-past seven in the evening. The servants of the Saviour had many of them received a baptism into the spirit of working, went abroad, and through the constrainings of love compelled the neglectors of salvation to come to the *Town* Camp Meeting Services. Many came, and the meetings increased in power.

The altar was crowded with earnest seekers both afternoon and evening of the first day, and we believe that not less than twenty obtained the blessing sought. Several receiving pardon, others purity. It is ever a subject of regret with us, when the names of those who come forward as seekers, and are thus signalized as special recipients of the work, are not written on earth, surely as the recording angel writes them in heaven knowing that it is to the praise of God, and gives a permanency to the work that might not otherwise be secured. But our views on this subject are too well known to need repetition* here.

It was expected that the Camp Meeting would surely close on Wednesday, but to pause in the work when the God of battles was so mightily working among the people was not to be thought of. So three meetings were appointed for the next day, and again the succeeding day, and with every service the Lord made bare His arm yet more mightily, till, as when Jesus entered Jerusalem, "the whole town was moved, and the Revival became the absorbing topic. "*I have received a baptism into the spirit of working,*" said one on a similar occasion, who brought more than a score to Jesus during a few days' meeting. Thus with the people here. They had received a baptism into the spirit of bringing the lost to the Friend of Sinners. And Jesus received those who were brought to Him, however badly or variously diseased. Were it expedient to individualize, we might specify some cases which would greatly magnify the mightiness of our Almighty Saviour in snatching as brands from the burning some who had been thought almost beyond the reach of salvation. Would that every skeptic in the land could have witnessed the transition of one who was in the deepest sorrow suddenly translated out of darkness into the Kingdom of God's dear Son. How he did glorify Christ! "Glory! glory to God that I was ever born to be born again!" he exclaimed. "Time was that I was sorry that I was born; but now glory be to God that I ever came to this place. God has saved me. Glory! glory! glory!"

And now our hearts say, Glory to God in the highest! And while we ascribe all the glory to the Divine Deity, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, we wish, as ever, to emphasize the fact, that, though all the praise belongs to God, He did the work through human agency. As He used clay in opening the eyes of the blind man, so He used instruments of clay in bringing the unsaved to Him.

Those who were healed of their spiritual maladies were brought to Him by interested friends. Many as laborers together with God brought their friends, and none perhaps was more successful, or self-sacrificing in effort than a gentleman of large business, whose

* See tract "*Proposals for an Immediate and Universal Revival.*"

name the town bears. Numbers through his influence were sought out, and brought to the meetings, and subsequently saved. He was himself brought to the Saviour during our visit to Tilsonburg last year. We were then, as now, guests at his pleasant, hospitable home. And during this visit the cup of cold water has been rewarded by his receiving the baptism of fire. And now under the power of the Spirit's baptism he, with others, is strong in bringing sinners to the Lamb of God. Halleluiah to the Lamb! Seldom have we found it so difficult to tear ourselves from any scene of labor. But an engagement made weeks previous, to take a Sabbath days' service at the Forty-third Street Church in New York, absolutely required that we should return to the city. We had our last service on Thursday evening, when the work seemed at a higher point than ever. Left Tilsonburg on Friday, arriving at Suspension Bridge, (Niagara), about nine o'clock in the evening, where we remained till four o'clock on Saturday morning, when we again hastened on our pilgrim way, arriving in New York about eight in the evening, performing a journey of about five hundred miles from daylight to dark safely, yet amid weariness from excessive heat. As we left in the height of the work we shall hope to hear blessed tidings of progress.

News Along the Line.

SEA CLIFF.

The children of this world have their seasons for pastime and pleasure. With many families, a few weeks, or at least a few days, spent at Saratoga, or some other fashionable resort, during the summer, is regarded as indispensable; and here not only the acknowledged children of this world, but many professed children of various denominations, often mingle with the gay throng, and, with their families, witness the questionable amusements devised by the god of this world. "Evil communications corrupt good manners." How often have the young people connected with religious families been seen joining in the dance and engaged in games and various diversions which we know must be renounced if they ever become true followers of the Saviour!

It is needless to emphasize. The want of some counteracting influence has too long been felt to need comment. We think the desideratum is being most signally and charmingly met by the Sea Cliff enterprise. The whole project is on a magnificent scale, High, airy grounds on Long Island, about twenty-five miles from New York, beautifully situated on a cliff rising from one hundred to one hundred and ninety feet above the majestic Sound, containing hundreds of acres, have been purchased by an association of wealthy Christian gentlemen, and consecrated to Christian purposes. Holy fellowships will be cultivated, and all such diversions as can be engaged in for the glory of God will be admissible. The opportunities for sea-bathing, fishing, etc., are excellent, and the scenery in every direction comprises the sublimely beautiful and grand. Both nature and art unite to make Sea Cliff one of the grandest spots on creation we have ever seen. We write to serve the cause of our blessed Christianity, believing the enterprise at Sea Cliff is designed to draw together Christians and Christian families, irrespective of denomination, and reprove and eventually supersede the practice of initiating our children into questionable wordly associations, by taking them to fashionable summer resorts.

But this is not all. It is intended that there shall be two camp-meetings every summer at Sea Cliff. Two were held last summer, when the grounds were in a crude state and the project comparatively undeveloped. But He who dwelleth not in temples made with hands set His seal upon the enterprise, and not a few of our Lord's disdisciples were sanctified wholly, and sinners born into the kingdom of grace. And now another

FEAST OF TABERNACLES

has commenced at Sea Cliff. At the time of this writing, it is but the second day. Yesterday (July 5) the meeting was opened at half-past ten o'clock. Rev. Father Reynolds, a veteran in Immanuel's army, of over eighty years, led in the opening prayer. We need not say to any one that knows Father Reynolds, that he is a good man, filled with faith and the Holy Ghost. So he prayed as the Spirit gave utterance, and a hallowed sense of the Divine Presence rested down

upon the assembly. Rev. Dr. Vincent gave the key-note of the meeting in a precious discourse on being filled with the fulness of love. Ere the close of the sermon, it began to rain copiously, and continued to rain most of the afternoon. But the falling shower did not prevent the assembling of the saints. A social meeting of much power was held. Jesus manifested His glory.

Said a dear Presbyterian brother: "It was one of the best meetings I ever attended." In the evening, the tide of salvation rose yet higher. Who that has seen the great tabernacle lighted as it is in the evening will ever forget the sight? It is worth a journey from New York or any city in America to witness. Again and again have we heard grave people exclaim, "It exceeds all I could have imagined?" etc. Here is a tabernacle capable of seating about seven thousand people, lighted in every part with gas, giving a beaming, mellow, subdued sunlight from the ceiling on the assembled worshippers.

Last night we had a meeting memorable for religious profit. After two prayers, and two or three short talks from ministers, the Presiding Elder would have given the meeting in care of two lay laborers, who had been announced as in charge of the social meetings, but the Master of assemblies, who was eminently present, took the lead, and several male and female disciples spake burning words as the Spirit gave utterance. Some Presbyterian brethren who had received the gift of power talked with great freedom of their experimental apprehensions of the grace that saves to the uttermost. Many rose to express their longings for the witness of purity, some of whom, we trust, found, for "he that asketh receiveth, and he that seeketh findeth."

Sabbath morning dawned brightly. All nature seemed to smile. The air was redolent with sweetness, balmy and invigorating. A holy quiet prevailed, and heaven and earth seemed to conspire to bless the day that God hath made best of all the seven. A meeting of indescribable sweetness was held, commencing at nine o'clock. When our sweet singer in Israel emphasized the name of Jesus in song, repeating,

"Precious Name! precious Name!
The joy of earth and heaven!"

the Altogether Lovely revealed Himself in such remarkable sweetness as to call forth tears of joy, love, and praise; and during the succeeding Service many hearts were melted, and Jesus Himself drew near, and seemed to say to each waiting one: "Ask what ye will in my name, and it shall be done unto you."

At half-past ten o'clock, Rev. Dr. Nelson, of our Book Room, preached. We will not attempt to describe the discourse or the effect produced. We are quite sure that those who heard it will remember it as long as time endures. Eyes unused to weep were filled with tears of grateful joy, and lips unused to outspoken utterances of joy said "Glory to God." The effect was heightened as a brother rose on the platform and said: "I feel like singing,

"'I am bound for the promised land;
I am bound for the promised land;
Oh! who will come and go with me?
I am bound for the promised land;'

and I want all who will join me, and all who desire and will endeavor to make heaven their home, to rise"; when the whole congregation rose and stood before the Lord. What a sublime spectacle in the eye of God, angels, and men!

NOTES FROM SEA CLIFF.

This is the eighth day of the camp-meeting. The tide of divine influence has been continually rising since the first, and the number in attendance increasing. The writer has not had the privilege of attending the camp-meetings previously held on this delightful spot, but numbers who have been present at each successive meeting assure us that this exceeds former occasions in manifestations of soul-quickening, hallowing power. The preaching has been excellent, and the social meetings wonderfully blessed with realizations of the divine presence. Many believers have been sanctified wholly, and sinners saved.

A dear brother who had necessarily been much pressed with the secularities of the occasion, being President of the Sea Cliff Association, said with much emotion this morning: "I am deeply impressed that the results of this meeting will be far-reaching. I have been accustomed to attend camp-meetings for thirty-five years, from one to five every season, but this has been the best of all. Never have I attended a meeting

where the streams of salvation seemed to spring so directly from the mountain, and flow so sweetly and steadily to the great ocean of *love*, as in this meeting at Sea Cliff. The light thrown on the pathway of holiness has been so clear that any one desiring to walk in the way could not but discover it; and in case they do not walk in it, it will be written over the gateway of heaven, '*Ye would not.*'"

Among the many thrilling testimonies from time to time given in, was one from Mr. B., the good Water-street missionary, this afternoon. The leader of the meeting proposed that Jesus, the Great Master of assemblies, should speak first. The account of the miraculous feeding of five thousand was then read, and the lesson enforced that the bread of life broken to the disciples of Jesus must at once be broken to the multitude or it will never be multiplied to the soul. As corroborative, Mr. B. said:

"Five years ago, Jesus gave me a little piece of bread, and ever since I have been breaking it to others. Millionaires have taken a bit of the bread of life from my hand. Burglars have taken it and stole no more. Magdalens have taken it and become virtuous women. The poor drunkard has taken a bit and become a sober man. And thus in regard to every good thing it multiplies by use. Money is increased as one gives in the name of the Lord. When I was converted I had literally nothing, scarcely clothes to cover my nakedness; but the promise was fulfilled in my case, 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you.' My wife kept a little confectionary shop, and after my conversion people came to my store to congratulate me and would buy something. We were soon above want. And then we began to give, and kept on giving. I used to say to my wife, 'Sarah, I do think if you should throw five shillings out of the window for God, ten shillings would walk in the door shortly after.'"

Standing erect he exclaimed, "I know this is a truth, that power comes through exercise. When I was training for a prize-fighter I exercised my muscles in order to have strength, and I know that grace grows by using the little we have."

It is wonderful to look at this man, who is now lifting up the fallen in the Fourth Ward in New York, once lifted up from the lowest depths of degradation himself.

Monday morning. This is the tenth and last day of the meeting. Yesterday, the Holy Sabbath, was indeed a delight. A love-feast of extraordinary interest was held at nine o'clock in the morning. Hundreds were assembled. Jesus was gloriously present, and seemed to say to the multitude of waiting disciples, "Ye are my witnesses." That is, "You know what I have done for you, therefore testify for Me." Seldom have we listened to such powerful, concise, well-directed testimonies. The indefatigable, excellent presiding elder gave the keynote as he heartily exclaimed at the opening, "O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt His name together," etc. Would that we could portray on paper how marvellously Christ was exalted by scores of witnesses as able to save to the uttermost! Said one, exultingly: "I belong to the royal family. I am a prince of the blood, and my Father says, 'Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.'" A Brother said "What would we not give to keep our word? What would not any one give or sacrifice to keep his word? And will not God keep His word?" He then said God had been faithful to him, and had sanctified him wholly by believing His Word.

Another said he had entered the high school, and was in the class with those who had received an unction from the Holy One. All he cared about was receiving honor from God.

Another said, "We all acknowledge the importance of having a good character. This glorious salvation proposes to give us back even our lost character. One might take what did not belong to him and be known as a thief; but though such a one should repent, the precious boon of character was gone; but Christ not only forgives, but washes away the stains of guilt and gives us character."

Rev. Bro. Oldren is in feeble health, and had to be supported while standing to give his testimony. He commenced by repeating the verse:

"I'll praise my Maker while I've breath,
And when my voice is lost in death
Praise shall employ my nobler powers.
My days of praise shall ne'er be past
While life and thought or being last,
Or immortality endures."

Forty-two years I have preached the Gospel, and have seen over three thousand converted. I am the youngest of twenty-three children, and, through the blessing of the Lord, was the means of my father's conversion, when over seventy years old.

But we scarcely dare to particularize. Through the entire day Jesus was lifted up, and, we trust, the day of eternity will reveal that many were attracted to the cross.

The meeting closed last evening. It was a season of great sweetness and power. Many testified of the power of Christ to save to the uttermost, and with gratitude spake of it as the best meeting they ever attended. Bro. A. said this meeting had been the best to him of any camp-meeting he had ever attended. That he had been impressed with two things, namely: that right-living, and a right confession made up the whole of a Christian life.

Rev. Mr. I., said, a few months ago the question came to him, with unusual solemnity, Will you do all the good you possibly can? He felt it would involve so much to say yes, that he shrank from answering the question; but it followed him; and he would awaken in the night season, and the question stood before him. At last, one night, he drew his hand from under the covering, and stretching it out in the darkness to God, exclaimed, "Lord, I will do all the good I can, so help me God?" This he repeated every morning. The first act of his waking hours was to lift his hand to God and say, "I will do all the good I can, so help me God!" He then told us how pleasant it had become thus to vow unto the Lord; and how God enabled him to pay his vows, and in ways of usefulness, unthought of before God had led him.

Interesting services suited to every age and condition have been held daily. A very pleasant and commodious summer home has been reared on the cliff, within about one minute's walk of the great Tabernacle, for aged people of the M. E. C. on Forty-second street, New York. Special meetings were held at "The Home" for their benefit. Children's meetings, conducted by Mrs. Bottome, with abundant excellent assistance from Mr. Saunders and others, were held at half-past two o'clock. Young people's meetings at 6½ o'clock, and a mother's meeting, conducted by Mrs. Battarshall, immediately after the close of the 3 o'clock meeting, at Mr. Battershall's cottage. What opportunities for getting and doing good are the people enjoying at Sea Cliff!

ROUND LAKE CAMP-MEETING, N. J.

This meeting is under the care of Rev. B. T. Ives, and God is among us in power. The *preaching* is excellent, the *order* perfect, the *tone* deeply pious, the *drift* for heart purity and the salvation of sinners. Many have entered the valley of blessing, and quite a number have been converted.

I miss the sainted Cookman, the devoted Wells, and the earnest Lawrence, and many of the dear ones I met here before, when I was baptized of the Spirit.

Blessed children's meetings, under the care of Mrs. A. Osborn, are held, and quite a number of children have been converted. Eternity alone can tell the good done at these meetings.

LOVE FEAST TESTIMONIES.

A brother who had been twenty years a member of a Close Communion Baptist church said: "I stole away to a Methodist camp-meeting, and there I got out of the seventh into the eighth chapter of Romans."

Another: "By the grace of God, I know I am saved from sin, root and branch; from evil tempers, guilt from fear of death and and fear of hell. Whom the Son makes free is free indeed. I stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ has made me free."

Rev. B. Pomroy said: "I love the Close Communion Baptists. They have close communion in their creeds; but they have a good deal of open communion in their hearts. We have open communion in our creeds; but many among us have close communion in their hearts. I feel very humble and very small; I pray God to humble me. I have only to get a look at myself to be made humble. I have been fifty-two years in the Church, and what have I done? But God has the advantage of me. He has written something deep in my soul. We are told that men are digging up stones in Nineveh to prove the Bible is true; but I have something written in my soul deeper than the engraving in stones. God has chiselled it so

deep that it will defy the wear of time or of eternity.

"I am not to blame for my radical religion. I am like a potter's vessel: when it is taken from the furnace, its form is fixed, and it cannot be made up again. So it is with me. I can never be made up again. Do you think I could ever be made up into any formal or worldly profession of religion? No; never. I have taken the breath of the dying martyr. I inhale the spirit of the dead. The old Methodists walked out with a badge of holiness upon them; but they had courage to face the powers of darkness. Now, if you blame any for my radical make-up, you must quarrel with the bones of the dead; and when you have conquered them, then you must conquer the teaching of the Bible."

The sister of a Missionary sent to India by the Women's Foreign Missionary Society testified of her sister (Miss Fannie J. Sparks), when told of the privations she would suffer in leaving home. She said: "Nothing looked large to her but souls, and all she feared was that she, by going to India, might take the place of some one who could save more souls. When the last hours of parting came, she said: 'Tell mother if her worst fears are realized, and I go down with the steamer, sudden death will be sudden glory. If I gain India and die, all will be well: we will meet in the resurrection.'" When the steamer left the dock, this sister felt the force of the hymn—

"Give joy or grief, give ease or pain;
Take life or friends away;
But let me find them all again
In that eternal day."

The Missionary sister wrote home that when the loved ones were fading away on the shore, for a moment she felt lonely, but she began to sing, "I am trusting, Lord, in thee," and in a moment she rejoiced that she was counted worthy to suffer for Christ.

REV. E. DAVIES.

PALATINE, ILLINOIS.

The M. E. church at Palatine, Ill., under the pastorate of Rev. W. H. Holmes, student in Garrett Biblical Institute, is receiving a plenteous shower of Divine grace. Twenty have been added to the church on probation; several have received the "white stone" and the "new name," and are now

"Shouting Jesus' power to save,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb."

Others are inquiring the way to Jesus. Bless God; *all may come* to the Gospel feast.

Correspondence.

"ASK OF ME;"

OR, "UNCLAIMED DIVIDENDS."

CHARLES H. PIERSON.

I had been reading in "Asked of God," (by Anna Shipton,) an account of her visit to the death-bed of a saint, where she asked of God to send her a message through her dying friend, and obtained the answer, "Ask *whatsoever* you will and it shall be granted unto you," and I was led to ask of God to send me a like message, in any way he saw fit. Shortly after, while waiting to accompany a friend to church, the Lord signified that he had a message for me, so I went to the *Word*, and opening it, my eye fell on these words: "ASK OF ME,—and I will give thee the Heathen for thine inheritance," etc.;—a command and a promise. I simply took the command, and rested, for I saw the Lord had answered my prayer. A few days afterward, while at lunch, the Lord reminded me to ask of Him, so I lifted my heart to *Him* to know what I should ask for, and He said, "for Mr, A." (Now this friend, the Rev. Mr. A., had been complaining for several weeks of terrible distress in his head; he thought it indicated paralysis, or softening of the brain, and feared his usefulness was at an end. The Doctor could not help him, and he was in great distress of body and mind.) So I asked of God that *He* would restore Rev. Mr. A. to health; and then *I believed He would* do so, for I knew it would be "according to my faith." He called on me the following day, and I told him what had been done, and promised his restoration; but he feared it would not be done.

Within a day or two he began to mend, and within ten days he was fully restored to health, and now he writes me that "he is improved in mind, body, and spirit, and doing the Lord's work with better success for the Mission."

It *was* according to my faith, *for I never doubted*. Many of us fail to accomplish any good by our prayers, because we do not *believe* until *we see the evidence*. We forget that it was the Holy Spirit that *put* the desire

into our hearts; and why should *He* put it there unless He intended answering? When we get to heaven it will surprise us, when we see the *unclaimed dividends* passed to our credit, that *we had never called for.* God says, "*Before* they call I will answer;"—let me illustrate this point: I want my little girl to be more out-of-doors in the winter, for I know it will be for her good; so I purchase a nice sled for her, and, as she has never expressed a desire for it, I put it away, and then I speak of seeing such beautiful sleds for little girls, etc., and keep the subject before her until she feels that her *happiness* depends on having one; and when she feels she *must* have it, *I take it out of the closet and give it to her.*

So God deals with His children. He sees a thing is good for us, He creates the desire in our hearts for it: and when we tell Him that we can't do without it, He grants our prayer. Read the lives of faith-workers like John Falk, Louis Harris, Muller, and others; they pray for means wherewith to build Orphanages, etc., and while they call, the Lord sometimes answers; *but it oftentimes started before they had the desire or thought.* Muller, for instance, feels that he needs £2,000 to build a new house, and lays the matter before the Lord, and is encouraged to pray for it, and finally he *gets* the £2,000, where from? Why, it seems that *three months before the thought came into his head some one had made a will leaving this sum for this very purpose.* Let us ask of God.

A WAY TO DO GOOD.

REV. GEO. W. MITCHELL.

I resolved some time since by the blessing of my heavenly Father to distribute five copies of the "Guide," out of my limited means every year during my life. And I also have a pledge from my daughter when I have passed over to the other side, that she will circulate a like number among her friends so long as she lives. I made this proposition last winter to one of my neighbors who has pledged himself in like manner. And I am persuaded if the readers of the "Guide," or even a majority of those whose hearts are so often comforted and blessed by the perusal of its pages (so well filled with rich food for the soul) would do likewise, that a list of one hundred thousand subscribers would soon be reached. I am now in my sixty-third year, have preached the Gospel for upwards of forty years, and can truly say from the closest and most impartial observation and reading the "Guide" for eight years past, that I do not believe that there is a publication to be had any where in any nation that is doing the same amount of good for the cause of Christianity. I have reason to believe the doctrine of holiness which is the burden of its song brought out from the experience of God's saints on earth, is destined to widen and increase in its soul-inspiring sweetness and power, until few will be left among the royal family upon earth to demur to this glorious truth so plainly laid down in the blessed Bible, and which when taught never fails to receive the seal and favor of the Great Head of the Church.

True Christianity is essentially experimental wherever found, as delineated in God's own blessed Word, or revealed in the uninspired history of His saints on earth, it is the same in effect and in its fruits—no sooner are the spiritual eyes opened of one born of the Spirit than they are placed in the school of Christ to be fitted by a thorough knowledge of celestial science for the Church triumphant. Oh how great the power and charm of a holy life! there are many beautiful scenes in nature, in art, in countless forms, but there is no beauty like the pure spotless robe of one who has graduated, if I may so speak, in the "beauty of holiness." The brightness which gleams through such a life, outshines the sun in his meridian splendor, and the divine lessons so impressively taught through the pages of the "Guide," of such lives traced by the sanctifying influence of faith, the achievements of prayer and power of holiness is a living demonstration of the divinity of the Bible, and does more to confirm its veracity, and spread its glorious truths, than all that has ever been or will be spoken or written upon the evidences of Christianity. We may talk about the mighty influence of forces—the power of intellect, of reasoning, of learning, of genius, of wealth, and of rank, but there is no power so commanding and effective as a good man's life, and no human influence so omnipotent in the achievement of good, as a simple detail of Christ, revealed in the heart by faith, as a present and complete Saviour.

But I must close, as the purpose of this article is simply to state my views of the "Guide" as an agent for good, and to make an affectionate appeal to the lovers of the true prosperity of the Church, to join me in this small outlay for the purpose of increasing annually our little stock in that Bank that never breaks, in doing something for Him who has done so much for us.

Hear what an influential gentleman in Tuscaloosa, Alabama, says to whom we sent a copy of the "Guide" a few months ago: "*We are delighted with the "Guide" and intend to subscribe for it. I would like very much to see the "Guide to Holiness" in the hands of every member of the Church in this country; I am satisfied that it would do more towards restoring the Church to its primitive state, than all the Church papers and periodicals combined.*" Let every reader who has friends in the South send them a copy, and it will serve as an introduction to the free circulation of this invaluable publication among that people. Now in conclusion my dear brother or sister, whose eyes are now tracing these lines, allow an old pilgrim to say to you, if you have five dollars, or ten, or twenty, or fifty, or more that you can spare annually, or which can be saved by the exercise of a little more economy or self-denial, I know of no way for the present that would enable you to make a better investment than to circulate the "Guide to Holiness." The amount of good that you may do in this way is incalculable, and will pay you back in riches far more precious than the treasures of earth—a coin that will glitter when silver and gold will cease to sparkle.

I am persuaded that five copies of the "Guide," judiciously circulated, would be almost equal to a *living Missionary*, for the language of God's children deeply experienced in the teachings of the Holy Ghost, as expressed in its pages, never fails to impart strength and comfort to all hearts seeking to be guided by the blessed Spirit. My prayer is that the Editors, our beloved Brother and Sister Palmer, may be long spared by our heavenly Father in their labor of love, and when they shall pass over to their inheritance, that the "Guide" may still live, and live on, in its advocacy of the principles of holiness, sanctification or perfect love, until time shall be no more.

THE ILLINOIS STATE CAMP-MEETING.

This meeting will be held (the Lord willing) at Barclay, 10 miles N. E. from Springfield, Ill., commencing August 6th, 1873, and closing on the night of the 14th.

Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, Rev. Henry Belden, the Western Holiness Association, Mrs. Amanda Smith, and many of the friends of holiness, will meet to co-operate, as instruments in the hand of God, to make this occasion one of the most memorable ever realized in the West.

Holiness is taking deep root, both in the West and Northwest, and many are hoping to see, at this meeting, signal displays of divine power both in the conversion of sinners and in the sanctification of believers. It is gratifying to know that prejudices are melting away; and while very much remains to be accomplished, the increasing harmony and unanimity of the friends of Christ, is so manifest, as to excite large expectations of divine grace and power.

This communication is written with a view to ask the readers of the "Guide" to make special prayer for the Illinois State Camp-meeting.

Pray that every shade of discord may disappear, and that harmony and love may fully possess every heart.

Pray that all the preaching and teaching may be in great simplicity, and may be so accompanied by the divine Spirit, as to lead multitudes into the enjoyment of the fulness of the blessing of the Gospel of peace.

Pray, in a word, that all the people may see the salvation of God, and receive the baptism of the Holy Ghost.

EDWARD JONES.

HEALED IN ANSWER TO PRAYER.

We extract the following remarkable answer to prayer from a private letter to Rev. H. Belden.

Let me tell you of a glorious testimony that a sister gave for Jesus, in our thanksgiving meeting to-day. We have long known her as a Rheumatic. She has suffered with this disease for upwards of thirty years. Never walking without a cane, and much of the time with two crutches, never knowing during all that time, what it was to be free from pain, and much of the time a cloud of spiritual darkness enshrouded her mind.

One day, in early Autumn, a Sister, who

knows how to prevail with God, went to see and pray with her; and while praying together, she was led by the Spirit to ask God for the immediate healing of her body, *which was done instantly*, and ever since she has been walking about our streets as nimbly as a girl; and, notwithstanding the cold damp weather of the Fall of the year, she has not felt any Rheumatic pains since; and better than all else, she has, by faith in the Blood of the Lamb, come into the glorious liberty of the sons of God.

All this blessed testimony she gave in a large Union meeting of both Churches, held in the assembly rooms of the Second Church, and none could doubt her word, for she has been well known in Oberlin for a number of years. Many knew her well, when she walked with her crutches, and now they see her every whit whole. Glory to God.

Miscellaneous Gatherings

"APPOINTED TO ME."

A voice from the sick room says: "It helped me immensely last night, in my pain, to remember the text, 'Wearisome nights are appointed unto me.' The idea that they were no accident, but appointed by my best Friend, this was strength to me. When all were sleeping, and His eyes saw my weariness, then I was sure that, for infinitely wise and kind reasons, all was arranged and prepared for me. This stilled my soul. This is our life lesson. Property takes wings—friends fail us—good schemes miscarry—plans of usefulness are thwarted by most unlooked for interventions—health gives out—action gives place to suffering. Where we were cheerily going, we can only wait God's will. Darkness and doubt shut us in. For many days neither sun nor stars appear. But all is well; these things are appointed unto us. Only let us believe this—let a calm faith recognize the gracious Providence which shapes all our ways, and we can then endure until the dawn shall bring light and joy."

SIMPLE FAITH.

During an awakening in a New England factory village, a foreman was deeply moved, but could not find peace. His superior sent him a letter, inviting him to call at 6 o'clock. Promptly he came. "I see that you believe me." "Yes." "Well, here is another letter sending for you by One equally in earnest," holding out a slip of paper, with texts printed on it. He took it, and began to read slowly—"Come unto me all ye that labor," &c. His lips quivered, his eyes filled; at length he said, "Am I just to believe *that* in the same way I believe your letter?" "Just in the same way." He did, and found peace.

JESUS BEARS OUR BURDENS.

An active Christian, driving to town, saw far ahead a person with whom he wished to have religious conversation. He drove on rapidly and coming up, asked the man—a miller with a meal-bag on his back—to get in and ride. "No," said the humble miller, "I wouldn't be seen in such a plight—riding into town with you." "Never mind that," said the gentleman. "I wish to talk with you; come, get in." The mealy miller then got in and sat down upon the back seat, but still maintained the bag upon his back. "Why don't you put down that bag?" asked the gentleman. "Why," replied the miller, "I should think it was enough for you to carry me without my adding the weight of this heavy bag of meal!" Yet many christians live in that manner. After they have thrown themselves upon the mercy of Christ, they insist on carrying about the same weighty burden of sorrow and trouble.

The Tuesday Meeting.

Meetings for the promotion of holiness are held at the residence of Dr. Palmer,

316 East 15th Street,

opposite Stuyvesant Park, at 2½ o'clock, every Tuesday afternoon.

The meeting was opened by reading Phillip II., and Hymn 840 was sung, commencing with

"Ye faithful souls who Jesus know
If risen indeed with Him ye are,
Superior to the joys below,
His resurrection's power declare."

Many requests for prayer were read, and among the thanksgivings was this note:

"In the midst of a gay life the Saviour called me, and I tried long to believe I had found Him, but, while I sometimes caught

faint gleams of light, I was oftenest in darkness. Almost faithless I rose last Tuesday for the first time to ask your prayers, thinking, if I could not believe in holiness, I was sincere at least in wishing to be like Christ. With my soul's longings all unsatisfied, I came away; but at night, in the quiet of my own room, there came into my heart such a gladness as I thought only the angels ever knew, and now day by day I feel more and more that the blood of Christ cleanses from all sin. Please pray that I may be saved from the perils of the sea, and the temptations that may assail me abroad."

Prayer by Rev. I. M. See and Dr. Palmer.

RUN AND NOT WEARY.

Dr. P.—I have been encouraged by the text of Scripture given me to-day. "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength." It does not say how long; "but they shall mount up with wings as eagles, they shall run and not weary, walk and not faint." How delightful to get above the world, so that we can say, "on all the grovelling things of earth with pity we look down." The eagle fixes his eye upon the sun, and steadily mounts until lost to our sight; so may we fix our eyes on Jesus, the Sun of Righteousness, and mount higher and higher until lost in the light of God. "Let that mind be in you that was in Christ." Don't hinder—with that mind we shall run and not weary, walk and not faint.

INSPIRING THOUGHT.

Mrs. P.—It is inspiring to think that just as much of the precious blood of Jesus was shed to redeem us from all iniquity as was shed for St. Paul. That being true, why may we not have such a baptism of the Spirit as shall enable us to live above the world. It is our privilege to say with Paul, "I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me." Are not our privileges duties? Are they not most sacred obligations? My dear Class Leader little knew how much he was doing for one of his class by the simple utterances he made. He would say, "If you don't think Jesus would read that book, or go into that company—wear this or that article of dress"—don't you for the life of you do it. If you cannot write "Holiness to the Lord" upon anything don't engage in it. Glorify God in your body and spirit which are His. The processes of grace may be very rapid. The willing and obedient shall eat the good of the land. Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling. Why so careful? Because it is God that worketh in you. Now is God's time. Grace is purchased, how can we claim justification without going on to sanctification, while every increase of light reveals to us more clearly our responsibilities. We have new duties, but we have an increase of grace to meet all these duties and responsibilities.

PERFECT TRUST.

Mrs. Lankford.—I have no doubt that many here would be glad to testify that *Jesus saves.* While my sister was talking of the blessedness of the way, I was led to wonder at the great love that had been manifested to me. I do not know that I ever felt a more perfect trust in God than I do to-day. "The Lord liveth, blessed be my rock." It seems to become more and more every day my desire that the name of the Lord shall be exalted. "The eyes of the Lord are over the righteous, and his ears are open to their cry who trust perfectly." Trust God implicitly is my understanding of this text. I want to recommend every one to trust in the Lord always, with no other object but to glorify God.

"THANK GOD BAY."

Mrs. B.—I have been much interested in the explorations at the North Pole, the open sea—no icebergs—and anchoring on an ice-floe, and that a place should be named "Thank God Bay." I reckon I am a woman of one idea, and I find no higher idea than "Thank God Bay." I am so glad I am here. When you are about to sing a song of gladness a wail comes from one, which stops the song of joy, and makes us sing a song of comfort for the sorrowing. I have had a very hungry soul! I have had a tired soul! I wanted to know God, and He has revealed Himself to me. We get there by a positive consecration and a hearty trust in God. If we mean it we can get there.

ON FIRE FOR JESUS.

Rev. I. M. See.—My song is a song of praise. This Tuesday meeting is very much like heaven. It would be a wonder if I did not have a good time in such meetings as this. But these meetings are not all. Sometimes the blessed Father gives me work in one field, and you in another, so that there is sympathy between us, but gladness and joy

in all. Work for the feet, for the hands, for the heart. A *living sacrifice*, the whole on fire for God. In the midst of things through which they pass they are called trials. Some think they have a sanctifying effect. We use means, but we don't use them to help the Lord to give us a blessing. It does me good to say "praise Jesus." I intend to do this every where, in the Presbyterian Meeting, and among the Friends. Glory be to Jesus. It seemed to me that when on the edge of the river I could hear the songs of praise to Jesus from the other side. I am a miracle of grace; love I much? I have had much forgiven. Oh, if we could put a simple trust in Jesus we should never have a care, said a dear minister to me to-day, and it is true. How wonderful that I should come to this state.

"Jesus all the day long,
Is my joy and my song."

CHRIST A LIVING PRESENCE.

Dr. Ball.—A conscious union with Jesus is the life of my soul. Jesus is all in all. Once there was a struggle—that struggling state ceased, and I fell into a passive or receptive state, and then Jesus came to me. I used to go to my closet to find Jesus. Now He is a living presence in my soul. He dwells in my heart. What a difference between the life of struggling to find Jesus, and the life of faith, and rest, and union with Christ. The whole being is committed to Him. Jesus instantly possesses all who come this way. He could not keep out of such a heart. I rejoice and feast on what Jesus is in my soul, and in the souls of my brethren and sisters here. I have a great longing that those who have been seeking this inner life should cease their works, and let the Saviour in.

ALL FOR JESUS.

Rev. O. G. Hedstrom.—Over forty years have passed away since God sanctified my soul. If you declare that, God being your helper, live or die you will be all for God, the Devil will not trouble you much. But if you are hesitating and undecided he will follow you closely, and continue to trouble you. Jesus is our family physician. Go to Him. He does not afflict the children of men willingly. This full salvation has kept me and my family ever since. About thirty years ago, when it was said that I must leave my American work, and be a Missionary to the Scandinavians, I was in trouble. The Lord had given me a revival every year I had preached. The Devil said you are done now. I knew the people to whom I was about to be sent. They would drink rum, dance, and swear that they would never give up their religion. I went to prayer, but had to surrender all I had. I had a duty to perform. It will be life to do whatever duty God imposes on us. I was constrained to give up all and go to Sweden. I did not know but I should be put in prison for preaching—or, it was suggested, you may be drowned in the ocean. I had to say to all this, if it is Thy will. On reaching home, as I threw my arms around my dear father's neck, the Lord convicted him in a minute. All my family were converted. My brother was convicted in a long boat at sea during a violent gale, and became a minister of the Gospel, and for many years assisted me in my work. I have nothing. I have sold out. I have Jesus, and with Him I have everything. Give up all to Jesus, and the fear of starving—the dread of disgrace—will all be taken away. I glorify God for this privilege. Let Jesus have all the glory, and trust Him for everything.

SPEAKING WITH COURAGE.

A Sister.—A wish to testify of the courage which God gives. I long desired the blessing of Holiness, but being of another denomination I was unwilling to go to a Methodist altar and seek it. But I had to do it. And God gave me the blessing, and it has removed all fear. I have been round among my friends and acquaintances, (some of them are very fashionable), and told them what the Lord has done for me. The Lord will go with me, and help me speak for Jesus, which I do with courage.

QUIETNESS AND ASSURANCE.

Episcopal Minister.—I am at present in the condition of a person who has things taken from him which he likes, and yet I never was so quiet. This is not like my former self. This blessing, no this Jesus, lets me have a smile on my face, while the edifice is being taken down which I have taken so much pains to erect. The Lord is keeping me remarkably quiet. Praise to the Saviour.

THE DUTY OF TESTIFYING.

An Episcopal Lady.—I have been very much exercised respecting the duty of testifying publicly for Jesus. This meeting is so

large that I have shrunk from the cross. I heard Mrs. R. P. Smith say, when you are in doubt on any subject take the Concordance, and search for the word. I took Testimony—testify—and by consulting thus, found that the Word of God enjoined this duty of testifying for Jesus, and I was satisfied that I must give up Christ if I would not testify. One Tuesday morning I asked the Lord to give me a simple matter that would minister to my gratification. I came here, and felt I ought to speak, but a dread that I had not the experience needed prevented. On going home I had the answer to my morning request. I am so thankful that I can rise and speak today.

HOLINESS AMONG THE FRIENDS.

Orthodox Friend.—I am fully saved. Jesus says, "According to your faith be it unto you." I have just returned from the meeting of Friends at Rochester, where Holiness to the Lord was the motto, and, though there was much business to transact, the Holy Ghost came down, so that for two hours business was suspended, and it seemed as if every one was saved that needed salvation. We are all blood-kin. I am so glad that the doctrine of full salvation, which was so dear to Fox, Barclay, Penn and the Peningtons, is being wonderfully revived in these days.

Book Notices.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF RHETORIC. By John Bascom, Professor of Rhetoric in Williams College. Woolworth, Ainsworth and Co., New York and Chicago.

The author tells us that this treatise has arisen from *experience* in instruction. It aims to be what it is entitled, a PHILOSOPHY OF RHETORIC, giving the principles as well as the rules on which excellence depends. The discussions present the mental and moral laws of influence. The work is chiefly designed for the later years of collegiate instruction.

TEXT BOOK IN INTELLECTUAL PHILOSOPHY, *for Schools and Colleges*, containing an outline of the Science, with an abstract of its History. By J. T. Champlin, D.D., President of Colby University. New York edition greatly improved. Woolworth, Ainsworth & Co., New York and Chicago.

This book has been thrown into a form adapted to the Class Room, rather than adapted to general reading; and to intimate at the same time that it is offered to the public, not so much as a new contribution to the matter of Science as to its form. The author tells us that he has made himself acquainted with the views of the best thinkers on the subject, and has not hesitated to adopt them where he could present no better of his own.

UNIVERSALISM NOT OF THE BIBLE: being an examination of more than one hundred texts of Scriptures, in controversy between Evangelical Christians and Universalists, comprising a refutation of Universalist Theology, and an exposure of the sophistical arguments and other means by which it is propagated; with a general and Scripture Index. By Rev. N. D. George, author of "Annihilationism not of the Bible." Second edition, Revised. Nelson & Phillips, New York.

This edition has been issued in compliance with an official action of the Boston Preachers' Meeting of the M. E. C., and also the Worcester District Preachers' Meeting, it being the expressed opinion of each of these bodies that there is no other work extant of equal merit or thoroughness on the fallacies of Universalism. This book is designed to expose the errors of Universalism and aid the inquirer after truth. The recent zeal awakened in some localities by the Centennary of Universalism, furnishes one reason why a work of this character should be circulated.

THE WISE MEN: Who they were, and how they came to Jerusalem. By Francis W. Upham, LL.D., Professor of Mental Philosophy in Rutgers Female College, N. Y.; pp. 245. Published by Nelson & Phillips, 800 Broadway, N. Y.

We have no hesitancy in saying that this may be regarded as an able instructive, and interesting work. It throws much and satisfactory light upon a hitherto obscure and unsettled subject; that of the Magi, or Wisemen, who are mentioned in the commencement of the Gospel of St. Matthew. The writer is evidently a scholar, who combines taste with learning, and who holds a vigorous and practiced pen. As incidental to his main subject, and as illustrative of it, he gives an amount of historical, geographical, and philosophical information, which will richly reward the reader, and which he will not easily find elsewhere. His account of the religion of the Persians, and of its relation to that of the Hebrews is particularly instructive, also the chapter on Daniel and the Magi.

It is pleasant in this age of abundant skepticism, and cavilling, to see a work characterized by thorough scholarship and refined taste, doing homage to the great claims of the Bible, ably vindicating its historical and religious position.

THE NEW LIFE DAWNING, and other Discourses. By Bernard H. Nadal, D.D., late Professor of Historical Theology in Drew Theological Seminary, Edited, with a Memoir, by Rev. Henry A. Buttz, M.A. New York, Nelson & Phillips.

Who has not heard of the genial, gifted, devout Dr. Nadal. He was a man of similar type and attainments as the beloved McClintock, with whom he was closely united in ties of purest friendship. Both Nadal and McClintock passed away from the activities of time before the winter of age had come upon them, and in the midst of their usefulness. Lovely and pleasant were they in their lives, and in their death they were not long divided. Those who were personally acquainted with Dr. Nadal, and occasionally favored with his ministrations will be thankful for this memento of departed worth, and those who have not been favored with the life-teachings of the lamented dead, will gladly avail themselves of the privilege of communicating with the now sainted one, who, being dead, will yet speak forcibly through his writings.

METHODISM FORTY YEABS AGO AND NOW: embracing many Interesting Reminiscences and Incidents, also the responsibilities, present and prospective of of the Methodist Episcopal Church. By Rev. Newell Culver, of the New Hampshire Conference. With an Introduction by Rev. Lorenzo Barrows, D.D. New York, Nelson & Phillips.
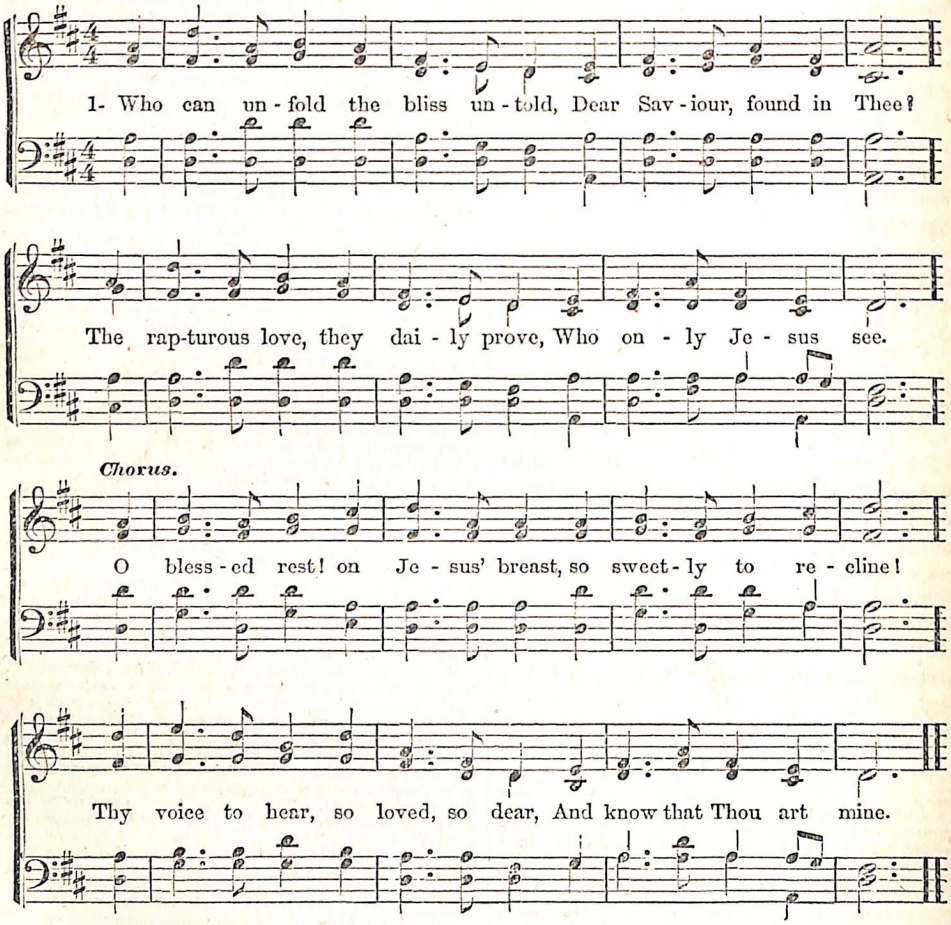
This book is timely. The reading of it will take us back to scenes of simplicity and power, and aid in our endeavors to hold fast that which is good. It is a work of modest pretensions, but cannot fail to interest and refresh the devout of every name, by its brief, racy summary, history, doctrines, and usages of Methodism.

THE MAN WITH THE BOOK; Or the Bible among the people. By John Matthias Weyland. With Four Illustrations. Nelson & Phillips.

A book though specially suited for the Sabbath School Department, yet interesting to all. Full of instruction, incident, illustrative of the all-powerful potency of the Book of books, in transforming the lowest orders of the human race. We are mistaken, or its merits are only to be known to insure an extensive demand.

DIVINE UNION.

Words by MRS. MARY D. JAMES. Music by MRS. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.



To live alone for Thee—our own
Redeemer—so adored!
To do and bear each work and care,
For Thee most blessed Lord!

Chorus.

O hallowed bliss!—no joy like this,
Unfailing, sweet and pure!—
Thy love to know in ceaseless flow,
And feel it will endure!

Chorus.

Thy radiant face, Thy matchless grace,
Jesus—Thou fairest one—
To earth have given the joys of heaven!—
With Thee 'tis heaven begun!

Chorus.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1873, by WALTER C. PALMER, JR., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington, D. C.

Guide to Holiness.

SEPTEMBER, 1873.

THE CHANGED MINISTER.

BISHOP PECK.

My friend——, had been but a short time from college. He was a preacher—a scholar—a gentleman. He had been sent to a station in the midst of a wealthy community, where there were but few members of the church, and where moralists, infidels and speculators combined to support him. He preached constantly, learnedly, and, we presume, faithfully. Months passed, and no indications of good appeared. We met him at a camp-meeting. Holiness was the great theme of the meeting. We loved the young man, and sought an opportunity to converse with him. He felt that all was not right. He believed himself a Christian, and lived with fixed purpose to obey and serve God. But there was a want of power in his preaching. He could say good things, but they did not cut. He seemed to himself to be preaching into the air. He felt often the conviction that he needed a deeper work of grace. He prayed, and wept, and tried, but as it seemed, in vain, to rise; and still, he had no such power with God as he felt belonged to his sacred profession. We were in a prayer-meeting together, when he uttered with earnestness, but not with much emotion, the prayer, "O, Lord, sanctify my soul." We ventured to whisper in his ear such words of encouragement and advice as we thought his condition required. It was long before he melted down before the Lord; but when the struggle came on, it was a fearful one. His agony was terrible. He spoke of his unfaithfulness. He cried out against himself. He shrank with alarm from his inward impurities. With tears rolling from his eyes, and sweat gushing from every pore, he deprecated, covenanted, pleaded, agonized! It was the very wrestling of Jacob. He knew no defeat; but the conflict was protracted. We left him, to meet other demands on our little remaining strength. How long he lay, a bleeding offering upon the altar of God, before the evidence of full salvation came, we know not; but he had been carried strengthless to his tent. We found him prostrate upon his couch, with his eyes closed and his hands clasped, and with the brightness of an angel beaming from every feature. He wept, and shouted, and praised, with a voice so sweet, so changed, so humble and tender, that we would not have known him. The tears and sighs of the multitude within the tent, and the awe and terror upon the countenances of the wicked crowd about the door, told of an unearthly spirit, in the spectacle before them, and in the words which were uttered. We pronounced his name, to get his attention. He gently opened his eyes, and then raising himself, threw his arms about our neck, and in broken sentences, intermingled with sobs and praise, he told us the story of his deliverance. Oh, the triumph—the power—and the glory of that hour! We shall never forget it. His evidence of entire sanctification was clear as the light. The meeting closed, and 'another spirit'

was in our friend. He was humble, simple-hearted and sweet as a child. But the power of Jehovah was in his preaching and his prayer. His hearers were amazed at the change in the preacher. The spirit of holiness burned and flamed out in every sermon. The word, like a two-edged, burnished, Jerusalem blade, cut its way to the hearts of the people. Brave men wept like children; strong men bowed themselves under a might which they could not see. Infidels trembled and stood aghast, before the divinity which spoke in the words and appeared in the movements of a man! The work was powerful, beyond all precedent in that vicinity. It swept like fire through that hitherto hardened, unbelieving community, bringing down infidel teachers, moralists and scoffers indiscriminately, before the altar of God. Whole families were converted; the church was firmly established; they 'who were not a people,' had become the strong and conquering army of the Lord, and all—let no one dare to doubt it—by the baptism of fire, which, in answer to faith and prayer, had fallen upon the servant of GOD."

For the Guide.

EXPERIENCE OF REV. A. OSBORN.

REV. E. DAVIES.

It was my lot to be called to hold a series of religious services with this modest and deeply devoted man. He was brought up a Quaker, became a Christian in early life. The first time the Holy Spirit awakened him he yielded, and sought and found Jesus. At length he became a local preacher. An energetic sister obtained a very distinct experience of entire sanctification. This brought him under conviction for the blessing. All were convinced of the glorious reality of this blessing, as the change was so manifest in this sister. He began to seek the blessing, but the nearer he got to God the clearer the light shone on the remains of depravity in his soul. This surprised and humbled him, so that the more he sought, the worse his case seemed to grow. He was disappointed and discouraged, so that he alternated between hope and fear. Some times after mighty effort he would seem to grasp the blessing, but failed, till he was strongly tempted to give it up, as he could not be any more sincere, or seek it any more earnestly. The temptation was not to seek it at all.

He spent hours in secret and earnest prayer—faint yet pursuing. He found that John Wesley taught the seekers of entire sanctification to "look for it every day, every hour, every moment. Why not this hour? this moment? Certainly you may look for it *now*, if you believe it is by faith. And by this token you may surely know whether you seek it by faith or by works. If by works you want something to be done first, before you are sanctified. You think I must *be*, or *do* this or that. Then you are seeking it by works unto this day. If you seek it by faith, you may expect it *as you are*, and if as you are then expect it *now*. It is important to observe that there is an inseparable connection between these three points. Expect it by *faith*; expect it as you *are*; and expect it *now*."

In a Christian manual he found the following passage: "Some who believe that sanctification is obtained by faith, and yet hold that faith in the Antinomian or Solifidian way, and do not rightly balance faith and works. While some seek by works alone, they seek by faith alone. They ask as though they expected God would infuse sanctification into them, instead of working it in them through their own exertions. It is true that sanctification is obtained by faith, but then it is a faith which is accompanied by earnest efforts to overcome all sin, and to possess and practice all righteousness."

This set him on his guard to forsake all sin inward and outward, and in this spirit of self-abandonment and entire consecration he held himself in a believing attitude of soul toward God, till one day while praying with a sick man the blessing came in a most glorious manner. The cloud of Divine glory rested upon all present, and now he realized that a mighty change had passed over his soul,

an inexpressible simplicity and sweetness of spirit pervaded his whole being. God was all about him, and prayer seemed to be but simply talking with God. Joy was full, peace was like a river; every desire and inclination were brought into subjection to God. Still he could not think this was the blessing he had been seeking. He went on praying for holiness, but the Spirit would tell him, "You have the blessing now." He went to class, but could not tell the name of the mighty blessing God had given him.

But the next day, while at work in the woods, the Holy Spirit impressed it most deeply upon his heart that the blessing was indeed his, and he need not doubt any more. His faith grasped the truth, and the Spirit's ruling was clear. He dropped his axe, clapped his hands, and shouted "Glory to God." His faith was perfect, and his joy was full. And so a new era dawned upon his soul.

This was thirty-four years ago, and about this time he was married to Miss Susan C. Stewart, who was converted in early life, and has enjoyed this mighty fullness for so many years, and is entirely devoted to the work of God, and exceedingly useful in winning souls, especially the children.

Brother Osborn was so timid when he entered the ministry that he rode sixteen miles on horseback to see the Presiding Elder, to get him to excuse him from the obligation to take a circuit, but the Elder told him, "He that putteth his hand to the plough and looks back is not fit for the Kingdom," and smiled most lovingly upon him, so that he returned home determined, live or die I will go into it. And whatever has been lacking in his ministry has been abundantly made up by his devoted wife, whose strong faith, ardent zeal, and prudent energies are a constant benediction. They now prefer to take the poorest places in the Troy Conference, and strike hard for God, and do up their work in one year, and then go and take a harder place if possible. More congenial spirits I never met, and God has given us glorious success at Hagaman's Mills, N. Y., where men of strong faith have thought it was no use to go: Hallelujah! Whatever place Brother Osborn and wife give up no one else need take in hand. Brother Osborn has served the Church for about thirty-four years, attending strictly to his work; has had twenty appointments in the Troy Conference, and is strong in body and soul for further victories.

God so mightily baptized Brother Osborn while praying in the altar at one time, that he fell upon the floor, filled with glory and with God. This so deepened the work of God in his heart that for nearly twelve months the evidence and fruit of it were as constant as the breath of life, and as well attested as the fact of his own existence.

Brother Osborn was an agent for the "Guide" as soon as it existed, and has about all the volumes bound, and is still an active friend, and toiling to extend its circulation.

For the Guide.

THE LORD'S PRISONERS.

L. A. B.

"Let the sighing of the prisoner come before Thee; according to the greatness of Thy power preserve Thou those that are appointed to die."—Psalm, lxxix. 11.

There are many members in the Christian Church that may be called the Lord's prisoners; they have been taken away from the active duties of the Christian life, to the privation and retirement of their own house and room. "The harp of a thousand strings" has become untuned. Failing health renders it impossible for them even to go to the house of the Lord, but thanks be to His Name their own room can become a Bethel; they may be able to realize His presence and talk with Him as a man talketh with his friend. His precious Word says, "If thou seek the Lord thy God, thou shalt find Him, if thou seek Him *with all thy heart* and with all thy soul."—Deut. iv, 29.

Now if you desire to see your Saviour in your own room, as you have seen Him in the Sanctuary, you must search for Him with all your heart, putting aside everything that would distract your attention from the main object of your love.

Though God does sometimes visit His children unsolicited, and surprise them by His loving presence, yet His usual way is to be an invited guest. "Thus saith the Lord God; I will yet for this be inquired of by the house of Israel to do it for them."—Ezek. xxxvi, 37. Praise the Lord, He is not confined to any place, but will reveal Himself lovingly, gloriously, in reply to the earnest prayer of His afflicted but precious children.

"Turn you to the stronghold, ye prisoners of hope; even to-day do I declare that I will render double unto thee."—Zach. ix, 12.

"My prayer hath power with God; the grace
Unspeakable I now receive;
Through faith I see Thee face to face;
I see Thee face to face and live!
In vain I have not wept and strove;
Thy nature and Thy name is love."

For the Guide.

PRAYER.

REV. J. SCARLETT.

How shall I order prayer to God,
To gain the Spirit's peaceful mind?
By sympathy, with all that's good—
By faith, in the atoning blood,—
Seek this, and find.

I must, in heart, with God combine,
To be with Him, in Spirit one;
Pray, "Let Thy will, be ever mine—
Let mine, be swallowed up in Thine—
Thy will be done."

"O fill my soul with love, and light,"
Give me "an understanding heart."
My whole life be, as in Thy sight,
By faith and purity, made bright,
Till I depart.

No good, in me, by nature is;—
Aside from Christ, all else is sin
Then, in my aim, the mark I miss—
I cannot find the way to bliss,
From self, within.

What does the Lord require of me,
But to submit to be made whole?
To be from sin and Satan free—
From unbelief and misery,
A happy soul.

Then shall I not take timely heed—
Receive of Christ the breath of prayer?
So come to Him, who once did bleed,
That I may find Him, mine indeed,
His image bear!

'Tis thus I pray, and thus receive,
Of needed grace, a rich supply:
More than I think, or can conceive,
Because I "steadfastly believe"
The Lord, Most High.

The Holy Spirit does impart
His *love*, and *peace*, and *light* to shine;
Man's central being is *his heart!*
The point where Christian graces start,
From source divine.

For the Guide.

FIFTY YEARS' WALK WITH JESUS.

MRS. MARY D. JAMES.

(*Continued from page* 42.)

A PENTECOSTAL MEETING was that memorable occasion. About twenty persons constituted the little band who met to pray for the gracious baptism. They were all with one accord in that consecrated room, and at the very beginning, as one of the precious hymns expressive of heart-longings for full redemption was being sung, the Holy Ghost came down, *as if in haste to give the signal of God's approval of that first meeting in the State of New Jersey for the specific object so pleasing to Him.*

The class leader, who had expressed such joy at the proposal to hold such a meeting, came in during the first singing, and in the attempt to kneel at his seat JESUS *met him, and sealed him wholly His.* He exclaimed, "*Glory to God, I'm fully saved! Washed in the blood of the Lamb!*" The Divine power went like electric fire through every heart. All fell on their knees, overpowered with the sacred influence, and the other class leader, to whom reference was made in a former chapter, in a moment regained his lost evidence of entire salvation, and rejoiced with exceeding great joy. All the others who had not entered into rest were fervently praying for the fuller baptism; some of whom were blessed

before the meeting closed with a renewal of spiritual life.

Mary's pastor, who was not at the meeting, called to see her after its close, and seemed deeply affected at the recital of the gracious effusion of the Holy Spirit, and the blessings resulting to those who attended. During the conversation on the deeper Christian experience he manifested much emotion, and expressed an earnest desire that an interest on this subject might be awakened in the Church generally, and that he might himself enter into the full liberty of the Gospel. He expressed his approval of meetings for that special object, and gave his ready consent for a weekly meeting for that purpose as soon as the series of public services should close, which on that evening was to commence with a general experience meeting in the Church. After the opening exercises on that occasion the pastor related his own experience, stating that very soon after his conversion he was led into the deeper experience set forth in the Gospel. His evidence was clear, his communion with Jesus unspeakably sweet, and he could testify that there is a reality in this exalted privilege of the children of God, and that there is a distinction between a state of justification and

ENTIRE SANCTIFICATION.

He never should forget that blissful experience of intimate union and communion with Him who is the joy of earth and heaven; and with deep sorrow and regret he had to confess that he did not retain that experience. Somehow he could hardly tell how he lost it, and although he believed that he remained a child of God, he was conscious of a *great loss.* His spiritual state had been more like that of a servant than that of a child much of the time, and he longed for the richer, sweeter communion of former years. His desires for restoration to that blissful state had been greatly quickened by a conversation with a sister on that evening—one who enjoys this happy experience. He felt that he must regain it, and desired the whole Church to join him in seeking it. As many as would do so he wished would indicate it by raising their hands. The whole company seemed moved and melted, and nearly all gave the signal.

The first to speak after the pastor was the leader, who was first blessed in the meeting of that afternoon, and the next was the other class-leader, who had also been re-baptized at the same meeting: their testimonies were thrilling and glorious. The third testimony was from her whose glad heart longed to "utter the memory of His great goodness, and speak of His wondrous works." Her heart was overflowing with love and gratitude to God for the manifestation of His grace to her, and not only for that but for what He was doing in her beloved Church. She related her experience at length—stating how and when she received the fuller experience of Divine love, and felt that she could say, "It is no longer I that live, but Christ that liveth in me." She confessed her failure to do the whole will of God in having so long withheld her testimony, but as she was not *knowingly* or *wilfully disobedient*, He had still owned and blessed her. She had never withdrawn her heart from the altar of consecration, but had not enjoyed the *fullness* of light, and love, and liberty while she hesitated to bear testimony as a witness of sanctifying grace—now she would bear *full testimony to the uttermost salvation.* God had baptized her anew, and she was willing *at any cost—at any sacrifice*—to be His witness wherever He should call her to bear testimony. The Divine unction eminently rested upon her in speaking. The power attending those testimonies seemed to touch all hearts. In quick succession they arose and expressed ardent desires to enjoy the experience of those who had spoken, and a firm purpose to seek it with all the heart.

The entire congregation seemed with one accord to be determined to "go up and possess the goodly land." The meeting closed with the cloud of the Divine glory resting upon the people. The pastor said, we will hold a meeting every afternoon of this week for those who are seeking purity of heart, and for

those who have lost the witness of pardon. Each meeting was crowned with God's presence in a remarkable manner. Many entered into the rest of faith—many were reclaimed from a backslidden state, and a general quickening and reviving influence was felt throughout the Church.

A GREAT AWAKENING

too among the unconverted followed, and over two hundred were brought into the fold of Jesus!

The weekly special meetings were commenced as soon as the protracted public services had ceased, and now the room was filled, and the interest greatly increased. Many new witnesses had been raised up, and many more were pressing hard after the prize. Each meeting was wonderfully owned and blessed of God, and the interest continually increased.

(To be continued.)

For the Guide.

"ATTRACTIVE RELIGION."

MRS. BOTTOME.

After the earnest sermon from the text, "One thing I do," in the grand Tabernacle at Sea Cliff, Sabbath evening July 13, the invitation was given by an earnest layman of the Church to the unconverted to come forward to the bench.

Among others we noticed a very interesting young lady, who knelt near where we stood. A friend had walked with her to the altar, but did not kneel. We remarked to her, you have brought your friend to Jesus? No, said she, I did not, "she came herself. She has seen religion so attractive since she has been here. It is not attractive down our way." Are you entirely consecrated to God, we asked? No, I am not, she frankly replied, though I am a member of the Church, and she readily yielded to the suggestion that it would be well for her to kneel beside her friend, and present her body a living sacrifice.

The scene made a deep impression on our mind, and we asked ourselves what had she seen different from what she had been accustomed to see in her Church at home. And taking her friend's word, that it was different at home, then the difference must have been here. The Church at Sea Cliff during those ten days was a witnessing Church. They declared that what God had promised they had received. Christ had said that after the Holy Ghost should come the disciples should receive power, and here was one and another who testified that the Holy Ghost had come, and Divine energy seemed to take possession of them, and they spake as the Spirit gave them utterance, and they exhorted the Church to seek this energizing power. And these people were well known, some of them the most cultured women of our Church; but they were transformed, and, instead of their natural timidity, here was the holy boldness that we read of in the Acts of the Apostles after the day of Pentecost: "And all this came suddenly. And the unconverted witnessed these things. And when they were addressed it was with power."

Never shall we forget hearing a man filled with the Holy Ghost say, "I must say to sinners, come to Jesus! and I will tell the vilest to come! And never will I turn away from a sinner until God says 'there's a man I don't love!'" What light fell on that blessed word in that moment, "God so loved the world"; but time would fail to tell of the wondrous scenes at this Sea Cliff meeting.

Now the question is, will we have this "attractive" religion in our Churches? Will the reader of this be a witness for God that what he has promised he does perform? As Dr. Foss said in his sermon during the meeting, "never will the world believe but through our living testimony. God's written word must be converted into flesh and blood." Will you not give your body to be a temple for the Holy Ghost, that the Spirit may speak through you? "Ye *shall* receive power after that the Holy Ghost has come upon you, and ye shall be witnesses unto me not only in the city, but in the country, and in the uttermost parts of the earth."

"They overcame him by the blood of the Lamb, and the word of their testimony."

For the Guide.

GATHERING SHELLS.

MARY ON THE MOUNTAIN.

"A solemn murmur in the soul,
Tells of the great to be,
As travellers hear the billows roll
Before they reach the sea."

I'm travelling down on the coast of Time,
And I hear the Ocean roar,
As its rushing waves with sweep sublime,
Wash up on the earth-bound shore.

The tide comes in and the tide goes out,
It brings and it bears away;
So I come on shore and linger about,
Where the Ocean's treasures lay.

I gather them up in the Father's name,
For His goodness sends them to me;
To sing of His love forever the same,
As sea-shells sing of the sea.

And I love to stand on the Rock alone,
When the waves with musical sweep,
Wash up these gems of Infinite Love
From out the Infinite Deep.

I know that in gathering I soil them some,
For the touch of human thought
Makes setting poor for the pearls that come
By the Master's wisdom wrought.

I know some day the boatman pale,
Will come on the tide for me—
But my Father's breath shall fill the sail,
Till my Father's face I see.

May the friends who gather about my clay,
As they drop the parting tear,
Again as of old hear the Saviour say,
"She hath done what she could while here.'

For the Guide.

POWER.

MISS OLIVE M. LUKE.

Power, that Jesus promised His disciples they would receive after the Holy Ghost came upon them, enabling each to witness unto Him, before the world, and which was remarkably fulfilled at the Day of Pentecost; we must infer, as the disciples were the representatives of the whole body of believers, spoken unto us and to our children. And how many have, and can testify of receiving this Holy Spirit of promise since they believed?

We find there are those, who after they have received Christ, by faith, as their complete Saviour from all sin, thinking they have no power, because they cannot speak in as eloquent a manner as others they hear testifying of this great salvation through Christ.

Near the close of a camp-meeting, a sister who had during the meeting called the attention of many by the simple manner in which she spoke of Jesus as her perfect Saviour, went forward as a seeker of the love we thought she already possessed; and we asked her why she did this: "Those," said she, "who enjoy Perfect Love, do not speak in the bungling manner that I do. If I had the Spirit, I would have power." What about that little child of yours, who professes to love you perfectly? Is it proof against that love if it fails to do the work you assign it, only in an awkward manner, if it was the child's best?

This was a suggestion of the enemy, trying to have this sister stretch herself above her measure, rather than looking to Jesus, Who gives the same Spirit to all, but different administrations to profit withal. No one can say, Jesus is the Lord, but by the Holy Ghost. Paul gloried in his weakness, that the power of Christ might rest upon him, and was glad when he was weak, and others strong.

Let us not think the power that Jesus promised should accompany the Holy Spirit was intended to be the gift of speaking in an eloquent manner. God chooses the weak things of this world to confound the mighty: and it is often the awkward, illiterate speech, filled with the Spirit, that is the most powerful, and reaches the heart. Remember, that it is the word of *your* testimony, added to the Blood of the Lamb, by which you will overcome—not necessarily eloquent testimony, but just the one given.

The Spirit would keep us humble—thinking lowly of ourselves; and by this we shall know whether we have the

Spirit or not. Though to others we might seem like this dear sister, powerfully speaking in simplicity the truth, yet in our own eyes we will seem nothing. We are the instruments of the Spirit, and he will see that it is powerful, though to us it gives an unpleasant sound. When we are weak, then we are strong!

For the Guide.

"I CAN."

PHŒBE PALMER.

I know one whose life motto has been, "*I can* do all things through Christ, who strengtheneth me." It is good to be zealously affected in a good thing. And what a good thing it is to devote ourselves to the highest forms of usefulness, in the service of Him, who hath loved and given Himself for us. Dr. Clark, the eminent commentator, took as the motto of the earliest editions of his Commentary on the Holy Scriptures, "Through desire, a man, having separated himself, intermeddleth with all knowledge." Who can doubt but with him it was a fixed purpose to make all earthly considerations subservient to the work of producing such a Commentary as, to his mind, would give a faithful exposition of the mind of the Spirit. Such a work he saw to be greatly *desirable*, therefore he separated himself for it, as his great life-work, intermeddling with all knowledge, making himself master of many languages, and, as the result, has left a legacy of unprecedented worth to the Christian world.

When Rev. Dr. Carey, the great pioneer of mission work in India, first proposed his plans to his father, he said: "William, are you mad?" His discouragements in first entering upon his work in India were appalling. When he found himself without a roof to cover his head, without bread for his sickly wife and four children, he made up his mind to build a hut in the wilderness, and live as the natives did around him. He either translated, or assisted in the completion of twenty-seven versions of Scripture, requiring a knowledge of as many languages or dialects. What was the secret that enabled the shoemaker's apprentice to become one of the most distinguished men of the age? He tells us the secret himself. Not laying claim to brilliant gifts or genius, he says: "I can plod—I can persevere." He does not say, as we hear too often now-a-days, "I could always manage to get along, and keep up without much study. I could jump at the meaning of my lessons; or, I can catch up a trade with out years of hard labor, but I can persevere."

Fellow Christian: Can you not separate yourself to some holy purpose? Do just now retire into your inner-heart sanctuary. Through the ever-flowing, all-cleansing Blood of the Lamb newly slain, enter into the holiest just now, and casting your soul's anchor yet deeper within the vail, ask, "What can I do that will most glorify Christ in the salvation of the world, purchased by His blood. To what purpose may I separate myself, that when looked upon, amid the summings up of eternity, will bring the highest revenues of praise to Jesus?" *Ask the Father* in the name of Jesus. He has promised to reveal even this unto you. Present all the possibilities of your intellectual and physical being upon the divine altar afresh. Do you want light in relation to the specialties of your calling? Come directly up to the point where God gives light, and in His own appointed way you will receive it. "God is the Lord which hath showed us light; bind the sacrifice with cords, even to the horns of the altar."

What made the Wesleys, Fletcher, Mrs. Fletcher, Hester Ann Rodgers, President Edwards, Mrs. Edwards, Corvosso, and a host of others that might be named, so mighty? What but the might of the Spirit? Through desire, they separated themselves from the spirit of the world, to be *laborers-together* with God, to just such forms of usefulness as might be most subservient to the work of saving this redeemed world. What made Paul so mighty but the abiding indwelling of Christ, and the persistent carrying out of those mighty resolves he made through Christ. Did Paul say, "I CAN

do all things through Christ, who strengtheneth me?" Not more truly was it his privilege to say so than it is now your privilege. Just as much of the precious blood of Christ was shed to redeem you to God as to redeem St. Paul. O take as the motto of your life, "*I can do all things through Christ, who strengtheneth me;*" and from this hour resolve on a life of eminent devotedness and usefulness.

For the Guide.

THE WORK OF GOD.

Sketch of a Sermon by the Rev. John Wesley, preached in Darlington, England, and taken down by the Rev. George Story.

"What shall we do that we might work the works of God." John vi. 28.

This is an important question, and every one of us should be provided with a reasonable answer. Many good men in the present age are divided in their sentiments on it. Some would say, "Away with your works. We are for no work at all; sit still, and let God work His own works." Others say, "We must be passive; passivity is the work that we are to do." But some affirm that we must be active as well as passive. This is denied by their opponents, who declare that we cannot resist His work any more than we can resist lightning.

You who are young beginners must take heed that no one turn you out of the right way. When we came home from Georgia we met with so much opposition from those who darken the truths of the Gospel, that frequently we were at our wit's end. But those difficulties forced us to prayer, because we were sensible of our own ignorance. Take this method, and you will never go wrong. How may one answer this knotty question so as to avoid the errors that lie on either hand?

1. With regard to the work of *Conviction*, is it gradual or instantaneous? I answer, it is both. A man in France was observing a tree in autumn with its leaves all dropped off, and not the least appearance of vegetation in it. A thought arose in his mind, "Can God revive this tree? Can He clothe it again with verdure, and blossom, and fruit? What an all-powerful Being who is continually working such miracles." From that time he became deeply serious and concerned for the salvation of his soul. A man in England being out shooting suddenly fell into a ditch. He would have been shot dead upon the spot if the gun had gone off, for the muzzle was close to his breast. A deep conviction for sin then took hold of him; it began in a moment, but increased by slow degrees.

2. *Faith.* Some have found it at Church, many at the Sacrament, one while milking the cow; another when he was picking blackberries. When you felt yourself a great sinner, utterly lost and undone, you cast your soul on Christ for mercy, then God gave you faith in a moment, but it grew up by slow degrees, the gradual work followed.

3. *With regard to the higher work of God, pure love,* you were convinced at once.

> "'Tis worse than death my God to love,
> And not my God alone."

This conviction increased till you saw "the depth of inbred sin." You were conscious of its dire enmity to God, and of the necessity of being totally delivered from it. This set you on stretch for full conformity to the Divine will. You were restless night and day till the great deliverance was brought in. Your convictions gradually increased till the Lord took away all your evils. This sanctifying stroke is done in one moment. But then we are to grow in grace, to sink deeper and deeper in humility, to rise higher and higher in love; so you see the gradual work came after the instantaneous. The matter of fact is clear and undeniable.

4. We may now answer that important question, "Is the work of God resistible or not?" In the instantaneous work we cannot resist, but we may resist both before and after. We may resist convictions after they have taken place in the conscience, till they entirely die away. We may resist justifying grace till it be totally lost, and even sanctifying grace till all the old evils

return again into the heart. In all that part of the work which is gradual we may resist.

5. Again. Another question properly comes in here for consideration. Is a man to be active or passive in the work of God? In the instantaneous work he is merely passive, but before he is justified he must go on from one conviction to another; he must walk in every known duty; he must be diligently active in every ordinance of God. After he is justified he must work the works of God till he is sanctified, and then he is continually to do the will of God till he comes to heaven.

The warm disputers on both sides the question are half right and half wrong. One man violently affirms, "I am sure the work of God is instantaneous. I am positive it is irresistible." No! That is half right and half wrong. It is true we are purely passive at first, but afterwards we are to be co-workers with God. Another person as warmly contends that the work of God is altogether gradual; nothing will please him but a gradual justification, and a gradual sanctification. He likewise is half right and half wrong. The truth lies between the two extremes. There is not one among you but has had good desires; perhaps in the silent hours of the night you have been seeking the Lord, striving to find the mercy of God. If you had only been a little more in earnest the power of God would have overshadowed you, and set your soul at liberty. You have conviction, let it be deepened every moment till it comes to a happy conversion. Use private prayer. Be found in all the ordinances of God. Be not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ.

Suppose there is in this assembly a backslider, one who has turned from God to sin again. What a mercy that He did not cast you off in the midst of your folly. Now turn to the Lord once more. He yet waits to be gracious. He is even just now ready to heal your backslidings and love you freely. This is the time, no more delay. Cry mightily for mercy: "Lord do Thou take me to Thine arms of love again, even me, who have been prejudiced against Thy people. Do Thou root out the hellish poison, and give me to hear Thy pardoning voice, that I may love my God again." If you are pardoned are you not called to work again? Of what importance is every step. Be diligent in all the works of piety and works of mercy, that you may glorify your Father, who is in heaven. Are there not some among you who are all athirst to be saved from inbred sin?

"One only way the erring mind,
Of man, short-sighted man, can find,
From inbred sin to fly;
Stronger than love, I fondly thought,
Death, only death, can cut the knot,
Which love cannot untie!"

Do you feel your own weakness? Are you conscious that of yourself you can no more escape from inbred sin than you can touch heaven? If you know this, and feel this, then you are brought to the birth. All your efforts cannot cleanse a sinful heart, no more than they can purchase love. But the Lord is now ready to do it for you.

"Come Lord to every waiting soul,
Now let our glorious joy be full."

Come Thou who art all love, to us who are all sin, and heal all our diseases.

(Communicated by) D. NASH.

WORK UNTIL WE DIE.

We're drawing near to Jesus,
Our banner waves on high,
And this our watchword ever,
We'll work until we die.

We love our Master's service
And seeing eye to eye,
With grace divine to help us
We'll work until we die.

The fields are white to harvest,
The days are speeding by,
Go forth again ye workers
And work until you die.

The night of death approaches,
And angels in the sky,
Repeat the chorus ever,
Go work until you die.

For the Guide.

A CHAPTER IN MY EXPERIENCE.

REV. L. G. HISCOX.

I have long been a preacher of the Gospel, and have felt the need of full consecration to the blessed Master's cause. When I was converted I was a slave to the use of tobacco, and I did not fully realize the meaning of those beautiful words, "If the Son shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed." In fact the innocency of the use of tobacco was not called in question to my knowledge, although I resided in what was called the land of steady habits (Connecticut), and I must acknowledge this habit was steadily increasing on me.

An incident occurred where I was holding a meeting at Clear Lake, Iowa, in company with a younger preacher, which aroused my lethargic sensibilities to the realization of the strength of the habit. It was a remark made by a little boy, and told me by his mother. He said, "Ma, these are great preachers that stayed here last night, both of them chew tobacco." This to me was a cutting reproof. Had it come from a man my equal I would have sought words wherewith to justify my practice, but coming from a mere boy I could make no reply to justify myself.

I secretly resolved to chew no more, and for four days was struggling in the siege, may I not say battling with Satan? Yes, the craving hankering for tobacco was gnawing upon me, and I doing my best to resist, like two armies struggling to hold a battery, which would be repeatedly taken and retaken, thus I would struggle until overcome. I would take a little, and then think I will not take it again, but I could not keep my promise. Such was the strength of habit that in one week it was seated as strong as ever.

Soon after the above occurrence I became acquainted with a devoted sister, who now is sounding the notes of warning to a slumbering world to arouse some to meet their God in peace. She conversed with me like a Christian mother, pointing out the filthiness of using it, and showing that we should cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of the Lord, and showing how much more useful we could be to use nothing but what could be used to the glory of God. Setting an example in all things worthy to be followed, mortifying the deeds of the body, and cultivating the fruits of the Spirit. She wished me to promise to leave it off for ever, but I could not make the promise, for I had learned the strength of the habit, but I did promise that I would be more temperate in its use. This promise I ever kept, and again secretly resolved to abandon its use if possible.

Like the poor slave of the past in the South in breaking away from his master, and starting for freedom was guided by the north star, so I was guided by the star of hope, toward which I had made three days' journey. But, alas, I was now weak and irritable, and my nervous system all unstrung. The fine sensibilities of my mind benumbed, memory impaired and treacherous, every thing was wrong, or, in other words, I was wrong all over. My children said they wished I would get some tobacco, for it made me so cross to go without it. In this condition my old master overtook and easily recaptured me. I was powerless to resist. I submitted to be dragged back again into bondage, and to have the real galling fetter bands again riveted upon me, thus giving up all hopes of ever making my escape. I concluded to use tobacco as long as I lived, but I would use it more sparingly.

This was my prayer, and this the extent of my faith, and I found the word of God verified, "According to thy faith be it done unto you." Oh, could I have had some one to instruct me how to exercise faith on this subject, and how to pray, how many precious years might have been saved for God's glory, and my usefulness in His service. I tried to devote myself anew to God, to redeem the unfaithfulness of the past. I found an increase of faith in praying for others, but could not apply it to myself until an incident occurred to unfold the willingness of God to answer prayer for Jesus' sake.

In the year 1867 my attention was particularly called to review the commission given by our Lord to the preachers of the Gospel in primitive times. I was not able to separate the commission to lay hands on the sick, and pray for their recovery, with the promise that the prayer of faith should save the sick, from the other part, namely, to preach the Gospel to every creature, with the promise that "he that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned." Neither could I find the time when either part of the commission was to cease, or when it was annulled, only in proportion to the departure from the faith that was once delivered to the saints.

In February 1867, in Butler County, Iowa, I preached upon this subject, and early in the morning of the following day, at the bedside of one suffering with spasms, was permitted to see the manifestation of the power of God in answer to prayer, to instantly raise the sufferer from that bed of sickness. Suffice it to say, that from the above named February evening was signed and ratified the eternal emancipation proclamation of my servitude to tobacco. Oh, how blessed to be made free indeed by the Son of God, the Captain of our salvation.

For the Guide.

AN AGED DISCIPLE'S TESTIMONY.

SAMUEL BARD.

On the first morning of the year 1835, the first day of the week, alone in my chamber, the Lord most powerfully converted my soul. No language can express the joy I felt. After a short period, in Class Meeting, I believe I received the blessing of heart purity. Had I then had the instruction such as I have received since, in reading the precious Guide and Mrs. P's works on holiness and the central idea of christianity by Bishop Peck, I believe I should never have lost the evidence, but would have learned the great necessity of possessing my vessel in sanctification and honour. Ever since I first gave my heart to God I have depended too much on feeling. I have been blest times without number, but when my joyous emotions would abate, the enemy would come in like a flood and insinuate that I was loosing my religion, and instead of exercising faith in God's word, without regard to feeling as I am permitted to do now through the instructions given in the Guide, I would fret and pray until the Lord would again pour His blessing upon me.

February 7th, 1873, will ever be a memorable day in the history of my life. I wish to record to the glory of God the victory I have received through the February number of the "Guide to Holiness." While reading the experience on the first page of the "Boy Preacher," as he styles himself, I was most deeply interested, and thought the most of it would apply to my experience, better than any thing I had ever read. Doubt and unbelief have been the great besetting sin that I have had to contend against, the most of my religious life.

When I read the case of Miss S., the "Bride for Jesus," my attention became so riveted to the instruction given her in regard to full salvation, that I followed the advice given, and with the "Guide" in my hand sitting in my chair, alone in my room I was enabled at every point to respond, Amen. I lifted my heart to God, and made an entire consecration of all to the Lord, and received the evidence that it was accepted. There was a sweet peace resting on my soul. I had often been blest with more rapturous joy, but now there was an abiding peace, and an assurance that I was entirely the Lord's. Oh how I rejoice that the blessed Holy Spirit has enabled me to consecrate all to God, and gives me the evidence that my offering is accepted.

Sweet refreshing sleep was given that night, and in the morning it was presented to my mind, that I ought to inform the editors and readers of the "Guide to Holiness" of the glorious victory I had obtained through its precious teachings. I consented so to do, and after writing awhile, I was called away, and on returning, the enemy suggested your limited education and poor writing would justify you in

omitting to write. I concluded to leave it till the next day, without seeing the danger of delay. That evening clouds came over my spiritual horizon, my enjoyments began to abate, and I had a night of severe trial.

In the morning, glory to my precious Saviour, my enjoyments returned with increased brightness, and I again commenced writing, but was called off as before. Not thinking it was so important as to the time, so that I sent it, being in the seventy-fifth year of my age, and a slow writer, I could take my time for it, and laid it aside again, not knowing that my suffering came from delay in writing, but my trial increased and the third night was the darkest of them all. But in the morning the blessing came with greater power and sweetness, and the secret was made known by the application of the written word to my heart "What thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

For the Guide.

MY HEART SHALL NOT REPROACH ME.

MRS. M. BOTTOME.

"My righteousness I hold fast, and will not let it go; my heart shall not reproach me as long as I live."

Alas! how many have a different experience. Their hearts *do* reproach them. Unlike Job, who was reproached from without, but who held fast his integrity, their reproach is from within. There was a time, when the light shone clearly on the Word. "This is the will of God, even your sanctification;" and they laid hold of that truth and said; "If it is the will of God, it shall be my will," and all was yielded to God. The body to be a sanctified body, a temple for the Holy Ghost to dwell in; the mind and spirit to be held sacredly for God, and on all their possessions to be written, "Sacred to God."

Then the promise was claimed, "I will sprinkle you with clean water, and ye shall be clean," and the soul in that moment felt that the bar was removed between it and God. God's will was accepted; but now comes the test. The trial of faith—we must hold on whereunto we have attained; the very language conveying the idea that there is an effort somewhere, to take from us that which we have.

Perhaps this consecration has been made in the midst of friends, who speak plainly of this work of entire sanctification, and in a few days the soul finds itself alone on this subject, and then comes the temptation to slacken the grasp of this truth. To many who enter the way of holiness, the light is not that of midday brightness. They have not yet proved the power of the Holy Ghost, and everything is depending on their holding fast their righteousness, and, in the language of Job, saying, "I will not let it go," for if I do, my heart will reproach me. Just here the soul must be courageous.

Here stands the immutable word, "This is the will of God, even your sanctification;" and the soul must say, as at first, "it is God's will, and it is my will, even my sanctification; and Christ is made unto us, of God sanctification, so I will not let go; and, holding here, there is no heart reproach." The soul knows when it is true, and we can claim all that is promised. In the language of Wesley, we can exclaim:

"If what I wish is good,
And suits the will divine,
By earth and hell in vain withstood,
I know it shall be mine."

But if the soul falters here, it is sin, and the soul soon finds that there is something between it and God. And then the cry comes again,

"To be made with Thee one spirit
Is the boon that I lingering ask.
To have no bar 'twixt my soul and Thine,
My thoughts to echo the will divine."

Well, what is God's thought? This is the will of God, even your sanctification. Do you echo that? Until you do, and sound it out so that all may hear, we shall have heart reproach, just in proportion as the light has shown on our minds. Here is the secret of the lack of power in so many who are really working for Jesus; and they try to make up in earnest work for the lack of inward joy, and then one loss follows another.

The witness becomes dim, and in many an earnest worker in Church and Sunday-school, it is lost altogether.

A few days ago, one of the most faithful Sunday-school teachers said to me "Though I urge my children to become Christians, I do not know whether I am a child of God, or not." The serious thought in all this matter is, we either walk in the light, or the little light we have had becomes darkness.

Let all who have said, "I will be sanctified to God," hold fast to the will of God, and, while holding fast, *press* forward, for there is a promise of the Father that will be fulfilled, and the Holy Ghost shall come upon you, and you shall witness with power. But all this follows on our obedience to the command not to cast away our confidence; not in the least to compromise God's truth; openly confess on the house top, what God has said to your inner ear, and the light of a full salvation will shine more and more.

"Never will I remove
Out of Thy hands my cause;
But rest in Thy redeeming love,
And hang upon Thy cross.

REASONS FOR PROFESSING HOLINESS.

REV. B. M. ADAMS.

1st. SELF-DEFENCE.—The profession of holiness commits me to the subject. It almost necessitates the possession. It keeps me on my guard lest I do any thing inconsistent with my public testimony.

2d. I think it honors God to declare what He has done for me. If He has forgiven my sins, to say so; if He has cleansed me with the Holy Ghost, to say so, in so many words. From the most ancient times this has been the custom. See the song of the children of Israel over the discomfiture of the Egyptians; Deborah's song; Mary's song. Hear Paul's professions, &c. Thanksgiving for definite blessings seems in the order of God, and of His blessed word; ay, and in the order of heaven also. Hearken! "Unto Him who has washed us in His own blood." If He gives me the things for which I ask, shall I not confess to His glory those "things?" Do I not furnish in such profession one more trophy of the cross of Christ, one more illustration of His power to save? And may I not, then, influence others to test the precious blood of Jesus, and thus honor God by faith in His Son?

3d. God always honors and owns such profession. He invariably gives me His approbation when, moved by His Spirit (of which no man or woman may judge for me,) I profess this grace. He never fails to approve my course.

4th. This profession is a matter between God and myself. No one has any right to interfere. It is my own responsibility, in which I ask no one to share. If the church refuse to hear me, then I must go to Him who founded the church, and get such instruction as shall direct me aright. I cannot afford to take any one's direction in this matter but God's and thus I am free. If, as you suggest, such professions lead to cliques and parties in the church, I answer, that is not my concern. If others oppose me, and band together in their opposition, I wish it understood, I do not; for I will not make a party. At the same time, I remember that Jesus was an agitator; and shall His servants fear to tread the way their Lord has gone? I have a number of other reasons, but I will name only one more.

5th. It is a necessity with me,—I MUST PROFESS IT TO KEEP IT. God has lighted the lamp of holiness in my soul, and I must give it room and air, or it will go out. Fletcher felt this, as have other good saints of God. After professing this grace for fifteen years, I am more firmly set in it than ever. I am often reproached, neglected, lectured, preached at, &c, ; but all these things move me but good. The Lord is enough for me, and I go on singing, "Here will I set up my rest." I know in whom I have believed; with Christ I can live anywhere, and I am never buried but to a resurrection. Glory be to God! What a life this is—so full, so grand!

For the Guide.

BURDENED.

JULIA E. REDFORD.

Dear Lord, I am weary to-night,
Weary and sad.
E'en love makes not the burden light,
Or makes me glad.

My burden is not for my dead,
For they are blest,
In their earthly and turf-spread bed
Lying at rest.

I am not unloved or alone
From home astray,
But cherished by friends, want unknown,
Care fled away.

Unworthiness, mistake, and sin,
My burden is;
My feet can never enter in
That land of bliss.

They have slipped so often in the road
That leads to life;
They have so wavered 'neath the load
Of pain and strife.

Dear Lord forgive, my faith is weak,
I cannot see
How Thou canst grant the peace I seek
To one like me.

And yet I read, the hearts that glow,
Crimson with sin,
Shall be made whiter than the snow,
All pure within.

Lord, grant that purity to me,
I cannot rest
Unless my heart from sin be *free*,
With *cleansing* blest.

THE FEARLESS PREACHER.

Bishop Latimer, the martyr, once preached such a rousing, evangelical sermon, at court in the days of Henry VIII., that the king was offended. Latimer was summoned the next Sunday afternoon to preach again, and to retract his sermon. The command was imperative. The powers were in hostile hands, and the enmity of murderous hearts had been stirred to the very depths.

According to appointment, however, Latimer started, full of faith and of the Holy Ghost, to face this spiritual wickedness in high places. As he walked along he held communion with the Invisible, and was imbued with a double portion of the Divine Spirit. He took on from the angel armor-bearers the whole panoply of God as step by step he neared the sacred desk. He began his discourse by seeming to forget the audience, and spoke thus to himself:

"Hugh Latimer, dost thou know to whom thou goest this day to preach? To the high and mighty monarch, the king's most excellent majesty, who can take away thy life if thou offend. Therefore, take heed how thou shalt speak; choose pleasant words this day, and avoid everything that would in any wise displease." Then, as if suddenly recalling himself, he repeated in most emphatic and ringing tones, thrilling the soul of all who heard his words. "Hugh! Hugh Latimer! Dost thou know from whence thou comest this day —upon whose message thou art sent? Dost thou know Him who is present to discern the thoughts and intents of the heart; who beholdeth all thy ways? Dost thou acknowledge the Almighty God, who is able to cast both soul and body into hell forever? Therefore, look about thee well, and look within thee well, Hugh Latimer, and be sure that thou deliver this message faithfully!" Thus he began, and pressed with increasing power and courage into his sermon and reaffirmed all he had preached before, and urged its truths with more vehemency than ever.

After the sermon was ended, there was intense curiosity and excitement to see the result of such bold speech for Jesus. Dinner over, the king forthwith sent for Latimer; and, on meeting him, asked how he dared preach in that style in such a presence. Latimer replied calmly that duty toward God and his prince had forced him to it, and now had discharged both his conscience and his duty in what he had spoken. His life was in his Majesty's hands, he knew. But he could not be dishonest, either toward himself, his king, or his God.

He could but do the same thing over again.

Hearing this frank avowal, the king arose from his seat, and, lifting the good man from his knees, embraced him in his arms, remarking, with tears, that he blessed God for such a man in his kingdom who dared to deal plainly with him. He honored the fearless preacher. From that hour Latimer had a new power and a higher joy.

This is the true spirit of the Christian ministry. It is both humble and heroic. The faithful minister is never a pleaser of men. He bears his message right on by speech and life, whether he shall be applauded or hated, whether he shall rise or fall. Life and death do not enter upon any balance, or engage in any compromise in his commission. For to him to live is Christ, and to die is gain. He knows that although the public eye is upon him, God's eye is also upon him, and he swerves not a syllable from honest utterance of the whole truth. The minister who for one moment wavers will soon begin to fawn and flatter. Then he is shorn of his strength. Then he becomes a mere automaton—but part of a moving exhibition for pleasing the public eye, or a keyed reed in a sounding organ, for tickling the public ear. How necessary that ministers maintain their integrity before God, angels, and men!

Let every ambassador of Jesus think less of the man to whom he *goeth*, and more of the Master from whom he *cometh*, with the message of salvation.

VISIT TO HEAVEN.

In our children's department of the present issue, reference is made to J. B. Finley's visit to heaven. We had the privilege of knowing something of Father Finley, from our girlhood days. And in later years, fourteen years after his visit to heaven, he dined at our house, in company with the sainted Bishop Hamline and many others, the most of whom have now, with the devoted Finley, gone to Paradise, not as transient visitors, but abiding dwellers in the city of saints. If a glimpse of the land of saints is so sweet, O what must it be to be there to go out no more forever. By special request, we publish this beautiful vision as given in J. B. Finley's Autobiography.

It was in the Summer of 1842; worn down with fatigue, I was completing my last round of quarterly meetings, and winding up the labors of a very toilsome year. I had scarcely finished my work, when I was most violently attacked with bilious fever, and it was with great difficulty that I reached home. The disease had taken so violent a hold on my system, that I sank rapidly under its power. Everything that kind attention and medical skill could impart was resorted to, to arrest its ravages; but all was in vain, and my life was despaired of. On the seventh night, in a state of entire insensibility to all around me, when the last ray of hope had departed, and my weeping family and friends were standing around my couch, waiting to see me breathe my last, it seemed to me that a heavenly visitant entered my room. It came to my side, and, in the softest and most silvery tones, which fell like rich music on my ear, it said: "I have come to conduct you to another state and place of existence."

In an instant I seemed to rise, and, gently borne by my angel guide, I floated out upon the ambient air. Soon, earth was lost in the distance, and around us, on every side, were worlds of light and glory. On, on, away, away from world to luminous worlds afar, we sped with the velocity of thought. At length we reached the gates of Paradise, and O! the transporting scenes that fell upon my vision, as the emerald portals, wide and high, rolled back upon their golden hinges! Then, in the fullest extent, did I realize the invocation of the poet:

> "Burst ye emerald gates and bring,
> To my enraptured vision,
> All the ecstatic joys that spring
> Round the bright Elysian."

Language, however, is inadequate to describe what then, with unveiled eyes, I saw. The vision is indelibly pictured on my heart. Before me, spread out in beauty, was a broad sheet of water, clear as crystal, not a single ruffle on its surface, and its purity and clearness indescribable. On each side of this lake or river rose up the most tall and beautiful trees, covered with all manner of fruits and flowers, the brilliant hues of which were reflected in the bosom of the placid river.

While I stood gazing with joy and rapture

at the scene, a convoy of angels was seen floating in the pure ether of that world. They all had long wings, and though they went with the greatest rapidity, yet their wings were folded close by their side. While I gazed, I asked my guide who they were, and what their mission. To this he responded: "They are angels, despatched to the world from whence you came, on an errand of mercy." I could hear strains of the most entrancing melody all around me, but no one was discoverable but my guide. At length, I said, "Will it be possible for me to have a sight of some of the just, made perfect in glory?" Just then there came before us three persons; one had the appearance of a male, the other a female, and the third an infant. The appearance of the first two was somewhat similar to the angels I saw, with the exception that they had crowns upon their heads of the purest yellow, and harps in their hands. Their robes, which were full and flowing, were of the purest white. Their countenances were lighted up with a heavenly radiance, and they smiled upon me with ineffable sweetness.

There was nothing with which the blessed babe or child could be compared. It seemed to be about three feet high; its wings, which were long and most beautiful, were tinged with all the colors of the rainbow; its dress seemed to be of the whitest silk, covered with the softest white down. The driven snow could not exceed it for whiteness or purity. Its face was all radiant with glory; its very smile now plays around my heart. I gazed and gazed with wonder upon this heavenly child. At length, I said, "If I have to return to earth from whence I came, I should love to take this child with me, and show it to the weeping mothers of earth; methinks when they see it, they will never shed another tear over their children when they die."

So anxious was I to carry out the desire of my heart, that I made a grasp at the bright and beautiful one, desiring to clasp it in my arms; but it eluded my grasp, and plunged into the river of life. Soon it rose up from the waters, and as the drops fell from its expanding wings, they seemed like diamonds, so brightly did they sparkle. Directing its course to the other shore, it flew to one of the topmost branches of one of life's fair trees. With a look of most seraphic sweetness, it gazed upon me and then commenced singing in heaven's own strains, "To Him that hath loved me, and washed me from my sins in His own blood, to Him be glory both now and for ever. Amen." At that moment, the power of the eternal God came upon me, and I began to shout, and clapping my hands, I sprang from the bed, and was healed as instantly as the lame man in the beautiful porch of the temple, who "went walking, and leaping, and praising God." Overwhelmed with the glory I saw and felt, I could not cease praising God. The next Sabbath, I went to camp-meeting, filled with the love and power of God. There I told the listening thousands what I saw and felt, and what God had done for me, and loud were the shouts of glory that reverberated through the forests.

Though years have rolled away since that bright, happy hour, yet the same holy flame is burning in my heart, and I retain the same glorious victory. Halleluiah! for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth. Being entirely restored to health, I went to Conference, and was sent on the Zanesville district.

Loved Ones Gone Before.

MARY ISABELL ANDREWS.

Died in great peace at her residence in Waitsburg, New York, February 22, 1873.

Mary Isabell, wife of Dr. J, C. Andrews and daughter of Wm. and Hannah Robnett, in the 21st year of her age. Deceased was born in Linn County, Oregon, and at the age of twelve years was converted to God and joined the M. E. Church under the faithful labors of the Rev. J. B. Calloway.

She lived a consistent and happy member of the Church, was an affectionate and devoted wife, a fond and loving mother. Her pious and amiable qualities gained for her the love and respect of all her acquaintances. Was a great lover of the Sabbath-school. The period of her last illness was short and her death unexpected, but it found her ready and willing to go. She loved God. The hallowed scene in the chamber where this young christian mother met and triumphed over the terrors of death will never be forgotten by the now bereaved husband.

While she gave utterance expressive of her firm trust in the promises of God, of her

adoring love to her Saviour and the joy of soon meeting dear relations on the better shore of the Spirit land, the Holy Ghost seemed to overshadow her. She was engaged in fervent prayer asking her Father in Heaven to help her, and answers came, in which she was fully assured of His all-sufficient grace, as she oft-times said "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want, He maketh me to lie down in green pastures. He leadeth me by the still waters. Yea, though I walk through the valley and shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me, Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me." "In my Father's house are many mansions."

Among the many persons present no eye was dry, no heart unmoved. The aged Father leaning toward her with eyes kindled with holy fire could say, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." The pious mother while praising God sinks to the floor overcome with emotions of Holy joy, shouting and praising God for the religion of Jesus in a dying hour. All listen attentively to hear the dying, as she murmurs, "Oh precious Lord I thank Thee that Thou art going to take me early." "Oh I am so happy, so happy!" She commenced singing, but being too weak, I with some others sang for her, "My latest sun is sinking fast—my race is almost run." Which she enjoyed very much, and then asked to have sung "We'll cross the river of Jordan, happy in the Lord," and "Nearer my God to Thee, nearer to Thee," being one of her favorites. After singing, she said this don't seem like dying, when I told her the sting of death was sin, and when all sin was gone, there was no sting in death. Calling to her mother she said: "Oh mother, 'The Lord is my shepherd.' I love Him more than gold; yes, "more than anything." She called her relatives around her, and exhorted them to prepare and meet her in heaven. To the children she said, "Go to Sunday-school, study the Bible, and meet me in heaven." On being asked if Jesus was precious, she answered with peculiar sweetness, "Oh yes, very precious. I love him with all my heart, soul, and strength," thus the evidence of the efficacy of the blood of Christ to cleanse from all sin, entire sanctification. She was a lover of the "Guide to Holiness."

At one time near the last, her sufferings were intense. She exclaimed, clasping her hands together over her breast, "I love to suffer for my Saviour, I love to suffer for my Saviour."

When near the verge she said, "The waters are cold and deep, but I see Jesus coming." "The pearly gates are open." Her last words were, a few moments before she died, when her hearing was getting dull, on being asked by her husband if Jesus was precious, she said yes, "Jesus is precious."

"Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like hers."

J. C. ANDREWS.

SARAH O. SMITH.

Sarah O. Smith, daughter of John E. and Julia W. Smith, formerly of South Second Street, Brooklyn E. D. but now of Vallejo, California, passed away from earth June 8th.

Her last audible words were "Jesus, precious Jesus." She said a few days before she died "Mother, heaven will truly be a haven of rest to me."

She had been tossing with the terrible pain that accompanies spinal disease, about five hours, when a calmness settled upon her, and her countenance became radiant with angelic beauty. And she seemed to have a vision and exclaimed. "Hark! mamma, hark! don't you hear them. Oh! such sweet music! Yes they are coming, they are coming, my sisters are coming. Jesus is with them. They have crowns on their heads and harps in their hands; they are standing on the bank of the river, talking to me, they tell me to come. Yes I am coming sisters, I am coming. Jesus says 'not yet.' Ma, a little more suffering, then I can go. They are talking to you ma, don't you hear them? They are going in the gate now, yes, the gate is shut, and they are all gone back." (She was speaking to, and of her six little sisters who had passed away.) * * * *

"Mamma, the gate is open and there is a man turning the pages of a great book. There comes another, he turns to his page and Oh! it is all black, he is turned away. Oh! it is awful to be turned away." She knew who it was and called his name. He was not a christian when he died. She then saw another member of the same family, who gained admittance into the kingdom. "Oh! how happy she is as she enters the

pearly gates, welcomed by Jesus and his angels"!

"Now, ma, the man is turning to my page. Oh! *ma*, there is one blot." Her countenance changed to the uttermost despair, and she seemed to pray, again her face became radiant, and she exclaimed, "Oh! it is all white now, my sins are all forgiven." "Oh! ma, Jesus has a crown for you, such a beautiful crown, full of stars; and pa, you have a crown with stars. Oh! auntie, the angels are rejoicing over you, and have a crown for you, with two stars." "Ada (turning to her little sister) I do not see your crown," and seemed to pray, then said: "Yes Ada will be saved, Jesus has a crown for her"! "Mother there comes an angel out of the gates; he has a trumpet in his hand, and is coming towards the river." She says to the angel, "Here I *am*, come this way." "Mother, he is not ready for me, my crown is not done." "There is a woman crossing the river, and a chariot on the other side, now she is getting in, and they are taking her to the gate, she is welcomed home." "Oh! mother, it is only a step, just a step."

She then turned to a friend who was with us, and begged her to give her heart to God. Then asked her mother to pray, which she did. Oh! that scene drew me nearer to my God and heaven, than I had ever been before. It occurred on the night of March 19th, between twelve and two o'clock. I had only come out and declared myself for Jesus five days before, in a revival meeting, which we had been attending together, she leading sinners on, and I seeking salvation. Blessed be the name of Jesus, for such a demonstration of His holy power. She lingered until June 8th, 5 P. M. when she passed away, to Jesus.

Editorial.

EXPERIENCE OF A BULGARIAN CONVERT.

The following very interesting letter from Turkey will delight all the lovers of Holiness. The fact of having given a set of our works to a Missionary, on the eve of sailing for Turkey, about two years ago, had escaped our recollection, till reminded of the occurrence by the reception of this precious letter. A note from the Missionary to whom the books were given accompanies this letter, informing us that Marika Genehova is a young woman of Bulgaria, who is now head teacher in the Mission School, and reads and talks English well. We publish the answers to the inquiries, believing that other inquirers may be interested:

SAMOKOV, BULGARIA, TURKEY,
June 26, 1873.

DEAR MRS. PALMER:

You will wonder at receiving this from one who has never seen you; but our liberty in Christ gives me courage to introduce myself to you, and ask your earnest prayers for this place beyond the Sea.

I feel almost acquainted with you, for your books have reached even here, and have brought blessings and rest to our souls. I thank God that He, in His great mercy, made you send to us this precious message.

I am a poor Bulgarian girl, in the Mission School at Samokov. God has shown the greatest mercy in leading me to hear the truth, and in showing me Himself. I have had a desire to grow ever since I became a Christian, but many times became discouraged about my salvation. God did not leave me in my state of imperfect obedience, and continual doubting, not knowing the way of faith. In reading the Bible, I saw there was something better for me, but how to get it was the hardest thing for me to understand.

O, I thank God for sending to us the books which show the steps to a better life. At first, from their reading, I began to be confused and to doubt, and was led by the Spirit to ask God whether these things were *true*. After reading my Bible with much prayer, and many tears that God would not let me make a mistake, but would lead me into all the truth as He had promised, I saw that it was truly from God.

Sometimes I said to myself, O! that Mrs. P. were here, that I might ask about this way of faith; how to get at it, though it was plainly shown in the books, my mind was so dark I could not see it. Soon, God in His providence sent the missionary lady you saw on the camp ground, and, through her, God led me into His perfect rest, after two or three months of mental struggle.

I imagine you would look in surprise at me and ask, why so long seeking the Lord?

Yes, I see now that it was unnecessary unbelief, and the fear of man kept me bound.

Dear Friend: I have heard that you in America have prayed for Bulgaria, and I think you will love to hear how the work is prospering.

I am glad to tell you, first, that there are some others who have learned the way of faith, through Christ. Our only pastor (who reads English well,) has read some of your books, and rejoices at the truth; he seemed, until a very short time ago, to be running well; now he is hindered somewhat; but we are praying for him, that he may come into the full liberty of the sons of God.

Our seminary numbers about twenty girls at present, many of whom have learned much of faith, though but one has taken Christ as a Saviour to the uttermost. I believe they all greatly desire this way of living, We desire your prayers for us, that we may be faithful to present this salvation in such a way that those who have not received it may embrace it. All of the Missionaries do not receive it, and this makes it hard for us to testify.

It is very hard for the girls to pray or speak in our social prayer-meetings; but I rejoice to tell you that many of them have been enabled to offer prayer, and my associate native teacher, who has always said she would *never* speak in meeting, *has* done so twice, quite recently.

The theological class, preparing for preachers, is here, in Samokov, and some of them are seeking to know of this salvation; one of them has found how good it is to trust in Jesus.

One evening, as our pastor was speaking from the words, "Tarry in Jerusalem until ye be endued with power from on high," he said, without this power our efforts will be useless. After he was through, one young man rose and said with much emotion: "I thank God I live to find out why my efforts have been so useless. I resolve to wait for this power." Among all of them there is a feeling that they need something more, but do not know how to receive it.

There are many other interesting things in our work here, of which I should love to write you, but I must stop, for I wish to ask you some questions, which may the Lord give you words to answer me.

I am very timid about speaking, and I fear to make a mistake either in speaking or in keeping silent. God has helped me to witness for Him whenever the duty was presented to me, but I wish to be sure just when it *is* duty, and when *not*. I do not wish to run before I am sent. From the Bible, I know we must confess Christ's work in our hearts, but how often and in what terms, I am in doubt about.

Again. You say Christ can save us from every sin. In "Faith and its Effects," at the close, you say you cannot say you have not transgressed in thought, word, or deed since that time, "but in this, through grace, I will glory," etc., to the period. I do not exactly understand about this, how these two things agree. I will now write myself your loving, though unknown friend,

MARIKA GENEHOVA.

REPLY.

1st. "I am very timid about speaking, and I fear to make a mistake either in speaking or keeping silent," etc. If you will persevere, I do not doubt but you will soon get the victory over the timidity of your nature, in this regard. We have a three-fold enemy: the world, the *flesh*, and Satan. I have often found from my own experience that, proportionately as it is important I should testify for Jesus, have been shrinkings of nature against it. Satan is the prince of the power of the air, and perhaps there is no point where he more persistently withstands us than in the profession of our faith. He hates testimony. He knows that God demands it, and also that it is by this we overcome. "They overcame him by the word of their testimony, and the blood of the Lamb." When I feel an unusual shrinking of the *flesh*, I am apt to ask whether Satan may not be mustering his forces to withstand, because it may be unusually important that I should speak. God gives us power to reason. Grace does not take away our natural abilities, but only turns them into a sanctified channel, and then requires the full use of all our reasoning powers. If we have reason to believe our speaking will do us, as individuals, any good, that should constitute *duty*. Or if, by using the judgment God gives us, our testimony will help any one else, that should make the *duty* plain. Duty being made plain, we should resolve to do it, even though we

might die in the effort. In regard to testifying for Jesus, no one can take our place and perform the duty for us. Jesus says to us, as individuals, "Ye are My witnesses." That is, *you* know what I have done for *you*, therefore testify for *me*. God forbid that the fear of man should hinder. When the enemy finds that we will not be hindered by natural timidity, or anything else, he will cease to tempt.

As to the use of *terms* in testifying, it is better that we designate our experience in Scriptural terms. If the God of the Bible says "Be ye holy," then He has provided a way by which we may be holy. Christians cannot find fault with a Scriptural experience expressed in Scriptural terms; if they do this, they find fault with God. *Sanctification* also is a Scriptural term, for thus it stands written, "This is the will of God, even your *sanctification*. Perfect love is also a Bible term: "Perfect love casteth out fear," etc. If God gives the blessing a *name*, then He clearly defines the terms proper to use when brought into the experience designated. What more plain than this: "There shall be a Way, and it *shall be called* 'THE WAY OF HOLINESS,' and the redeemed of the Lord shall walk there." To be afraid of using God's words in designating the state in which the Holy Spirit has brought us, suggests danger of sinning after the same similitude that Uzzah did when steadying the ark. God knows how to take care of His own words, and the effect produced on the minds of others by their use.

2d. After an experience of between thirty and forty years, I do still say, as in "Faith and Effects," that Christ can and does save us from our sins. Since the year 1837, July 26th, I have not seen a day in which I have not been enabled, through the power of the indwelling Holy Spirit, to present all my redeemed powers, a living sacrifice, THROUGH *Christ*. Since that hour, I have felt that I would rather die than knowingly sin against God. But I have ever felt that I could not for one moment present an acceptable sacrifice, but through Jesus. And while my heart, from a deep consciousness of want, has said,

> "Every moment Lord I *need*
> The merit of Thy death,"

Faith hath said

> "Every moment Lord I *have*
> The merit of Thy death."

Let us remember the record the Father has given of the Son: "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin." Presenting all my being to the Father, through the blood, I have *momentarily* been saved *from sin*. And I have enjoyed, and still enjoy the blessedness of that one to whom the Lord will not impute sin. But I do not think that we shall arrive at a state while here on earth, where we shall not need to say daily Our Lord's Prayer, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us," etc. The perfection we speak of as attainable here on earth is not Adamic Perfection, or angelic Perfection, but *Christian* Perfection; a state that is attained by every moment presenting all to God, THROUGH CHRIST. It is loving God with all the heart. Love is the fulfilling of the law.

FROM NOTES BY THE WAY.

HOW HOLINESS IS OBTAINED AND RETAINED.

I went to the evening meeting. Our dear pastor preached, but I scarcely heard a word. I had resolved to *die* in the struggle to believe, rather than to give up my confidence, and it seemed as if the matter had now come to a climax. I felt, after wrestling some time, that the Lord permitted me to come near the throne, and in much simplicity of heart, even as a little child to a tender parent, make known my grievances.

I said: "O Lord, thou knowest that I would not believe merely because I *will* believe, without having a proper foundation for my faith. And now, in condescension to my constitutional infirmities, my proneness to reason, O give me this blessing in some tangible form, that the enemy of my soul may never be successful with the temptation, that I believe merely because I will believe. Thou knowest that I would not believe without a proper foundation for my faith; and now let me have this blessing in some such *tangible* form, that I may know the *precise* ground upon which I *obtained* and also upon which I may *retain* it."

The answer came. New light burst upon my soul. The Holy Spirit took of the things of God, and revealed them unto me. It was by the unfolding of this passage to my understanding: "I beseech you, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies,

a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable, which is your reasonable service."

I now saw that I had *obtained* this blessing, by *laying all upon the altar.* I had *retained* it by still *keeping* all upon the altar, "a *living* sacrifice." So long as it remained there, I perceived that both the faithfulness and the justice of God stood pledged for its *acceptance.* While kept upon this altar, it *must* be cleansed from all unrighteousness, for the blood of Jesus *cleanseth;* not that it *can* or *will* at some *future* period, but *cleanseth now, just when the offering is presented.*

By this I saw that I could no more believe for the *future* moment than I could *breathe* for the future, and perceived that I must be contented *to live by the moment,* and rely upon God to sustain me in spiritual existence, just as confidently as for sustainment in natural existence. So long as the offering was *kept upon the altar,* I saw it not only to be a privilege, but a *duty* to believe.

I also saw, that just so soon as I should begin to lean to my own understanding, feeling I cannot do this, or the other duty, just in the degree in which this is indulged, the offering would be taken from off the altar, and I would have no *right to believe* the offering "holy, acceptable," inasmuch as it is not such an offering as God has declared acceptable, by the voice of the written Word, which is the voice of the Holy Ghost.

The infinitely efficacious blood was represented as ever flowing. And it is thus that the soul, laid upon the altar, is *cleansed* and *kept clean.*

O my soul, mayest thou ever remain upon the altar of sacrifice, and Thou, my strength and righteousness, forbid that any unhallowed act should ever cause its removal! It is by Thy power alone, O God, that I am kept. Here shall I ever feel the cleansing efficacy. Here shall my soul fill and expand—fill and expand till it shall burst its tenement, and faith shall be lost in sight.

News Along the Line.

CAMP-MEETINGS, CONVENTIONS, ETC.

It being necessary that our matter for August number of the "Guide" should go to press a little earlier than usual, the report from the Convention on Holiness announced in the issue of July, with several reports from Camp-meetings, was left over to the present month. We need not say the News all Along the Line is such as to call forth the loud Alleluia! to God and the Lamb. With the sainted Fletcher we say, "Oh for a gust of praise to go through the earth."

Of the precious Sea Cliff Camp-meeting, so gloriously owned of God, we told the readers of the "Guide" in our last. On the 26th of June the Fifteenth "National" Camp-meeting was held at Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Of this meeting the Rev. L. Hawkins writes:

It was held on the State Fair Grounds, about a mile northeast of the city, on the line of the Dubuque and Southwestern Railroad. The grounds are destitute of trees, and at first it seemed a little strange and unnatural to hold a camp-meeting in an open field; but artificial arrangements were provided for shade, which were both comfortable and convenient.

The large tabernacle of the National Association was not present, but its place was supplied by a smaller one built on the same plan, and owned by the Charles City District, Upper Iowa Conference. The large halls belonging to the grounds were also used for meetings when needed.

There were present of the National Committee, Rev. Brothers Inskip, McDonald, Hughes, Coleman, McLean, Matlack and Lowery; also, Brothers Brubaker and Perkins, lay members of the Association, and also Sisters Lowery, Hughes, and Matlack.

As is the custom at these meetings, nearly all the preaching was done by the members of the Association, and all the social meetings were also conducted by them. This to some may appear a little exclusive and egotistical, when there are scores of other ministers on the ground; but when it is known that the Association is invited to do all this, and that they are responsible for the entire management of the meetings and for the doctrines taught, it will appear differently.

The attendance was not as large as at some others that have been held, owing probably to two reasons: first, the meeting was not contiguous to any large city, from which it could draw large congregations; and secondly, the meeting came in a very busy time for farmers. Owing to the lateness of the season, most of them were in the midst of their

corn-ploughing, which had to be hastened through with before haying and harvesting came on. Still, the congregations for the most part, were as large as could be conveniently reached by the speakers. There were representatives from nearly all the States of the Northwest, and some of the territories, and also Canada.

The results of the meeting were glorious. Iowa probably never saw such a meeting before. Of the number of either the converted or those wholly sanctified, I have no knowledge; but it was large, especially of the latter. And one very blessed feature of the meeting was that the work was largely among the ministers of the gospel.

SEA SIDE CONVENTION AT OCEAN GROVE.

On Wednesday, July 10th, The Union Sea Side Convention commenced. The meeting opened on the afternoon of that day with a brief address from Dr. J. M. Ward, stating that the object of the Convention was to be "the promotion of holiness of life through an overcoming faith in Christ, or baptism of the Holy Ghost, by union in prayer, and conference in public and private, and by the teaching of the Word of God as interpreted by the Holy Spirit in personal Christian experience." The call was signed by prominent ministers and laymen in the Presbyterian, Baptist, Congregationalist, Episcopal, and Methodist denominations, and by some of the Friends' Society.

The first meeting was held in a large tent, which was much too small to hold the numbers in attendance. The sides of the tent, however, being raised, all could see the speakers and enjoy the services. Dr. Ward, of the Presbyterian church, Newark, N. J., as Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, called the Convention to order, and stated its object; he also read a number of letters from clergymen and others who could not attend. An address of welcome was delivered by Rev. E. H. Stokes, President of Ocean Grove Association. After a season of prayer, short addresses were delivered by Judge T. O. Low, of Dayton, O., and Rev. H. Belden, of Long Island. With the doxology and benediction, the first meeting of the Convention adjourned to meet in the large Tabernacle at 8 o'clock.

At the hour appointed for the evening service, the Tabernacle was comfortably filled. The platform was occupied by the leading ministers of the Convention, among whom Pastor Hedstrom, Rev. J. S. Inskip, Dr. Hall, of the Baptist Union, Dr. Levi, of the Baptist church, Philadelphia, and Rev. E. H. Stokes, who announced that they were about to dedicate this new Tabernacle to God, as everything else belonging to the Association had been dedicated. He read a lesson from the Psalms, and a part of the first chapter of John, after which, Rev. Mr. Inskip was called upon to make the dedicatory prayer. Dr. Ward then announced that Mr. Inskip had been appointed to take charge of the meeting for that evening. Mr. Inskip arose and delivered an address, showing how, as members of different denominations, they could retain their denominational peculiarities, and still be united on the subject of holiness. Pastor Hedstrom, who had to leave the next morning, made some remarks endorsing the object of the meeting, and giving his experience. He was followed by Rev. H. Belden and others. The tone of the meeting was most excellent, and all seemed to be animated by the right spirit. The first meeting, on Friday, at 8 A.M., was for prayer and experience. At 10 A.M., the Convention listened to a most powerful sermon from Bev. Dr. Ball, of the Baptist Union. His subject was, "The Nature and Blessedness of the Christian Worship."

An experience meeting was held in a large tent at one o'clock, led by Mrs. Lankford, of New York. Members of different denominations testified with intelligence and much feeling that they had the witness in their hearts; that they were fully sanctified to God, many telling how and when they had received the blessing. It was remarkable how much unanimity, what harmony prevailed among these representatives of different names and orders; all seemed to have the same experience—that faith in the blood of Jesus brought piece to the conscience and purity to the heart.

The closing meeting of the Seaside Convention was held on Friday, July 18th, in the canvas Tabernacle. Dr. Ward presided, and made an address of congratulation on the success of the experiment of the Convention.

They had met, independent of doctrines and tenets, in brotherly harmony, on the high

plane of Christian brotherhood, and he believed they had attained the true evangelical alliance, the unity which the Lord had foretold in his sermon on the Mount. Jonathan Sturgis, Jr., Episcopalian, of Boston; Rev. Mr. See, Dutch Reformed; Rev. Mr. Thompson, Methodist; Dr. Ball, Baptist Union, and Friend Ladd, of the Quakers, followed in addresses, in which they expressed agreement with Dr. Ward's views. A committee of twenty-five, in which all evangelical denominations were represented, was appointed, with Dr. Ward as chairman, with power to call other conventions, in view of the gracious fruits of this.

ROUND LAKE CAMP-MEETING.

The services commenced Tuesday night July 15th, by prayer and speaking in the Ilion "Tabernacle." Rev. B. I. Ives opened with prayer, and after singing he gave a powerful exhortation, which was followed by prayer and speaking by the laity. Wednesday morning, Dr. Ives preached the opening discourse. His theme was faith; and that proved to be the key-note for most all the discourses that followed. While he was preaching, shouts went up from the preachers and people. On Thursday morning, Bishop Peck preached from 1 Philippians iv. 13. On Friday the morning sermon was preached by Dr. B. Hawley, of Bennington, Vt., from the familiar words of "Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God."

In the afternoon, the Rev. M. H. Hulburd, of Springfield, Mass., preached to a large audience, selecting the words as found in the 127th Psalm, taking the whole for his theme. The sermon in the evening was preached by Rev. L. N. Beaudry, of Shelburne, Vt., whose sermon last year was followed with so many rising for prayers. It will be remembered that he was converted from Catholicism some years ago, and goes about his Master's work with confidence of His ability to give him strength to do it. When he got through, many went forward again for prayers. His text was 1 Cor. i. 30:

"But of him are ye in Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption."

On Saturday, Dr. King preached from the words as found in the fifth chapter of Romans, part of the 20th verse: "Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound." The Rev. William Adams, of Central New York, in the evening, closed the glorious work of the week,—over two hundred conversions, and many professing holiness. "Glory to God" for the privilege of being at Round Lake this year.

SHELTER ISLAND CAMP-MEETING, L. I.

Of this meeting the Rev. J. Wesley Horne, A. M., says:

"A year ago the Camp-meeting Association of Shelter Island was charted. The Rev. J. E. Searles, of Brooklyn, discovered the favorable place.

"The Camp-ground is beautiful and slopes toward the water opposite Greenport, with the heights crested with groves; and from an observatory on this hill, your vision takes in one of the finest views.

"At the base of a beautiful hill, rising from a back ground, is the preachers' desk and platform, and the seats circle around them under a pleasant grove of trees. A chapel, very useful in wet weather, has been built, with preachers' dormitory overhead. There is also a boarding-house. The hotel is within 200 feet of the wharf, capable of accommodating 150 persons.

"The religious exercises were commenced on Wednesday, the 16th inst., with Presiding Elder Fletcher in charge. Rev. George Tayloy, of Willett Street, N. Y., preached the first sermon, on 'Create in me a clean heart, O Lord;' and in the evening, Rev. Mr. Latham, of the Providence Conference followed from the text, 'I have somewhat against thee,' etc. Thursday, Rev. C. K. True discoursed on Entire Sanctification, from 'The very God of peace sanctify you wholly;' at 3 o'clock, Rev. Jno. Parker, of Seventh Street, N. Y., considered the same theme, from 'every branch in me . . . he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit'; and in the evening, Rev. Mr. Goodsell, of Sag Harbor, discoursed on the contrast between Saul of Tarsus and Paul the Apostle, from 'I live, yet not I.' Friday, at 10, Rev. F. C. Hill, of Johnson Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., treated of the 'Facts and their Causes in the Pentecostal Church.' An excursion of several hundred persons arrived from Connecticut, in the course of the day, for whom a special service was provided, and

Rev. Mr. Horne preached on 'the notes of the blessed Sound.' At 3 o'clock, the regular service was held, and Rev. Mr. Rust, of New Brittan, spoke on, 'ye are the the light of the world;' in the evening, Rev. Mr. Christopher invited the people to consider 'the things of which the prophets inquired diligently, and angels desire to look into.' On Saturday morning Dr. Palmer from New York, opened the meeting, and never, perhaps, did Mrs. Palmer speak more happily or to the purpose, on 'whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved, and that to the uttermost'; at 3 o'clock, Rev. Mr. Paige, of New London, preached on 'Paul's pleasure in his infirmities'; and at night, Rev. Mr. Lyon, of Connecticut, insisted on 'Christ's ability to save to the uttermost.'

"I have space only to notice the services of the holy Sabbath, which unfolded itself cool and clear. At 9 o'clock, an old fashioned Methodist love-feast was held, and about forty spoke, the meeting melted into a precious season of love to God and love to man. When the hour of public worship arrived, Rev. Matthew Hale Smith commenced his discourse on 'the line of Scarlet Thread,' which Rahab bound in the window. Presiding Elder Fletcher delivered a characteristic sermon on the 'Transfiguration,' with much power. This closed the 'great day of the feast.'"

GERMAN UNION CAMP-MEETING.

This camp-meeting commenced in Hoffman's woods, near the city of Baltimore, on Thursday evening, July 10th, and continued one week. The grove is large and well shaded, and elegantly adapted for camp-meeting purposes. The German Union, under whose auspices the meeting was held, embraces two churches of the Evangelical Association, three United Brethren, and three Methodist Episcopal congregations. There were eighty-eight tents erected, including the meeting and boarding tents.

The price of board was fixed remarkably low, the rate being only $5 for the ten days of the continuance of the camp. The ground is lighted with gasoline lamps. The preachers in charge of the various stations represented, took an active part in the meeting, and ministers from abroad were also present by invitation. The congregations during the week, except on sacramental day, were quite small, but the attendance the two Sabbath days of the camp was very large. Very profitable children's meetings were held during the encampment, and the little ones engaged heartily in the praise and worship of the blessed Saviour. Numbers of sinners were converted, and the churches were greatly revived and refreshed.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN.

The Lord is reviving His work out here in Montana. On the second Sabbath in May I attended the Helena District Conference of the M. E. Church South, held at Willow Creek. There was seven itinerants and two local preachers present. There is no church of any denomination nearer than fifty miles of this place. The old log school-house was too small; a few energetic brethren hastily put up a temporary building of boards, which was ancient enough, indeed.

The people came from far and near, some as far as eighty miles, and one I know came one hundred. As we don't have any cars here that is quite an object.

The meeting lasted one week, had preaching twice every day, and a very busy time for the farmers. Business was generally suspended and they turned out in great numbers.

The Lord was with us in power. About twenty were enabled to rejoice in a new birth, and gave their names to the church. Quite a number are seeking a higher state of purity. One remarkable feature of the meeting was, that North and South could work together as Christians, and meet each other as brother meets brother, and as heart responds to heart.

HOLINESS CONVENTION.

Our Convention in the interest of holiness at the Leases' Grove Church, Mason City Circuit, which came off June 1st to 4th, was one of the most blessed meetings that I ever attended. The Lord was with us in power to bless and save His people at the first meeting, and the services continued to be more and more interesting until the close.

Brother H. Wallace was with us through the entire meeting, and was a great help to the cause—also Brother Armentrout and Brother Warrington, together with quite a number of excellent local and lay brethren from a

distance, whose efforts the Lord most wonderfully blessed. I never witnessed so much union and and good feeling in a meeting. A number found the blessing of Perfect Love, and also we had some of as clear conversions as I ever witnessed. On the last day the Lord displayed His saving power most gloriously. On one side of the altar was a sister seeking the blessing of a pure heart, on the other side was her husband seeking pardon, and within a few minutes of time both were saved most gloriously. The Lord saved the people by families. Twenty-five professed to find the perfect rest.

NOTES FROM IOWA.

Rev. S. H. Henderson, Presiding Elder of Mount Vernon District, writes:

The 15th National Camp-meeting, held at Cedar Rapids, June 26th to July 4th, was gloriously successful. The lines were extended and the ranks filled, and the witnesses for entire sanctification multiplied. Preachers by scores, and laymen by hundreds, were "purified in their hearts by faith, and received the gift of power." One hundred preachers of the Upper Iowa Conference were present, of whom thirty-five were made clear witnesses that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin. Others had been in the blessed experience of full salvation before the National Camp-meeting, some for thirty years, and some for a shorter period. Many came with prejudice, and a few with strong opposition, by their own confession, but nearly all had these removed before the meeting closed, and I am persuaded that more than half of the preachers of the Upper Iowa Conference are now in full sympathy with the work of entire holiness to the Lord, and at least fifty are in the clear experience of perfect love. More than a hundred ministers in all were enabled to claim full salvation by faith at this meeting, and among them a Presbyterian and a Baptist minister. I have no means of knowing how many were fully saved, but at one time *three hundred and twenty-five* were counted while standing that had been cleansed from all sin during the meeting, and it is safe to say that half as many more may be added to the number of the fully saved. At one of the evening meetings about five hundred were at the altar at one time as earnest seekers of purity, and sinners were powerfully convicted, and some of them converted on the camp-ground, and many have been converted at home since, and the work is still going on.

There is, without doubt, more power for winning souls in the churches of the North-West than ever before; especially is this true in Iowa. There is a very marked change in the character of the quarterly love feasts and in the class and prayer meetings all over the Mount Vernon District. Camp-meetings are multiplying, and Holiness to the Lord will be the leading theme at these places from this time forward. Glory be to God forever and ever. I might give many interesting items of personal experience taken from the testimony of numerous witnesses to entire sanctification, but I leave them to speak for themselves hereafter.

I will do what I can for the "Guide," and continue to regard it as the old Pioneer Magazine on Holiness.

S. H. HENDERSON.

CEDAR RAPIDS, Iowa.

LANDISVILLE CAMP-MEETING.

The Landisville "National" Camp-meeting commenced August 26th. Much prayer had been presented for its prosperity, weeks before its commencement. The Lord heard, and showers of blessings descended on believers. Many were renewed in love, and many sanctified wholly. Brother Wallace of the *Home Journal*, promises his readers to give shortly a detailed account of the meeting, including sermons, love feast testimonies, etc., in volume form.

Correspondence.

THE CAPTIVE FREE.

Have just entered my office. Am feeding on the "bread of life." Oh how sweet Jesus is to me. His precious blood doth cleanse! 'Tis only by the spirit we can comprehend these glorious truths, Oh what liberty! I soar this moment as on eagles' wings. The cry of my heart shall ever be "Holiness unto the Lord," who is such a satisfying portion. The Son has indeed set me free. I have in this a time of refreshing from the presence of the "Mighty to Save," and feel that I could this moment speak to all that could hear, with *great freedom* and power.

A clean heart is indeed pleasing in God's sight. How I do praise Jesus that He has set me free. Yes, free! Where shall I Thy praise begin! This perfect love is indeed a pearl of great price. 'Tis not obtained by worldly wisdom, neither is redemption found in that way, but by my spirit, saith the Lord. How much Glory there is in taking up the Cross daily and following Jesus.

On my way to work I distribute tracts, keeping my eyes open for "opportunities," and Oh how the Lord does bless me in the work. I cannot be quiet, but must while life lasts be endeavoring to spread the glad and glorious tidings of our Redeemer's Kingdom. I love to scatter seed in neglected spots, feeling that there, perhaps, I may find the richest soil. The profits are great for working in the vineyard,—it pays me daily. To as many as will be led by the Spirit, to them He will give power to become the Sons of God. I praise Him for a Sonship! Have been greatly benefited by the Guide, and was struck with the worth of the sentiment in the first number I noticed. My experience is that whosoever will "hunger and thirst after righteousness *shall be* filled." I bless God that He has led me forward to "possess the land." 'Tis a goodly heritage! I see all in Jesus. The heavenly language is easily understood on this ground. Oh, for a closer walk. I feel this very moment, while I write, that the Spirit of the Lord is upon me, and this is the "Valley of Blessings so sweet." Glory! That word, when understood, has a depth of meaning. Truly man does not live "by bread alone"! Oh the power of the spirit to enlighten! If the heart is enlightened, the brain will be clear! There is enough for each, enough for all, and enough forever more! I find that 'Tis the will of God, even my sanctification, and I delight to do Thy will, O Lord! 'Tis all love, and better felt than told.

T. F. DOLAN.

Late Convert to Jesus and evangelical faith, and for about 27 years a publican and sinner, sunk in the "Bonds of Iniquity." The captive is free!

ILLINOIS STATE CAMP MEETING.

Owing to ill health Dr. and Mrs. P., were prevented from attending the Illinois State Camp-meeting for the promotion of Holiness as announced, but a telegram has been received saying, "That the meeting is wonderfully glorious." Further particulars in our next.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

Miscellaneous Gatherings

THANKFULNESS.

If one would give me a dish of sand and tell me there were particles of iron in it, I might look for them with my eyes and search for them with my clumsy fingers, and be unable to detect them; but let me take a magnet and sweep through it, and it would draw to it the most invisible particles by mere power of attraction. The unthankful heart, like my finger in the sand, discovers no mercies; but let the thankful heart sweep through the day, and as the magnet finds the iron, so it will find in every hour, some heavenly blessing. Only the iron in God's sand is gold.

THE HUNGRY ARAB.

An Arab had lost his way in the desert. For two days he had nothing to eat, and was in danger of dying of hunger. He finally came upon one of those water-pits where travellers watered their camels. He saw a small leather sack lying upon the sand. "God be praised!" he exclaimed as he raised it and felt it; "they are, I believe dates or nuts! How I will refresh myself with them!" Filled with this sweet hope, he opened the bag, saw what it contained, and said, full of sadness, "O, they are only pearls!"

The Tuesday Meeting.

Meetings for the promotion of holiness are held at the residence of Dr. Palmer,

316 EAST 15th STREET,

Stuyvesant Park, at 2½ o'clock, every Tuesday after noon.

Luke i. Zecharia's prophecy was read: "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, for He hath visited and redeemed his people," etc. The 437th Hymn was sung, commencing

"Now I have found the ground wherein,
Sure my soul's anchor may remain,
The wounds of Jesus for my sin,
Before the world's foundation slain,
Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,
When heaven and earth are fled away."

Requests for prayer were read, and a brother who asked prayers last week offered praise that prayer had been answered.

Rev. I. M. See and Dr. P. prayed.

JESUS GIVES WHAT WE ASK.

Dr. P.—I love to think of Jesus as being as truly with us, as He was at that marriage feast, when by invitation Jesus and his disciples were present, and when we presented the request to Him in song "Sprinkle me ever with thy blood," that He really did it. I doubt whether we could be more pleasing to God, than if we should all say, Lord I believe thou art willing to save unto the uttermost. Glory be to Jesus, He is here to grant the most enlarged desires of His children,—Jesus is mine. My heart is going out in gratitude to God, that the way grows brighter and that there is eternal youth before us, and even here our friends have their youth renewed like the eagle's.

KEPT BY THE POWER OF GOD.

Rev. H. Belden.—Persons who are seeking sanctification, often say they are afraid they cannot keep the blessing. Dismiss that fear. We live by the moment, "Kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation." The old divines speak of an inward life; it is so. The devil tries to bring me into the outward life, but I take my Bible and go to prayer, and as I cast myself on His promise, the temptation departs. He fills me with peace, the peace of God which passeth all understanding. The devil tempts me to covet some earthly good, and again he tempts me to be wounded at something that has been said, but "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee" takes away the force of the temptation. The power of Jesus meets all the little as well as the great sins into which the devil would lead us. He saves me from sin and from care. How the Lord strengthens, establishes, and settles me. I am kept by the power of God. This is true now. I dont know how it will be an hour hence. I may not live so long, but I am saved by the power of His salvation.

A VOICE.

Mrs. P.—I love to say with St. Paul "Not I, but the grace of God in me." I love to magnify the grace of God. One asked what sort of a meeting this was, and was answered, it is a glorification meeting—they meet to glorify Christ. That is just what I want to do. I have a perfect abhorrence of talking about self. I have not the ability to think a holy thought, let alone to perform a righteous act or speak a useful word, it is all of God. I do trust every moment in Jesus, and I have light in Him. He is my Wisdom, Righteousness, Sanctification and Redemption, and having Christ, I have every thing. When I rise to speak I say, oh Jesus, let the instrumentality be unthought of. John when asked who he was, said, "I am a voice," and when I speak for Christ, I say, oh Jesus let thy voice be heard alone through my lips. Jesus is all to me that I take him for. He saves to the uttermost. I want Christ magnified. Over twenty-five years ago I heard the Rev. John Kennedy preach in Philadelphia. He said, never were there two who began to talk about Jesus either in the social circle or walking by the way, but Jesus himself drew near and made one of the company. The thought of this has been the occasion of my speaking of Jesus perhaps over a thousand times.

LOOK AND LIVE.

Rev. I. M. See.—My feeling, my doctrine, my experience, might be named, "The look and live." The look and live experience. When you meet the tempter or the tempter meets you, the WORD will meet every emergency. It is by looking to Him and His Word. What a mighty spiritual magnetism there is in looking to the Lord Jesus. My prayer has been, dear Lord keep me little, so that Isaac M. See may not be seen. The dear Jesus uses such an instrument as I am to do His work. After I came into this grace, in reading the Bible, the precious words came out as they never did before. I saw Jacob and the angel wrestling. So the dear Lord permitted me to wrestle, Jacob is lame, Jacob falls into the arms of Him with whom he wrestled, and so did I. I fell into the arms of Him with whom I was wrestling. He took me up, and all fear, and all doubt were taken away. I know what it is to be in heaviness, but I do not know since that hour what it is to be in darkness. There is some reason why I should say that if it be His will to take me to day, I say even so, Lord Jesus, come quickly. Every thing is rolled off on Him. Praise Him, I believe I shall rejoice when I see Him coming. Glory be to His name, Jesus is the most precious and most blessed of all names.

CLEAN HEART ATTAINABLE.

Rev. W. McAllister.—The freedom of this meeting is one of its excellencies. Every body that can get the chance is free to speak.

The freedom is that he is at liberty to speak of his denomination or of himself. Whatsoever is said floats off and the meeting is not responsible for what any brother says. We have no controversies. I was a little late today, and did not get hold of the devotional, until Dr. P. said we bless thee oh God for the throne of grace—for the mercy seat, this mercy seat which was built and made of pure gold. What a delightful thing that this mercy seat covers all the *law*. Jesus' blood covers it. That is my comfort. How can I meet this law. The blood of my Saviour of the covenant covers it. Holiness has different views to the world's eye. The rays of light do not get in, so some of us do not present holiness or its whiteness, and purity and truth, as Jesus presents it. A clean heart is attainable here. A well rounded christian experience is what God gives to every one who seeks it. "Sanctify them through thy truth, thy word is truth." I go by the Bible. "You hath he quickened who were dead in trespasses and in sins." A man's faith that is best is that which has been tried and twisted, so that it being tested, is strong like iron.

UNION WITH GOD.

Brother Lathrop.—This will be the last opportunity I shall have of testifying, as I sail for Europe next week. I thank the Lord for what he has done for me, He has graciously *owned* me, and given me the strength and courage to declare this full salvation to others. The Lord helped me the past winter. Jesus has been wonderfully present with me. Last Sunday at my Bible Class, one who has been brought into this grace said, I want you to talk with my brother, who has become a thorough spiritualist. I told him to send him to my house, and last night he and one of the teachers of that organization came. I began by telling them that I had no combativeness in my heart; that the blessed Holy Ghost comes and leads us into union with God. The teacher said he believed it, and they acknowledged they had not seen religion in that light. God reveals himself as a walking, leading Saviour. I feel that this is a place of dear friends, and I hope you will pray for me in my journeyings in England, Scotland and the continent. What I want is the presence, the power, and the guidance of the Holy Ghost, and that these may be mine, make prayer for me.

JESUS KNOWS OUR NAME.

Sister C.—How I praise the Lord for his blessed word. How I love the Bible. Enquire for the old paths, the good way. Jesus is the way, the truth and the life. If any man will be my disciple, says Jesus, let him deny himself, take up his cross and follow me. My soul is following hard after Jesus. Acknowledge the Lord in all thy way and He shall direct thy steps. I felt averse to joining a church where the sisters did not take part in the services. The way was opened in answer to prayer. Jesus knows all about us. I am so glad he knows our names, and the street in which we live, and the house. Cornelius was told that Peter could be found with Simon the Tanner in the street that was called "Strait." Jesus knows all about us. It will be so sweet to meet in heaven. How many have gone from this meeting to glory washed in the blood of the Lamb. It seems they are not far from us. Let us stand up for Jesus and not be ashamed of His cause. Oh that the Lord would help us to behave ourselves wisely in a perfect way.

CHRIST GIVES VICTORY.

Dr. Ball.—In so large a company as is here, it occurred to me, that there may be some who need to be healed. Who came here to be healed, longing for this higher and richer knowledge of Christ? This Scripture is exactly adapted to such, that Christ heals those who need to be healed. Christ meets the wants of all. As the tide of the ocean when it rises fills every nook, so the love of God is able to fill every soul, to fill every definite want; to give you by faith in Him the victory over yourselves. What abundant testimony that Christ saves. May some say that this afternoon I received Jesus. This is a receptive state.

LET JESUS SHINE.

Mrs. S.—These words, "We have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God and not of us," comes to me so often. I am so glad that the Lord adapts His blessings to our work. We are not in heaven yet. It is a world of trial. We are not all perfect. I wish I was. I am not perfect in all the graces. I am perfect so far as I trust the efficacy of the blood of Jesus. The question is, what is grace doing for me here? I am not dwelling in the future state,—Jesus will

take care of that. It is here, that *Jesus*, simply Jesus, becomes more and more. It means every thing I have that is good. Do let Jesus shine. Do let people hear Jesus in your gentle loving voice, even when talking to your enemies. It is not any thing in myself that is to shine. Get self out of the way, and let Christ shine. Do think whether the Lord is in this and that. What a luminous world we shall have when Jesus shines in us all. What wonderful things He is doing for us. How dark we should be without His light. The only comfort I had in a late journey was the fact that Jesus would be with me if an accident occurred. I forgot all about the terrors of the journey. He delivered me. I have to say that what I am, I am only by grace, it is the grace of the Lord Jesus. What a mighty book the Bible is. "Trust in the Lord and do good, so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed." Whilst I can do nothing, Christ can do all things. Without Him I am perfect weakness, but with Him I can do all things. Let people condemn and controvert. Truth is able to take care of itself. It always has a mighty power, which the gainsayers could not resist in Christ's time. I said to an objector, don't censure people who profess holiness; they do not come up to your idea, but cling to, and present the truth. We are not set to judge people. I used to be severe towards others, and their censures of me were very uncomfortable, but now I have a better way, and instead of defending people, urge only the *truth* which is immutable and cannot be overthrown.

Rev. J. Parker.—How much the doctrine of holiness has to carry, on account of the infirmities of those who profess the experience. The Holy Ghost expects to produce the fruits of the Spirit on every branch and twig. Oh how I love to see the face of a clean pure saint. What is this meeting worth, unless it girds us to do what we can for our fellow men.

UTTERMOST SALVATION.

A Sister.—The command of Jesus to his followers to let their light shine, has interested me very much. The dear pastor on whose ministry I attended used to say, the sun was put in the heavens to shine, and it could not do otherwise. So if Jesus be in us, He will shine. He is my all and in all. He is my strength—my refuge—"His name shall be called Jesus for He shall save his people from their sins." He saves me every hour. At home, in the meeting, in life, and in death it is Jesus. I am trusting in Him who saves me to the uttermost.

ANOINTING TO SAVE SOULS.

Rev. N. P. Graves, Baptist Minister.—I want to say a few words about this great salvation. Jesus has been teaching me more and more, that ever after a soul is converted, He leaves that soul in this world, that it may bring another soul to Jesus. If it was my only object after conversion to become holy, Jesus could at once have made me holy, and taken me to heaven. I am here but rarely, but always when here, the key note of the meeting is the anointing, to be able to win souls. The last time I was here, I asked your prayers for my work out West. Since then I have held twenty-five series of meetings, scores and hundreds and it may be thousands have been blest. Somewhere very near this place many years ago, I found my soul panting for the divine touch, so that I might glorify Jesus, in being able to win souls. Nothing of self. Self has been forgotten. How I have been enabled to sing

"Oh how I love Jesus."

I feel that if a man, woman or child love Jesus, they need this anointing. I go next week to Wisconsin to meet a large number of Ministers. I want God to give me humility. I say it intelligently, I am not afraid to ask God to make me humble.

A Sister.—I want to say that I am kept by the power of God through faith. I am so glad that I ever met here, for it was in this meeting that I was brought into this precious grace.

Children's Corner.

FUNERAL AT THE BAY-SIDE.

MRS. PHŒBE PALMER.

Last night, by the quiet bay-side, at a farm-house a little above Sea Cliff, L. I., the sweet spirit of a little darling daughter of Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Steele took its flight to paradise. This evening, with other friends residing at Sea Cliff, we gathered at the house of mourning. It was the first funeral service that had occurred amid the group of friends

at this picturesque place of rural beauty ; the scene was new, and the circumstances touching.

It was but a three-year-old child whose beautiful form lay in the casket awaiting burial, yet there was a sublimity in the manner of her leaving the shores of time that to the skeptic may seem incredible. Little Emma Louisa Steele, on Monday, July 14, began to be indisposed, and her illness increased till, on the Monday succeeding, in the still hour of evening, her sweet spirit flew to the arms of Jesus.

Just before she departed she called for her papa, mamma, brothers, and sisters, and, bidding them all good-bye, said, "I am going to Jesus." Other little ones to whom she was endeared being present, looking on all, she prayed, "Lord, bless all the children, for Christ's sake. Amen." Her papa saw his darling was sinking, and he attempted to give her a reviving cordial. She exclaimed, "I am done now,' and she passed away, leaving the brightness of a seraph-smile on the lifeless clay. Who could witness such a scene and doubt the divinity of our holy Christianity?

Rev. Dr. De Puy, Rev. W. W. Bowdish, and Dr. Palmer (by request) took part in the funeral services. Peculiar appropriateness and affecting simplicity marked the services of the hour. Fashionable funeral ceremonials would have marred the sanctity of the scene. We felt that angel watchers were there guarding the dust, and, above all, that the Lord of angels was there.

So we sang a hymn to Jesus, who had taken the infant to Himself. In subdued tones the waiting ones joined in the words,

> "Rock of Ages cleft for me,
> Let me hide myself in Thee."

Dr. P. spoke of Rev. J. D. Finley's visit to heaven, where he saw the beautiful angel-child that he fain would have grapsed to show to the weeping mothers of earth, assured if they might witness such a sight they would never shed another tear over their lost ones, etc. We then sung :

> "I will sing you a song of that beautiful land,
> The far-away home of the soul,
> Where the storms never beat o'er the glittering strand,
> While the years of eternity roll."

Dr. De Puy then made some very interesting remarks, giving the particulars of the remarkable translation of the little one to the shores of immortality ; and then, with singular appropriateness, the company joined in singing :

> "Shall we gather at the river,
> Where bright angel-feet have trod?"

The benediction was pronounced by Rev. Mr. Sargent, and the company dispersed. On the morrow the remains will be borne away by the steamer *Arrowsmith* toward the last resting-place, Utica, N. Y.

SEA CLIFF, July 23d.

CHRIST TAKES NO SILENT PARTNERS.

A minister was recently called upon by a business man, who said:

"I come, sir, to inquire if Jesus Christ will take me into the concern as a silent partner."

"Why do you ask?" said the minister.

"Because I want to be a member of the firm, and do not wish anybody to know it," said the man.

The reply was, "Christ takes no silent partners. The firm must be 'Jesus Christ & Co.,' and the names of the Co., though they may occupy a subordinate place, must all be written out on the signboard."

Book Notices.

LECTURES AND ADDRESSES, by the Rev. Morley Punshon, L.L.D. This celebrated Preacher and Lecturer has consented to have his best efforts of the pulpit and rostrum published. This volume contains the following Lectures, which have been listened to by tens of thousands of lecture-goers, who will remember them as brilliant productions from an acknowledged genius. "John Wesley and his Times"—"Florence and the Florentines"—"The Huguenots and their persecutors"—"John Bunyan and his times"—"Daniel in Babylon"—"Macaulay." The volume also contains an Original Essay entitled, "A Pilgrimage to American Shrines." And the following Sermons, "Kindness to the Poor." "The Salvation of Israel," "The Transfiguration of Christ." "The Lord's Supper." The character and value of the Lectures are too well-known to the public to require any introduction from us. The titles of them alone, to those who have heard them delivered, carry a commendation eletric in its unison with the audience to whom they have been addressed. Those who have not read them will find in them Treasures of Wisdom, and Mines of Eloquent Thought which will stir the heart of the reader as well as the listener.

The volume contains 400 crown octavo pages, and is printed on superfine tinted paper. It has also a fine steel portrait of the author, and is bound in extra cloth, with a full gilt side, back, and top. Price $2,50. In full morocco gilt extra $4.00. W. C. Palmer, Jr., Publisher, 14 Bible House, New York.
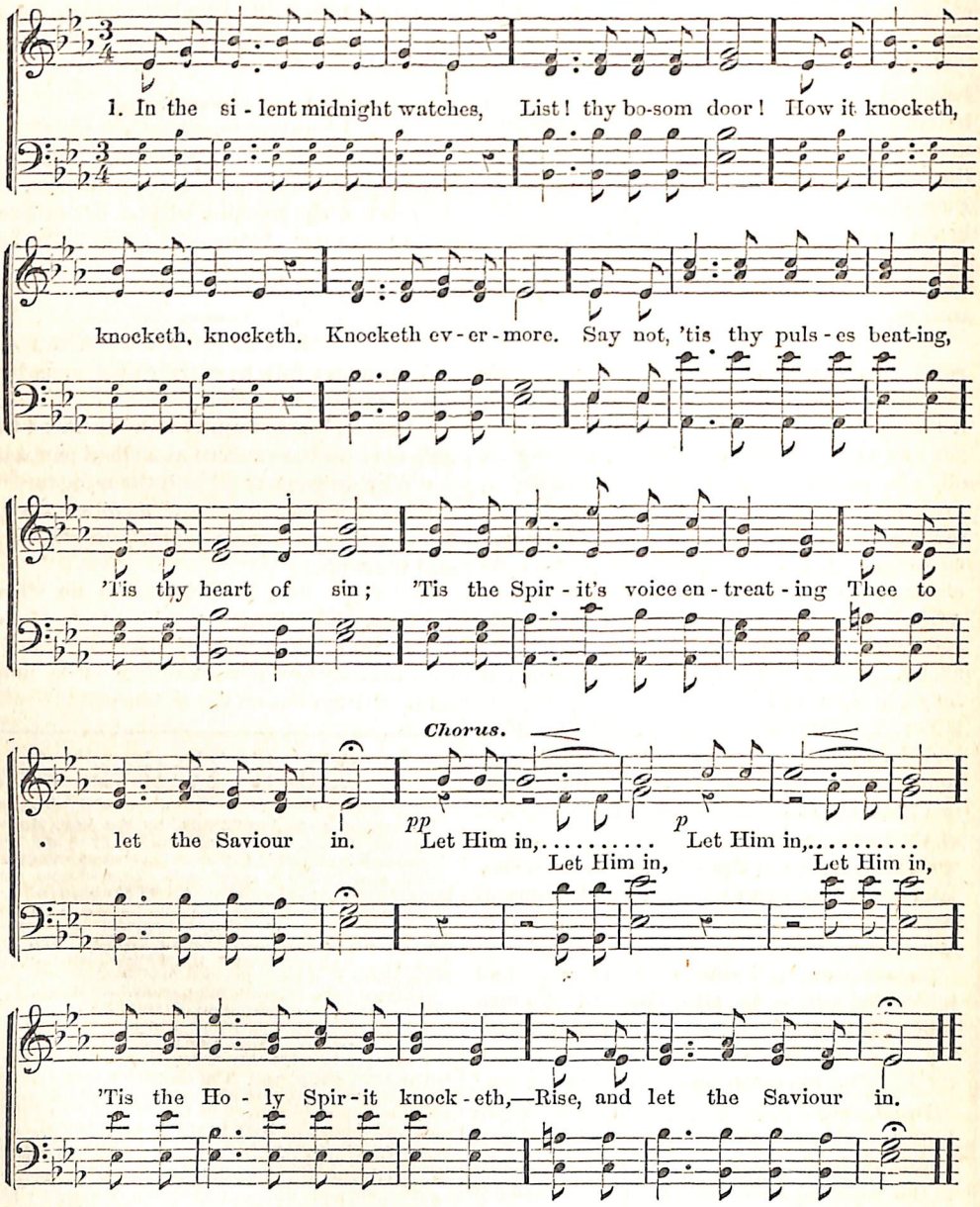
DAYS OF POWER. By Rev. G. Hughes. Just received. Will be reviewed in our next.

OUTLINE OF BIBLE HISTORY. By Rev. John F. Hurst. Nelson & Phillips.

A very concise and useful work for Bible students.

THE HEAVENLY VISITOR.

Con espressione. Music by ASA HULL. By permission.



2 Death comes down with ruthless footstep
To the hall and hut—
Think you death will stand there knocking
When thy door is shut?
Jesus waiteth, waiteth, waiteth,
But thy door is fast;
Grieved, away the Saviour turneth,
Death breaks in the door at last.
Let him in, etc.

3 Then 'tis time to stand entreating
Christ to let *thee* in;
At the gate of heaven beating,
Wailing for thy sin.
Nay, alas! thou foolish creature,
Can it be forgot?
Jesus waited long to know thee,
But he then will know thee not.
Let him in, etc.

Guide to Holiness.

OCTOBER, 1873.

PRAISE TO JESUS.

REV. HENRY VARLEY, OF ENGLAND.

How striking are the words of Jesus, "'He that believeth in Me, as the Scripture hath said, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water.' But this spake He of the Spirit, which they that believe on Him should receive, for the Holy Ghost was not yet given, because that Jesus was not yet glorified." (John vii. 38.)

I cannot refrain from telling your readers how largely I have been blessed during the past few weeks. My object is to render praise to Him who has done great things for me, and to express my deep conviction, that in an age in which the progress of commerce, science, and all kinds of worldly enterprise challenges attention and absorbs human life, we who serve the living God shall, nay, do sing, "Thou hast girded me with strength unto the battle."

For many years I have known the Lord, and "my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour." The precious blood of Jesus hath made me nigh to God, and it sums up in atonement, cleansing, redemption, and life, all that the great love of God could bestow.

Believing His word, I have rested for many years in the peace of personal salvation. I may add to this that I have been much used of Him in preaching the Gospel, and have helped to strengthen His people by the testimony of His word, and the silent power of a consecrated life. Nevertheless, I must acknowledge that I have been conscious of an experience precisely similar to that of Israel in the wilderness—here an oasis, there a tract of sand; here fountains of water, there parched places; here success, there failure; here joy, there sorrow; here the spirit of prayer, there prayerlessness; here deep sympathy with souls, and there barrenness; here filled with love, and there cold; here at rest, and there peevish and irritable.

A few weeks since the Lord graciously brought me in contact with dear Pearsall Smith. After some converse as brethren in Christ, he asked me, "Is that promise fulfilled in your life—'Thou wilt keep him in *perfect peace* whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in Thee' (Isa. xxvi. 3); and again, 'Be careful for nothing, but in everything, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God. And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus' (Phil. iv. 7); and once more, Christ says, 'These things have I spoken unto you, that My joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be *full*' (John xv. 11). Now, during the past week, have you had absence of care, *unbroken peace* and *fulness of joy?*"

I answered, "No, I have not.'

I pray that his answer may be carefully considered.

"THERE IS A CAUSE. God is able to fulfil His promises in the experience of His children, and mark you, these are *only a few out of hundreds of such promises.*"

I was startled. I had never been asked such questions in my life before. I had never heard these matters preached about as facts of constant realization. I was painfully conscious that I had known very much care and anxiety; that my peace was intermittent, and much of my life joyless. With no little concern I asked, "Can this be altered?"

My brother's reply was, "For nearly six years, my communion with God has been almost uninterrupted. I do not say I have not known failure, but in the very first moment of its consciousness, I have been restored. My life in the midst of business as one of the heads of a very large manufacturing and commercial establishment, has been continuous joy in God, and is so at this moment. Oh the sweetness, the blessedness of this fulness of joy and peace! and the Lord has increased my service for Him tenfold since I learned to trust Him fully every moment."

I saw plainly enough that such an experience—*the realized power of an indwelling Christ*, must be (to use a mechanical figure) like exchanging hand power for steam, and I longed for the unhindered flow of these living waters.

Truthfully I can say that the Spirit of the Lord brought to my mind scores of divine promises in those precious hours. Like beams of light, they waited until my understanding grappled with one simple intelligent proposition, and now they fill the vision of my soul. How strange that for years I had never seen the following, but I had not, and therefore I the more readily make it known: When I was seeking peace with God, more than twenty years since, the words, "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin," and "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life," *gave me rest.* I well remember how I wished to feel that I was saved; but salvation came when I turned from my feelings, to trust the love and grace of God in Christ Jesus our Lord. This simple principle of faith in God I failed to apply to His promises for all earthly needs, for peace, for joy, for love, for strength in service, in suffering; indeed, for everything which could be or happen. Hence, instead of faith being superior to circumstances and experience, circumstances hindered me, and experience turning in upon self again and again, brought me into bondage; and as a result, unbelief prevailed. I *now* saw very plainly that it must be a constant re-application of trust in the promises—like Abraham, who "staggered not at the promise of God through unbelief, but was strong in faith, giving glory to God." Hundreds of promises which stud the firmament of the divine Word have been to me distant, beautiful, and fair, brilliant as the rainbow, and often as transient. *Now* they are mine. I believe them because my Father says so. Ours is the believing, *His the fulfilling.* And verily, "there are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises, that by these ye might be partakers of the divine nature, having escaped the corruption which is in the world through lust." Through faith I *have* obtained promises, and my soul is filled out of His fulness. "The kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost."

I did not wait until *I felt* that I was filled. I believed, and faith met the resources of the exalted Christ, and from His fulness I received to overflowing. Oh, blessed Lord! how can I enough praise Thee?" "O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt His name together." If the exercise of faith in two or three of God's promises be so blessed, what must be the unutterable joy of those who know really "That ALL the promises of God are in Him yea, and in Him Amen (so be it) unto the glory of God by us." (2 Cor. i. 20.)

So deep, so impetuous was the flow of love, joy, and peace, that I understand now what Peter says, "In whom, though now ye see Him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory." (1 Pet. i. 8.)

Thus is the promise at the commencement of this paper being fulfilled, and I expect it in the future "more and more unto the perfect day." *God is able.*

I am not surprised to see men of large

wealth and noble rank in possession of abundance. To use a figure: Can it be that the children of God have £50,000 a year to spend, and that they live upon £100 of it? They may well keep a mean house and a poor table! Everything depends upon the power. I went to Liverpool the other day in five hours, with three stoppages only. Of course, I had no desire to say to the friend who met me at Lime street, "What *ability* I *have;* I have come from London in so little time." I put it ALL DOWN to the energy of the engine at the front of the train. Even thus the power is of the living Father, who says, "I will dwell in them, and walk in them." (2 Cor. vi. 16.)

Have *we* no spiritual equivalents to the many forces which are moving the world so mightily? Is there no power by which *we* shall challenge the thought and attention of our fellow men, and make the followers of worldly greatness say, "These men have sources of wealth and power that our knowledge and money cannot yield"? *There is.* "*We are not straitened in Him*, but in our own bowels. Now for a recompense in the same (I speak as unto my children), be ye also enlarged" (2 Cor. vi. 13). "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven." (Matt. v. 16.)

(*Concluded in our next.*)

For the Guide.

THEN AND NOW.

MRS. L. H. BAKER.

"Now I know in part, but then shall I know even as also I am known." 1st Cor. 13, 14.

From the glorious hereafter,
When the veil is swept away,
I shall know with perfect knowledge
What I marvel at to-day:
I shall trace the wondrous leadings
Of a faultless Hand Divine—
All my life look's hidden meaning,
I shall read it line by line.

How the all things work together
For my good I then shall see,
And adore with rapturous praises
For the crosses laid on me!
I shall learn why came the tempest
To my sunny sky so soon—
And why my sweetest blossoms
Were faded e'er the noon.

I am willing to walk softly,
Closely clinging to Christ's Hand—
With each footstep drawing nearer
To my blessed Fatherland.
Drawing nearer to the brightness
Of mine Elder Brother's smile;
Only parted from His presence
And His love "a little while."

I am willing to rest sweetly
While my bark rocks on the wave,
For I know the faithful helmsman,
The Mighty One to save!
And why should I be looking
For shoals and sands afar—
When the eye that never slumbers
Sees where the breakers are?

Oh heart! thou canst not murmur,
Abide thou still at peace!
Thine is the Love of Calvary,
A Love that cannot cease!
The One Love Everlasting,
And in its strong embrace—
Nor earth nor heaven shall give thee
So sure a resting-place.

By all the loving kindness,
Which drew thee long ago;—
By all the tides of blessing,
Which thro' thy new life flow;
By all the hallowed memories,
By the pure hopes that rise,
And shine with fadeless brightness,
Within earth's clouded skies.

By these cling on unfaltering
To the eternal cross—
For its dear sake contented
To count all things but loss—
At night be faith thy pillow,
And prayer thy bread at morn—
The righteousness of Jesus
Thy "white robe," daily worn.

So, singing "Hallelujah"
Along the changeful way—
Scarce shalt thou know the moment
When breaks the endless day!
Some angel hand shall lead thee
Aside a little space,—
And Lo, thou shalt be standing
Before "The Master's" Face.

NEWPORT, Pa.

THE BIBLE.

"In no written or printed work are there found such inimitable word-paintings as in the Bible. It is a 'Multum in favor' of the good and the beautiful, and an inexhaustable treasury for the pencil and burin of the artist, and for the tongue of the orator."

A VOICE FROM WESLEY.

Spitalfields was a densely populated part of London, but the people were poor; and some of Wesley's stewards proposed to give it up; hence the following letter:

"PEMBROKE, *Aug.* 6, 1768.

"MY DEAR BRETHREN: The thing that you mention is of no small concern, and ought not to be determined hastily. Indeed, it would be easy to answer, if we consider only how to save money; but we are to consider also how to save souls. Now, I doubt whether we should act wisely in this respect, were we to give up the chapel of Spitalfields. We have no other preaching-place in or near that populous quarter of the town, and a quarter which, upon one account, I prefer before almost any other—that the people in general are more simple, and less confused by any other preachers. I think, therefore, it would not be well to give up this, if we could gain a thousand pounds thereby. I should look upon it as selling the souls of men for money—which you will give us in due time, without this. That many who live near the Foundry would be glad of it, I allow, because it would save them trouble; but neither can I put the saving of trouble in competition with the saving of souls.

"I am, my dear brethren,

"Your affectionate brother,

"JOHN WESLEY."

Well does Rev. Mr. Tyerman say, "Poor Spitalfields! Noble Wesley! Let the fashionable Methodists of the present generation ponder such sentiments as these, and hesitate before they abandon their old chapels, because surrounded by the abject and the poor, and because keeping them open involves expense and trouble. Woe, woe to the Methodists if they ever turn their backs upon the poor, or build such fashionable and expensive churches that the poor are shut out; or abandon their former places of worship because the poor are setting in around them. "The poor have the gospel preached unto them." May none of us be ashamed to be their ministers.

"WHAT I GAVE THAT I HAVE."

MRS. PHŒBE PALMER.

On an old grave-stone the subjoined quaint words stand engraved—"What I spent, that I had; what I kept, that I have lost; what I gave, that I have." There is a solemn significance in these words, that it would be well for all to ponder.

I had a friend who was an uncommon man. In his earlier career of business life he made a resolve, to which with pious carefulness all along to the close of about threescore years he closely adhered. He belonged to a family of some wealth, who, in worldly phrase, might have been called aristocratic.

After having passed a portion of his young manhood at old Yale College, he left the parental roof to try the fortunes of business life in New York. An amount of means, moderate, yet sufficiently large for his father to risk, were placed at his disposal. His first experiment was a failure, and he returned to his father's house, sad that his *debut* into the business world had not been more successful.

Again he left the paternal roof, and through the kindness of a father, who, though not flushed with means, placed a sufficient portion at his command to enable his dutiful son to enter upon a moderate business career. On his way from New Haven to New York, with feelings perhaps akin to the patriarch Jacob, when in young manhood he left his father's house, our friend G. P. S. also "vowed a vow, saying, *If God will be with me, and will keep me in the way that I go, and will give me bread to eat, and raiment to put on, then shall the Lord be my God, and of all that Thou shalt give me, I will surely give the tenth unto Thee.*"

He who prospered Jacob, prospered our friend. We must not say he had no tests to his faith and patience by occasional straits, incident to business life. These he had, but it was really beautiful to observe how subservient even these were made to the higher purposes of life.

By way of illustration we will state an incident out of perhaps more than a score of similar bearing. One morning, as he was about to obey his benevolent

promptings, and call on a poor widow, he was reminded that he had but one dollar in his pocket.

"You certainly must not call on that widow this morning," whispered an evil genius, "for if you do, you may be tempted to give it." He purposed rather that he would not do what might seem so inconsistent, but still felt that he could not deny himself the privilege of calling.

He found that her needs were unusually pressing, and, ere he left, concluded that the last dollar was the Lord's money, and as the widow needed it to meet present emergencies more than he did, she must have it. "Providence is God in motion," and from this point Providence favored him quite beyond former precedent. Ere the day closed, the dollar given to the widow had been returned to him sixty fold.

And now a prosperous business career fairly commenced. The tenth of the sixty fold was hastily returned to the heavenly Giver, and thus with all future entrustments, till he was able years in succession to cast thousands of dollars, and even tens of thousands into the Lord's treasury.

Among other good resolves, made in early life, was one which we think of marked importance. It was this, *that he would never be a rich man.* A certain amount he regarded as needful to meet emergencies. His business required a capital. Thirty thousand dollars was the maximum. Anything above this he thought might endanger him, by bringing him under the appellation, "*rich.*" Here he fixed a boundary over which he would not pass. Till he arrived at this point he not only strictly gave the tenth, but as occasion required much more.

After reaching it, he resolved to give all. In the meantime he was careful of his own and his family expenditures. Ever mindful of the fact that he was but a *steward* for his Lord, he was studiously careful to avoid sumptuous living, or anything that might favor the appearance of grandeur in style, either in his choice of residence or in household equipage. And thus he passed the days of his pilgrimage, in blessing and being blest, scattering sunlight on sorrow's dark pathway, wherever he went.

Never have I known a more truly unostentatious giver. He gave not merely because it was a duty, but regarded it a high privilege to be counted worthy to be a dispenser of his Lord's goods. When friends occasionally spoke of his deeds as noble, the well meant eulogium would bring a shade of sadness over his benignant countenance, and we have heard him on such occasions exclaim about thus, "What do I *sacrifice* for God in comparison to many others?" It was the widow that gave her last mite, that cast into the Lord's treasury, more than those who gave of their abundance. It is only when we cast in that which *costs* us something, that we *really sacrifice* to God.

A few months before his death, and while still in comfortable health, he was called to pass through a most trying ordeal in connection with his business. Through the failure of the United States Bank he lost nearly all his property. Though pained with the thought that he might not possibly be able to meet all his liabilities, yet rejoicing amid tribulation, he exultingly said to the writer, "How thankful I am for that which I have had the privilege of *giving away!* Had all been treasured in the U. S. Bank, all would have been swept away, but that which I have treasured up in heaven cannot be touched."

It was then our dear friend felt the blessed significance of our Lord's precious words, "Lay not up for *yourselves* treasure upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal, but lay up for yourselves treasure in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal; for where your treasure is, there will your heart be also."

But my friend knew not that he was so soon to pass through the vail, and go to enjoy his treasure in heaven. Time is but the dressing-room for eternity, and in a few short months we were called to the last affecting ministrations of friendship. And such a death-bed! No, we

must not speak of it as a death-bed. His bridal hour! The Bridegroom had come. That a convoy of ministering spirits were awaiting the release of his purified spirit, was such a felt realization, that the aids of faith were scarcely wanting.

During his illness, we had witnessed a remarkable verification of the words of the Faithful and True, it was well nigh open vision, "Blessed is he that considereth the poor; the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble; the Lord will strengthen him upon the bed of languishing; thou wilt make all his bed in his sickness." But O when death as a smiling porter came, to open the door by which he was to be introduced into the presence chamber of the King of kings, how his eye brightened, and his beckoning hand seemed to say "I come." Thus passed away our noble friend George P. Shipman, brother-in-law to the late lamented Dr. Payson.

For the Guide.

NO FRIEND LIKE JESUS.

REV. JAMES WILSON.

There is no friend like Jesus,
In this wide world of ours,
For He from sorrow frees us,
And strews our path with flowers.

There is no friend like Jesus,
When darkness gathers 'round;
For then, with joy and gladness,
He makes our hearts to bound.

There is no friend like Jesus,
So constant, true, and kind,
So full of love and pity—
So holy and refined.

There is no friend like Jesus,
To succor the oppressed;
To help the poor and needy,
And comfort the distressed.

There is no friend like Jesus,
To drive away our fears;
To heal our wounded spirits,
And wipe away our tears.

There'll be no friend like Jesus,
When at death's door we lay;
There'll be no friend like Jesus,
When comes the judgment day.

ADRIAN, Mich.,

For the Guide.

A WORD TO THE SORROWING.

ROSA O BAKER.

Is there a suffering, sorrowing soul groping his way in the dark? Are you walking through the fiery furnace of affliction, and thinking that God deals hardly with you? Then listen! I have waded through a sea of trouble, and it seemed for years as though the waters would surely overwhelm me. But I cried unto the Lord from the deep, and he heard me and brought me to the Rock of Faith, and now, though my feet touch the waves, I cling to the rock and am safe.

Therefore I sympathize with you, dear suffering soul. I want you to be happy, and I unhesitatingly tell you that there is, for you, a higher life than the one you are leading. God has placed you in just that position in life in which, if *you choose*, you can best work out your own salvation. Perhaps he has placed you where you are terribly tried—you may be in distress through the sins of others. Well! there are thousands of people all over the world, who are suffering thus, and each one through faith, may claim the blessed promise that "All things shall work together for the good of those that love God." It is your privilege to be *holy*, and if you are so, you will have grace to bear, cheerfully, for Christ's sake, whatever He may put upon you to do or bear.

But you say, "My trials are peculiar, and human nature will not bear the pressure." No! human nature will not, but grace will, and that is just the reason I want *you* to be sanctified. Those Christians who have not such heavy crosses as you have, may possibly get to Heaven with a little less grace, but the probability is, that unless *you* are *fully* sanctified to Christ, you will give up your hope and become a castaway. Your trials may be peculiar, but they are just *the* trials that God sees you need in order to become pure in heart. If you have unusual trouble, you need a large amount of grace, and this God will give you if you will only ask Him in *faith*. Whatever your situation in life

may be, just go to your Heavenly Father, tell Him all about it, and ask Him for blessings, spiritual or temporal, as the case demands, and your prayer *will be* answered, only be sure to remember the words of the promise, "*According to thy faith*, be it unto thee."

For the Guide.

FIFTY YEARS' WALK WITH JESUS.

MRS. MARY D. JAMES.

(*Continued from page 74.*)

The enemy of all good could not be expected to be an idle spectator in such a scene as this. A work so glorious, and promising such incalculable good to precious souls, and such extension of the Redeemer's kingdom, could not be allowed to go on without mighty and persistent efforts on his part to check its progress.

A TERRIBLE ASSAULT

awaited her whose heart was so deeply interested in that blessed work. After the meeting had been held for several months, and many had been gathered under its widening influence, one day her pastor came in with a cloud on his brow, and evidently under excitement. "I have come to see you about that *holiness meeting: it must be stopped!*" he said. Astounded at such an announcement, she asked for his reason for thus having changed his mind, and desiring to stop a meeting which was productive of so much good. He replied, "I think it is time to stop this excitement about holiness, when it is causing some of our most useful leaders to give up their classes. Brother C. gave me his class-book this morning, saying he could not lead his class any longer unless he was wholly sanctified. He did not consider himself capable of instructing and guiding those under his care without being himself made pure in heart. "I consider him," he added, "about as good a man as we have in the Church, and we can't afford to lose such leaders. And other leaders are talking the same way. I don't know what is going to be the end of this thing, I'm afraid it will ruin the Church. I understand that in one of our cities it has run into 'Perfectionism,' and 'the holy club' think themselves too good to mingle with their brethren and sisters in the church, and have their own holiness meetings when the stated meetings in the church are being held, thus absenting themselves from their post of duty, and depriving the Church of their services, and I'm afraid it will result in the same thing here."

Deeply pained at such language from her pastor, she burst into tears, and expressed her astonishment that he should entertain such ideas. She asked him if he had seen any indications that those persons who attended the meetings at her house were entertaining any such erroneous views, and if any one of them had been absent from his or her post of duty? Had they not been even more faithful in their Church relations and duties since than before they had become interested in the subject of holiness? He had to admit that there was "*nothing* to be *alleged against them*, and *said they were the most faithful members of the Church.*" Then she said, wont you please wait until you discover that the meetings are really doing harm before you break them up? Will it not be all in time when the first indications of evil results appear? As to the brother who wishes to relinquish his office as class-leader, the meetings at our house are not to be charged with that, for he has never attended one of them. If he had he would probably have entered into the blessed experience which he feels to be so essential to his usefulness, and now, instead of his giving you his class-book, he would feel it to be his greatest delight to lead his flock into the green pastures of perfect love. Would it not be better for him to be advised to avail himself of all the *helps to the attainment* of this most desirable qualification for successful work in Christ's vineyard? To attend those means of grace for that specific object would afford him just the aid he needs. If brother C. had the *full baptism of the Spirit* he would be a much greater power in the Church than he has ever been, and so would be the other leaders to whom you allude. It is *just what they*

specially need, and I am truly glad to hear that the Spirit of God is showing them their need. You will please excuse me if I remind you that at the beginning of this good work, which has resulted in so much good to the Church, and the conversion of two hundred souls, you expressed the very same sentiment in the meetings, and that the Church needed the purifying baptism of holy fire; and you specially desired that it might fall upon *yourself* and the *class-leaders*. Will you bear with me, my dear pastor, if I give full expression to the convictions of my mind, and the feelings of my heart on this subject? for I do feel it to be one of *infinite importance, involving the best interests of the Church—the salvation of souls, and the glory of God.* By this time the pastor's heart had become very tender, for the Good Spirit had been "taking of the things of God, and showing them unto him," and several times during the conversation his eyes had indicated that his heart was moved, and his mind enlightened to see the truth. He said, "go on, sister, say all that is in your heart." Well, then, I must say I think *Satan is at the bottom of this opposition.* He knows that if *this work goes on his kingdom will suffer serious loss*, and so he is determined to throw obstacles in the way of its progress: he has shown his wisdom in chosing *our pastor* as the instrument which could most effectually accomplish the object, and, therefore, suggested to your mind to oppose the meetings for the promotion of holiness; and, shall I further say, that all this is doubtless *the result of your failure to claim your privilege in Christ in entering into full liberty.* I have observed with deep sorrow the declension of your interest on this subject for weeks past: and now Satan, taking advantage of your condition of mind, has injected those ideas of the danger of extremes, errors, etc., in connection with this subject, and you make them the basis of your opposition to the work of holiness.

The Holy Spirit convinced him at once of the truth of what had been said, and he frankly acknowledged that he believed he had been under the influence of the evil one, and asked forgiveness for the manner in which he had spoken; admitted the truth of all that had been said to him, and gave his *full consent for the continuance of the meetings!* Thus was the adversary defeated, and a glorious victory for God achieved! From that time no more obstacles from that source were thrown in the way of the car of salvation which moved on gloriously, receiving many more travellers on Zion's pathway, and bearing the inscription on its front,

"HOLINESS TO THE LORD."

Though there were some who would fain have had that *distinctive name* erased—and in subsequent years even ministers would have expunged it—yet *there it remained*, and year after year those meetings were perpetuated, and their hallowing influence felt in the Church, and even in the pulpit—for even when the pastor gave no countenance to them, and in some cases opposed them, the prayers of the "*holy band*" (as they were termed in derision) were bringing down upon him, and his congregation, the blessings of Heaven! They "had power with God, and prevailed," for He was always in their midst, and signally revealed Himself as the Hearer of prayer in bestowing richest grace in answer to their petitions. For *sixteen years* those meetings were held in that abode, and the inmates felt their house to be blessed as was the "house of Obed Edom, where the Ark of God rested." During that period the blessings resulting from those special meetings can never be numbered or estimated this side of the new Jerusalem. The souls washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb that have already gone up to mingle with the glorified throng, and those still on this side Jordan showing the power of the blood that cleanseth—who either directly or indirectly through those means of grace have been brought in the rest of full redemption—cannot be numbered until "Jesus shall come to make up His jewels."

The church which was thus blessed was called for many years the *garden spot of Methodism in New Jersey.*

For the Guide.

CHRIST IN YOU.

The following interesting correspondence is from our gifted friend Miss Edith Rowley, grand daughter of the eminent commentator, Dr. Adam Clark of England.

DEAREST M.: I do not doubt that you have indeed received from your Saviour's hand, the gift of perfect love. But recollect, for it will prevent needless questionings, that perfect love is not perfect holiness in degree, but "perfecting holiness." Do you see the difference? Holiness, not perfected at once, but put upon a new process of perfecting, by the introduction into the soul of a far higher and stronger instrument of purity than it had heretofore known, which St. John calls "Perfect Love." I quite agree with what Mr. L—— told you about the risings of evil and am glad you have so judicious an adviser in a way that is untried to you. You ask me about my own experience. I will give you some on the very point that seems to have perplexed you. I believe I should have gone on in the losing and regaining way, on every rising of temptation that is so common with young beginners, but for one truth the spirit taught me, which was, that I had received by faith an indwelling of Christ, which none but those who love Him entirely can ever know; or perhaps it would be putting things in fitter order, to say that none but those who have this indwelling, can love perfectly. And it was this inliving of the Holy One, which secured the crucifixion of the old nature and the habitual cleansing from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, thus perfecting holiness.

As St. Paul puts it, "I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me, and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave Himself for me." I felt it was the life of Christ realized after this new and higher style, which was the daily and hourly death unto sin. If unbelief or, unwatchfulness relaxed *Faith's* hold on the all conquering Saviour, sin revived as a matter of course, the crucifying energy was withdrawn, but I learned to look upon the resisted risings of evil only as the struggles of a crucified man, who in law and in power was already dead. I remember one day, I had gone on for a long time without feeling any rising of temptation to anger or anything else that I then recognized as evil. I began to reason that there must be some radical change in me, that the tendency to temptation was really extirpated; when within an hour, such a silly and almost causeless fretfulness arose in my mind as effectually warned me off from the error on which I was verging.

I am indeed rejoiced to hear of the conversions in your Sunday-school class, but let me remind you here that it is not you, but Christ that does these works. In this respect as much as in any other, I have found the joy and repose of an inworking Saviour. For I have had seasons of comparative inactivity, which I should inevitably have considered declension, if I had not previously laid hold of the truth that it was not I, but the Saviour who dwelleth in me, that doeth the works, and peacefully left to Him the time and manner of doing them; while on the other hand, times of action would have been times of feverish toil and anxiety, but for the same thoughts. I will give you an instance.

Some years ago I was spending a few summer weeks at a village in Worcestershire, and resolved to leave some tracts at several houses in one of my walks. At one of these houses a poor woman told me of a friend of her's living at a little distance, who was dying of consumption. I went to see her, and found her anxious about her soul, but ignorant of the way of salvation. I began to talk to her, and found the plainest truths seemed to have slipped out of my grasp, so far as any power of telling about them went. I felt I did nothing but bungle, but cast myself with self-desperate faith upon the inworking of *another*, and after talking in great constraint of spirit for some time longer, left her, still without feeling any freedom of mind.

A day or two after, I met a friend who told me she had heard of my visit to the sick woman, and been informed by her

that she had been in great trouble and darkness up to this time, but that I had made the way of salvation "plain to her." Your affectionate friend,

Edith Rowley.

DEAR MRS. PALMER: I found this to-day, together with the letter to which it was an answer. I must have copied it at the time for some purpose, but had totally forgotten it, until turning over a lot of letters, &c., this afternoon, I came upon it and thought I would send it to you, dear Mrs. Palmer, to make an extract from it for the "Guide" if you choose, as my last article was lost and I cannot just now write another. The dear young friend to whom my letter was written, I first spoke to about six years ago at a Revival Prayer Meeting. Shortly after I invited her to a class I was forming for inquirers and young converts. She was at this time under deep concern, but for several months of painful conflict, she could find no rest to her soul. At last under a sermon of Mr. Spurgeon's, the light shone upon the road which led her to the Lamb. She began directly to try to save others, and being lovely and gifted in more ways than I could write of a living character, she soon became conspicious as a zealous and successful labourer. She was first a Sunday-school teacher. God gave her souls among the children, and as she grew older, and spiritually stronger, she was only fourteen when she first joined my class; she formed a Bible class of older girls which flourished greatly in numbers and conversions. These were formed into a society class of which, then so young, she was appointed leader, and which she conducted with equal energy and success. A few months ago God's providence removed her from her home, and one of the circuit ministers said to me at the time of her leaving "we could better spare four leaders than M. B." Now, before I close, I will give you the extract from her letter which has called forth all this:

"My very dear friend——

"I told you I was in spiritual darkness, struggling hard for a higher christian life, and it was that I might be able to tell you the result that I delayed writing. I sought the blessing of perfect love, and obtained it; for one week was kept in perfect peace, trusting in Jesus; then I spoke impatiently and immediately felt that I had sinned, looking at self again, instead of Christ. I wandered in miserable darkness, the sorrow of that week was dreadful—I felt as though I could not look up the passage. "If we confess our sins" &c., came with great force; and I came confessing, and the Saviour was pleased to hear me and restore me again to His favor. Since then I have continued in the love, but think I have stumbled through ignorance. I have felt the risings of the old Adam, and have in a large measure overcome through faith. At first I imagined that perfect love was a state in which we did not feel the risings of sin; but was speaking to Mr. L., and he said he thought this, without any concurrence of the will, did not partake of sin. He said a great deal more, which I have found useful; since then I have felt as though I was resting in Jesus. Will you please write to me and give me some information about "the way." I must just tell you that now I see much more clearly the sinfulness of sin and experience a much larger amount of love. God has been pleased to bless my labours in the Sabbath school by the conversion of some of the girls. Pray for me, that I may be kept from presumption and kept faithful unto the end.

I must not close without many and warm thanks for your interesting book.

Ever, your affectionate

EDITH.

For the Guide.

THE CLEANSING BLOOD.

REV. JOSEPH S. WICKLINE.

In October, 1860, after true repentance, and faith in the Lord Jesus, I was converted. In the year 1867 I entered the itinerant ministry in the M. E. Church. The seven years that past were full of bitter sorrow, trials and bereavements. Religion was the only true happiness I realized. These were the dark days of the conflict between the North and the South. In all my early experience

I knew but little about Christian perfection, yet felt the need of something more than I enjoyed.

The first circuit I travelled I became a seeker of perfect love. The need of a pure heart was felt that a pure Gospel might be preached, which would result in the conversion of souls and advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom. I continued a seeker at times until September 1870. During these periods the hungerings of the soul were intense. I made application to older ministers for instruction. They informed me that they did not enjoy the blessing.

In September 1870, I attended a camp meeting, held in Pocahontas County, W. Va. Several advocates of the doctrine were present. I was now more earnest than ever before in seeking, and by faith received the sweet redeeming love. I felt as though Jesus came into my heart with a lighted candle, and searched every part, extracting the roots of bitterness, driving out every antagonism, and possessing the whole. Oh! what a heaven on earth. The unutterable bliss and calm, deep peace I had never felt before.

At once the "Guide" was sent for. During the year I enjoyed much of the spirit; but trouble came in a change of life, and with it darkness. The time of subscription for the "Guide" expired, and was not renewed. More than a year past in which I could not fully say I was all the Lord's.

My divine call to the ministry was as clear as my conversion, and entire cleansing; yet I looked in every direction to find a way out, Jonah like. The spirit was wounded, and the clear witness was lost. My preaching was not as it had been, though the Lord gave me a goodly number of souls as seals to my ministry.

I felt the great need of a renewal of the cleansing blood, also the help of the "Guide." My companion, who had professed perfect love at the same time with myself, felt the want of this help, and we now receive it, and have been greatly benefited. My all is now upon the altar; may the Lord ever help me to make the sacrifice.

The sweet trust and faith that Jesus is my present, full and complete Saviour is mine. I feel the need of it every day and hour. His blood cleanseth me from all sin.

"Oh! the blood, the precious blood,
That Jesus shed for me,
Upon the cross in crimson flood,
Just now by faith I see."

VA. CONFERENCE, M. E. C.

For the Guide.

LETTER FROM AN AGED PILGRIM.

We do not insert the verses accompanying this letter because we think them equal to the versification of Cowper, though they may more than equal some written by the famous dreamer Bunyan, but that one in his eighty-seventh year should have so joyously entered the long-sought rest of faith is, we think, a miracle of grace. The letter was written to his daughter, Mrs. J. C. Auld, of Achison, Kansas, who sends it to us for insertion in the "Guide." We hope it may inspire many an aged pilgrim to enter the Beulah land of perfect love.—EDS.

I left the crowded City of Pittsburgh about the 1st of May. I stopped a week at Monongahela City. I spent one of the most pleasant and happy weeks while there, I think, I ever spent. There is a happy set of Methodists there. Have had a glorious revival; an increase of one hundred and fifty conversions and accessions to the Church. They are a *holy* and a happy people. I have returned back to my old walks, classmates, neighbors, and friends. I made up my mind before I left Pittsburg, if I had strength from above, I would visit them all once again. I have visited thirty-five families, and met with a kind and cordial reception by all. I strove to recommend the religion of Jesus wherever I went. I enjoyed a full soul, and a happy frame of mind while going around the neighbourhood among my old friends.

I had thought of giving you a brief history of my religious experience during the past winter while in Pittsburgh. I will now state that ever since my conversion (which was about sixty years ago), I have ever thought there was a greater height to be attained by the Christian than *converting grace*: what *we* Methodists call Sanctification, Christian Perfection, Holiness of Heart, Loving God with all the heart, soul, mind and

strength ; but have always thought it was *too high* for me to reach, and too deep for me to grasp. I conversed with several who had obtained like precious faith, but still I was held back from the enjoyment of that blessing by unbelief.

I prayed earnestly for God to come and take full and entire possession of my heart, and make it His humble and abiding home. One night last January, between the hours of twelve and one, I was made to rejoice with joy *unspeakable.* I was led to ask myself, "What is this I have experienced? My reply was, "It is the *very blessing* I have long been praying and looking for." Oh! the rapturous joy that I then felt. I rejoiced in the love of my Saviour for five hours until the break of day. I reckon I said, Allelujah! Allelujah! Allelujah! which is the song of heaven—the meaning of which is, "Honor, might, majesty be unto God and the Lamb for ever." Rev. 19. I spent a glorious Sabbath Day immediately after. When in the class-room, being spoken to, I felt my soul so full I was scarcely able to speak at *first.* But my joys were so abundant that my tongue was loosened. I talked so long that I was afraid I had intruded upon the time. I was told afterwards that I talked fifteen minutes, but had not talked any too long, as it had a good effect on the church members. Oh! my dear daughter, I hope while you are reading this you will feel this holy burning in your heart that gladdens my soul. I feel it burning upon my heart. It is a holy fire. It has a tendency to soften the heart, and melt it into tenderness and love, and frequently causes my eyes to gush into a flood of tears ; not tears of sorrow, but tears of gratefulness and love to my blessed Saviour. Oh! my dear daughter, if you have not obtained this precious faith seek it earnestly. It will make your soul happy. It will take away the fear of death, and will fit you for the enjoyment of heaven.

Your loving father.

Good people listen to my song,
I'll tell of by-gone years,
I'll sing of joyful scenes long past,
And tell of shedding tears.

'Tis many a night since first I prayed
Beneath that old oak tree,
T'was there God pardoned all my sins,
And set my spirit free.

My parents taught me soon to pray,
And shun the path of vice,
And make God's word, that holy book,
The book of my first choice.

I then was young, but now am old,
Yet think still of the tree,
Where God, in mercy to my soul,
From sin did set me free.

I then adored God's saving grace,
And saw redemption's plan,
How God in future would forgive,
And save rebellious man.

Of late I traced my youthful path,
And found the old oak tree,
And saw two letters I had carved,
Those letters were, J. C.

Full sixty years have fled and gone,
Since by that tree I prayed,
My race on earth is well nigh run,
My hopes on Christ are stayed.

My parents, both have passed away,
My youthful days have fled,
I've brothers and kind sisters too,
That lie among the dead.

I soon shall bid adieu to earth,
And to all earthly things,
I hope to join the blest above,
And soar on angel's wings.

'Tis many a night since first I prayed,
Beneath that old oak tree,
I hope to meet with those I've loved,
Then happy we shall be.

JOHN COVERT.

FAYETTE COUNTY, Pennsylvania,

For the Guide.

EXPERIENCE AND LABORS OF A FEMALE EVANGELIST.

CONVERSION.

I was brought to know the Lord when I was twelve years old, and so fully and clearly did He shed His pardoning love abroad in my heart, and bear witness by His Spirit with my spirit, that I was

His adopted child, that although I was then so young, the devil never once tempted me to doubt the reality of the change.

I then resolved to give all around me to see I had been with Jesus.

REMAINS OF CARNALITY.

I could not then imagine that ever I would feel anything in my loving, joyful heart, contrary to love, but how disappointed and discouraged I was when I first felt the uprising of the carnal mind with a tendency to backslide in heart; but I attributed all that grieved the Lord and myself, to want of prayerfulness and watchfulness, so that for years I wept and strove to be and do right. At times I had the victory, but oftener I had not, for although outwardly my walk was blameless, I felt that unholy tempers and desires left a smart within.

Half my time in prayer was for the most part spent in telling the Lord what I was and what I was not.

All those years I was a member of the Primitive Wesleyan Methodist Society. Met regularly in class, and blessed with a pious mother to whose prayers I am still so deeply indebted. Also favored with the Gospel by the Methodist preachers and the Rev. Henry L. St. George, rector of the parish of Dromore, County Tyrone, Ireland, we being members of his church, as our Methodism, after Mr. Wesley's original idea, was a Society in connection with the Church of England. Although they preached all the other fundamental doctrines of the Gospel explicitly and faithfully, yet I never heard one of them preach holiness attainable now by faith. Nor did I ever hear one say he enjoyed it. In our classes and love-feasts I heard hundreds testify of God's pardoning love, but not one witness out of all for holiness, but all, rather in common with myself, year after year, and quarter after quarter, saying they needed it. They desired it, and were praying for it, but yet our prayers were not being answered. I often think that as a people and as individuals, we must have wearied the Lord by those years, praying for what we did not believe for, seeming to forget the Lord had promised if we believed "we should have it."

Not until the year 1856, in the month of September, while, for the first time, reading the memoir of Mrs. Hester A. Rogers, did I see that holiness was attainable by faith: her experience between a state of justification and sanctification tallied very much with mine.

BELIEVING FOR A CLEAN HEART.

When I discovered that purity of heart was attainable instantaneously by an act of simple faith, my heart leaped with joy. I then resolved, if God were changelessly the same as in her day, I would die in pursuit of the blessing or have it. I compared her experience with the Bible, and found she was scripturally right, and after several days of prayerful research and deep exercise of mind, on the 13th of the above month, I entered my chamber saying My God, I come with the offering of my body and soul, and to believe for a clean heart. I had gone thousands of times to pray for it, but never before did I go one errand for the sole purpose of believing for it.

My loving, faithful God was there to take me at my word. I bowed, saying, my God, here I come, just as I am, to lay my otherwise worthless all upon the altar that sanctifieth the gift. I give myself as far as I know, resolved not to take back what I now present, and if Thou reveal anything else that I should add, by Thy grace I will promptly give it. Thus I looked away from my past and present, not reserving a little finger of my body, a power of my mind, nor a passion of my heart, for any selfish purpose; saying, my God, if Thou accept and cleanse me, I will do all the harm I can to Satan's kingdom (little did I then think how much this implied). Had any one been outside the closet door, he would not have heard a sigh nor groan. No, it was like two making a sure bargain. I was too absorbed to think of feeling. I felt the Divine Presence filled the room, and realized an emptying process, as if all my indwelling enemies

were dragged out, and thereupon my soul filled with light and divine unction. My thoughts became as if transparent, and a glow of heavenly fire penetrated my entire being. The promises stood out before my mind's eye in a way I never saw them before.

PUTTING ON THE WHOLE ARMOR.

Soon after this powerful transition a tremor came over me with great fear and a deep sense of danger. Oh! my newly tendered heart, did so quake for fear. When in a most authoritative voice it was said in my heart, "Take unto you now the whole armor of God." Oh! my God, I cried, I thought my spiritual enemies were all cast out. If so, whence this sense of danger. The reply came, although cast out they are not dead, they will stalk about and seek a re-entrance. You need the whole armor to keep them out. Oh, my Lord, I prayed, so equip me with the armour that there shall not be one spot for a fiery dart of the enemy to enter. (Thus I put on the armor, since then so often needed.)

For two days after I had no effort to make to pray or praise, as every breath was drawn in faith and love. Had anyone, however, asked me had I attained to holiness, I should in reply have said, I do not know; I did not take the above experience for holiness; I had for years such an exalted view of holiness, and that if I ever obtained it, there must be a something visionary, almost angelic or miraculous about it. But I was resolved to keep all upon the altar. The benefit was already great, my faith increased hourly, my fellowship sweet and uninterrupted with the Father.

THE INWARD VOICE.

On the third day an inward voice distinctly and persuasively said, This is holiness, this is purity, this is perfect love you have enjoyed since that solemn covenant engagement on the 13th, but the voice was not audible. I felt at times as if all around might hear the glad news.

Yet none but God knew what was going on in my breast, Oh! the joy and overwhelming sense of the divine indwelling presence, approving and satisfying which characterized those lessons of grace.

WELL CIRCUMSTANCED TEMPTATION.

For three weeks I floated in a sea of love, during which time I was not sensible of temptation, except the suggestion to not tell that I had found the pearl of great price; but this I did not view in the light of temptation. I prudentially, as I thought, complied in deciding never to profess holiness. First, lest I might loose it and reproach the cause I loved, as I considered it would be greater than to fall from a justified state. Secondly, I thought it would not sound well from me who had not been more faithful in a justified state, thinking that many of my Christian friends had been more consistent and useful, and therefore far in advance of me, consequently I considered the wisest way was to live it, yea, to prove as much of God as possible, while in the body, but give it no name, nor tell how or when I attained to it. But, thank God, he unguised this well circumstanced sin by a withdrawal of the clear melting light of His face in the class, on the third Sabbath morning. Oh, the distress and darkness of that hour.

I would have died a thousand deaths sooner than bear the hiding of the Lord's face. On covenanting if the Lord return and bless me as I felt on entering the class room, I would tell it, for He gave me clearly to see that I was lying to the Holy Ghost, and keeping back part of the price by refusing to use my utterance for His glory and the good of the class members and leader, many of whom were on stretch for the blessing. I did from the fullness of my heart in part tell what the Lord had done for me.

Nearly all present were moved in spirit. My beloved mother said this was the first she heard about it; but we all saw a great change during those weeks. She soon after entered the Canaan of perfect love, and since then the Canaan of eternal rest. Several others also received the blessing as the result.

SANCTIFIED CROSSES.

This was the first of a thousand sancti-

fied crosses, a life of momentary faith has entailed, during nearly seventeen years. But I have proved the heavier the cross, the more out of the way the duty, the greater the enjoyment, and the greater the glory to my Jesus. I have ever found beneath the cross what I might pant for, but never found apart from it.

After three months' deep mental exercise, which reduced me nearly to my grave, a text was given me, where to speak from it, and when. This led to a life of public efforts to save souls and promote the work of holiness amongst believers. I travelled every county in my own country, and in almost every town erected the banner of holiness. I saw thousands saved, and ministers and people dedicate their all to the Lord. I left twelve of my gospel sons in the regular ministry, several others in colleges preparatory to the ministry, including my own brother and nephew, who are, I trust, preaching for souls. My first text was the 108th psalm, 1.2, but the whole psalm was engraven on my heart, as the map of my subsequent life, so that from that time I always had a deep impression on my mind that one day I would visit the Australian colonies. Moab, Edom, Philistia, in the psalm for all those years to me, represented these colonies. But never could see my way open till the commencement of 1872, when, after much deliberation, prayer and faith, on the part of my dear husband and myself, we saw clearly that the cloudy, fiery pillar indicated our next field of labor should be Queensland.

We tore ourselves away from the affectionate embrace of innumerable loving friends, who in united prayer and faith commended us to God and the word of His grace.

VOYAGE TO AUSTRALIA.

During the voyage, which was prosperous, we saw many saved, over 600 being aboard. We held a meeting daily, and saw two die in the Lord.

We had not written any one to say we were coming, but left ourselves entirely at the Lord's disposal, and kept crying to Him, simply to locate and use us wherever and however we might best promote His glory in the work of saving souls, resolved to know no will but His.

REMARKABLE CALL TO LABOR.

A young man, one of the ship's company, who had been on a visit to his friends in Scotland, introduced us to his father and mother on the wharf, who were waiting his arrival. These the Lord had disposed to open a hall for special meetings the previous Sabbath, and were united with others in presenting thousands of prayers to the church's Head to send some one to help them. They told us they had been oppressed with the formality and dead state of the churches generally, and at once asked us to take charge of their services. We first of all urged God's people to prepare for the war, by an entire dedication of themselves in faith to God. Some at once received the doctrine, exclaiming that is exactly what we want, although we did not know it by the name of holiness, never having heard it before in this way; others had to battle with prejudices of long standing, while some fled; but after a time of conflict and clearing away the rubbish, we had a most glorious victory. Hundreds saved, and a united, loving, working band of believers uplifting the banner of holiness, and claiming Brisbane. Yea, this interesting colony for Jesus.

Our Saturday night meeting for holiness is a green spot for many, always a present God. Last Sabbath was a high day, both at the morning and evening services. Many saved and believers enabled to say,

"'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's and He is mine."

VISIT TO IPSWICH.

Soon after our arrival we had been asked to visit Ipswich, a neighbouring town, but could not see it the Lord's will we should till the 12th of April. We rented the principal hall there, so as to reach the prejudiced against particular churches. The place was crowded, and at the second meeting over sixty crowded the penitent forms, some for purity, others for pardon. Many obtained the desire

of their hearts. We knew of over a hundred brought in ere we left. We were indebted for sympathy and aid to John C. Foote, Esq., and the Rev. C. H. Eger, and a host of earnest praying leaders and good sisters in the Lord, who had at the beginning got the baptism of fire. These unitedly continued the service after we were obliged to leave, so the work went on gloriously till not less than one hundred and fifty were saved. To God be always the glory. What, we may ask, hath the Lord wrought in less than a year? I would ask the readers of the GUIDE (hitherto not known here but now has got a dear friend of ours as agent and a number of subscribers), many of whom are our personal friends, to aid us in this far off land by their believing prayers, that all the gracious designs of the Lord may be fully answered by us being here.

BRISBANE, Australia, *June 12th*, 1873.

The foregoing interesting letter is from an eminently successful female Evangelist, who, with her husband, is now laboring in Australia.—ED.

For the Guide.

WILT THOU BE MADE WHOLE?

MRS. S. J. LAUCH.

Will you come to Jesus? Will you enjoy the fulness of His love? Will you prove the power of His grace to save to the uttermost? Will you be washed in the fountain of His precious blood? Will you be saved from the power and dominion of sin?

Wilt thou be made whole? These words were spoken by Jesus Himself to the impotent man at the pool, but apply with equal force to every sinner, and every lame halting Christian. The Saviour now asks you with all the earnestness and solicitude of His love, *Wilt thou* be made whole? *I am willing and I am waiting, but wilt thou.* Oh, gracious invitation, *son, daughter*, give Me thy heart, the supreme love of thy soul, that I may mould and fashion thee after My own image and likeness. "Behold I stand at the door of thy heart and knock; if any man hear My voice, and open the door, I will come in and sup with him and he with Me." Were this an earthly friend, how would you hasten to obey the summons; but it is Jesus, your blessed Saviour. Will you hear His voice and open the door, or will you seal and bar your heart that He may not enter.

Oh that you may now exclaim,

"Come in my Lord, come in."

"My soul obeys the gracious call,
And runs to this relief;
I would believe Thy promise Lord,
Oh! help my unbelief."

Loved Ones Gone Before.

AFFECTION'S TRIBUTE.

Sister Mary Ann M'Clelland passed from earth away, from labor to reward, March 17, 1873, in the sixty-second year of her age.

In life's early morn she gave her heart to God, and her name to the Church, ever manifesting an unwearied zeal and solicitude for its prosperity and purity. The annual return of subscriptions received for the "Guide" brings our loss afresh before us; for our dear sister has long been the leader of the little band of your subscribers in this place. She loved the "Guide," and her preference for it was quite determined, and whenever Zion languished her efforts were increased for its general circulation, believing it a power for good. And as we renew our subscriptions, we shall also receive it with renewed delight, as a blessed memorial of our "loved ones gone before."

In the death of Sister M'Clelland we have met with a *severe* and most irreparable loss. I was not a mourner by kindred ties; but she *was* my sister in the Lord. For twenty-three years we had walked to the house of God in company; the strong ties of Christian love united our hearts mutually. That sacred bond of union is severed. In vain we listen for her approaching footsteps, and in the sick room her words of cheer we hear no more. But our loss is her gain. It was my privilege to be with her the last four days of her life.

On Saturday P. M., one day previous to her death, her triumphs were glorious. Family and friends gathered around her dying bed to witness and listen to the joyful exclamations and parting admonitions of love and comfort to all, especially her family. Prayers were offered in which she joined audibly, after which

she desired us to sing and talk of Jesus, and His love. And, although her sufferings were *very* severe, the blissful sentences and words that fell from her lips during that *memorable hour* have left an impress for good in many hearts, and are indelibly engraved upon ours. We can only pen a few, as follows: "Jesus is the entrance into heaven, the new Jerusalem." "Jesus is the beauty of the Bible, the Resurrection, and the Life." "I see my laurels, can't some one go and gather them for me." "I see the River of Life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and the Lamb, pure water of life." During the whole closing scene she appeared *full* of peaceful resignation, but spoke little, the force of disease in a great measure preventing the power of speech. Her loved family faithfully lingered around her bedside with tender care and earnest longing gaze to catch a word, a look, from wife and mother. Submissively we bow beneath the rod.

Editorial.

DAYS OF POWER IN THE FOREST TEMPLE.

Such is the title of a book giving an account of the work of God at Fourteen Camp-meetings, held under the auspices of the "National" Association for the promotion of holiness. By Rev. George Hughes. Published by John Bent & Co., Boston.

Bishop Haven gives a brief, neat introduction to the volume, setting forth the expediency and Scripturalness of Forest gatherings for worship, so long and profitably maintained by American Methodists. The book contains many delightful recordings of the power of God in saving His people to the uttermost, and will call forth the grand Hallelujah from a multitude of Christian hearts.

But while the result of the Camp-meetings, as narrated in the volume, calls forth the strain of hearty praise, we feel it due, in acknowledgment of the grace of God, to say, that though Brother Hughes, writing from his own stand point, may see things of former days in the light here portrayed, there are hundreds that will join us in saying that there are statements in the first two or three chapters of the book, that are far too dark in picturing Zion's desolations. We can only excuse the brother in view of the fact, that he did not in those days "train in the band" that was keeping the banner "HOLINESS TO THE LORD" ever displayed, and flitting to the breezes of heaven. Yet such a band there was, and the noble company might be numbered by thousands, and had the writer of "Days of Power" mingled with this band of former days, he would indeed have been free to acknowledge that there were giants in those days, as in these. If the limit of this notice would admit, we might give recordings of camp-meetings during the "dark days" referred to, preceeding the camp-meetings of the "National Association," in which holiness was the theme, and a multitude of disciples were sanctified wholly, and from two hundred to three, four, and on one occasion when we were present, it was computed that five hundred sinners were saved, and about the same number received the blessing of holiness. We say this because our author, from his wrong stand point, says, "That at the opening of the 'National' Camp-meeting movement, the ordinary camp-meetings were by common consent, considered to be very barren in Spiritual results, and were in disrepute and well-nigh divested of saving influences. Truth buried beneath a mass of pointless teachings," and many similar sayings. Taking up casually a magazine as we were about to write this notice of Brother Hughes' book, our eye chanced to light on an article entitled "THE WONDERFUL WORKS OF GOD." It reads thus: "Never have I witnessed greater displays of the saving power of Christ, than at a camp-meeting I have just attended. There was I think scarcely a minister on the ground, but received the baptism of the Holy Ghost. Several of them received the powerful witness of holiness, and made a good confession before many witnesses. As might be expected, the people followed the faith of their pastors, and scores, I am sure I may say *hundreds*, of waiting disciples followed the faith of those over them in the Lord, and received the witness of full salvation. So all-prevading and penetrating were the influences of the Holy Spirit, that I could scarcely look on one, either professor or non-professor, whose contenance did not manifest a felt realization of the presence of the High and Holy One," etc. This we wrote October 1853.

The same year we wrote; "My conviction that we live in a remarkable period, when the latter-day glory is about to burst upon the world, deepens. I am confident that the Spirit has never before been so largely poured out upon the churches."

"Our New York Camp-meetings have been blessed with remarkable outpourings of the Spirit. Hundreds are ready to testify of the 'wonderful works of God' at their meetings. I attended the Madison Street church, where Mr. I. has charge, yesterday afternoon. The occasion was a camp-meeting Love-feast. Nearly all who spoke, testified of the power of Christ, to cleanse from all sin. Brother and Sister I. were among the foremost of the witnesses. Brother I. said, "about 10 o'clock yesterday morning, on the camp-ground I was greatly blessed; so truly was the blood of atonement applied to my soul, that since that time I have felt the blood of Jesus *cleanseth from all sin.*" Similar recordings may be found scattered all along the intervening years in successive numbers of the "Guide to Holiness." In the June number of the "Guide to Holiness" 1866, the year *preceding* what "Days of Power" designates the "National Movement" an editorial says, "Thus far the year 1866 has been remarkably signalized by the conversion of sinners and the *sanctification of believers.*" *The North-western Christian Advocate*, giving some wonderful statistics of the progress of the work in that region, speaks of an

aggregate of over 100,000 saved within the bounds of its own circulation.

Rev. Dr. Lore, writing about the great success of camp-meetings, and other efforts put forth for the promotion of holiness in 1866, (the year previous to the date of the "New Movement") says, "Perhaps there never has been a more general awakening in the membership of the Church, to the necessity for a deeper spiritual experience than now. The doctrine of *inward and outward holiness is made more prominent. It is preached more generally from the pulpit and professed more frequently by the members.* Conversions are being multiplied. Sinners are flocking to the altars of the church by hundreds and by thousands."

While we do sincerely thank God for what our brethren of the "National Association" have done, we do not see the expediency of either ignoring or undervaluing the most blessed onward march of Holiness in the past. All along the years, God has been raising up spirits of might, who, as thousands know, have heroically held up the banner, and kept it from trailing in the dust. Not only were meetings on holiness largely attended and strongly sustained, where members of the "National Association" were glad to come after they were brought into the experience of holiness, but the literature of holiness was largely patronized. Unless there had been a deep and wide-spread interest on the precious theme, would there have been a demand for about 40,000 copies of the "Guide?" Yet such was the case before the "National Movement," working on the same ground, divided the interest. And now the two magazines combined, make only a total of about the same number. Our object in this notice is only to present things as they are in reality, trusting that God alone may be glorified by the presentation of truth. We do not doubt but our Brother Hughes has presented things in the light in which *he* saw them previous to the "New Movement." Our apology is that he did not, previous to his own experience of holiness, move in a circle nor acquaint himself with scenes, that would have familiarized him with far more hopeful reminiscences We see no gain in minifying the truth in one direction by way of magnifying it in another, We pray that the Lord may make the "New Movement" and its earnest partizans a thousand times more influential for good, that Days of Power may be a thousand times repeated.

TUESDAY MEETINGS IN OREGON.

Who would have thought when the Tuesday afternoon meetings for the promotion of holiness were commenced in New York thirty-seven years ago, that it would be the harbinger of special meetings for the promotion of holiness all over this land, and some even in foreign lands.

We have observed with much pleasure recently the success of Tuesday afternoon meetings for the promotion of holiness in Oregon. The excellent *Pacific Christian Advocate*, published in Portland, Oregon, gives some glowing reports of meetings held in the large brick M. E. Church, corner of Third and Taylor street, Portland, every Tuesday at two o'clock. The editor invites all visiting the city on business or otherwise to attend. The Pastor of the Taylor street M. E. Church, Rev. G. W. Izer, gives an account of an interesting meeting held among the Indians of Yokima for the promotion of holiness, he having just returned from a visit to Fort Simcoe, whither he had gone, accompanied with Mrs. Izer to attend the Indian Camp Meeting. They enjoyed the visit with Father Wilbur and his excellent Indians, and were impressed with the genuineness of the work of grace among the aborigines of this land. Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth.

CAMP-MEETINGS.

We would abundantly utter the memory of God's great goodness in view of the glorious manifestations of His power to save sinners, and sanctify believers at the many Camp-meetings held during the past Summer and Autumn months. With joy we declare His doings to the friends of Jesus scattered abroad over these and other lands, and make mention that His name is exalted. Tens of thousands of God's Israel from various points in our own land and in the Canadas, and British America, have received showers of blessings in attending the duly appointed Feasts of Tabernacles. We think we write advisedly when we speak of tens of thousands in the aggregate. Though Camp-meetings have been in vogue over half a century, and have ceased to be a novelty, never have there been so many held, or we trust greater good accomplished than during the past Summer, and thus far in the Autumn. To many of these we have referred, so far as our limited pages allow, in our recent issues. But the amount of good accomplished through the far-reaching influence of the Camp-meetings of the past season can never be measured on the map of time. Since our last number was issued several have been held, in four of which we were privileged to participate in the hallowed services.

SEA CLIFF.

Three Camp-meetings have been held during the summer on this far-famed ground.

Of the two former, we have reported favorably in former pages of the "Guide." Of the last meeting, held late in August, a writer says :

The Sea Cliff Camp-meeting is largely attended by ministers and people, and the exercises are characterized by unusual earnestness and spiritual fervor. The love-feast held in the great Tabernacle on Sunday morning, was a season of extraordinary spiritual power ; indeed, of the hundreds present there were few, if any, who did not regard it one of the most blessed and glorious in their whole experience. Never have we heard Christian testimonies more gratefully appreciative of spiritual benefit received at a camp-meeting than at this. The Divine presence has been vouchsafed in a wonderful manner to His people.

ACTON, INDIANA.

Camp-meeting closed August 19th, after continuing two weeks. The whole meeting was a marked success. There were about seventy-five conversions.

NEWARK CONFERENCE CAMP-MEETING.

The Newark Conference Camp-meeting closed at Denville, N. J., on Tuesday, August 26th, having continued just two weeks. The services were extended several days beyond the original announcement, in view of the unusual interest attending the meeting. The wonderful missionary pentecost was described by Dr. Reid in a recent issue of the *Christian Advocate*. It was, indeed, a day never to be forgotten by all present, and added new impulse to all the subsequent services. It may be safely estimated that seventy-five souls were converted.

Many who were thirsting for a deeper experience returned to their homes greatly quickened. Rev. L. R. Dunn, by appointment of his conference, with marked ability supervised the meeting, aided by Revs. J. R. Bryan and C. S. Coit.

It is the determination, by the blessing of God, to make everything bend to the one great end—the salvation of souls. It is generally admitted that this resolution has been carried out, thus far. Hence, every year Denville Camp-meeting has been increasing in the manifest tokens of God's favor. The meeting just closed, it is conceded by all, has been better than any one that has preceded it.

OCEAN GROVE CAMP-MEETING.

We spent one Sabbath at this beautiful sea-side resort late in August. Though the ten days devoted to camp-meeting services had past, the meeting was still in progress, and an assemby of several hundreds gathered before the stand in the morning, and the large tabernacle was crowded in the evening. By request, we took part in the three services of the day. Each meeting was a season of Divine power. Several were blessed before the close of the day's labor; some, with purity, others with justifying grace. The success of the Ocean Grove Camp-meeting has ceased to be a question. The Lord has eminently blessed the enterprise in the sanctification of many believers, and the salvation of the unsaved. Dr. Ward's meetings, and Sister Lankford's were scenes of continuous power.

SING SING

Camp-meeting was also blest with reviving influences beyond some former years. Over thirty years ago we used to attend meetings on this beautiful encampment when, though holiness was the prevailing topic, God wrought mightily among sinners. How much influence may one minister exert for the good of multitudes when turned in the right direction for God? Well do I remember what an impetus the sainted Dr. Bangs gave to the work of holiness on the Sing Sing camp-ground, when the renewed baptism of fire came upon him. What inspiring recollections of those days come upon me as I write, when definite preaching, and definite prayers on the theme of holiness, was in a more marked manner the order of the meeting than during many past intervening years.

It is true, God honors us a people, in the conversion of sinners to just the degree we honor Him in being answerable to the specialty for which He raised us up,—that is, "to spread Scriptural holiness over these lands." Of late years, the Presiding Officers of the Sing Sing Camp-meetings do not seem to have been those who favor holiness as a specialty, The Great Head of the Church has not, therefore, been specially mindful of the enterprise in crowning the meetings with extraordinary manifestations of His saving power. But though the Elders and leading ministers in this district have not been as definite in their labors as some of the worthies that preceded

them a quarter of a century ago, some precious laborers seem to have been sent of God at every meeting during all the past years, that have kept the banner "HOLINESS TO THE LORD" unfurled in the sight of the people. Glory to God in the highest! The batttle is the Lord's. Truth is mighty, and it must prevail. It did prevail at Sing Sing Camp-meeting. Occasionally from the stand, and in several of the large tents the banner was fearlessly displayed. One large tent pleasantly lighted, and neatly furnished with matting, camp-chairs and benches, (through the praiseworthy efforts of an excellent local preacher, who, by way of showing his love to the cause, is willing to sacrifice that which costs him something), was devoted to one meeting daily on the subject. This meeting was well attended and greatly owned of God. We were invited to take charge of it during our stay of three or four days. The only difficulty was, that the time allotted to the meetings on holiness was far, far too short. Great was the intensity of the many who were hungering and thristing after the fulness. But the time was too limited for them to express their desires, and for those to labor who would fain have led them to the fountain. As it was, much good was done, but perhaps scarcely a tithe of what might have been done, could more time have been allowed for definite labors on the subject. We might record some interesting particulars of Sing Sing Camp-meeting holiness meetings, if our pages would allow. One that occurred at the last meeting, just before we left the encampment, interested us much. Professor M., who had been in receipt of a fine salary from an influential popular church as organist, had recently sought and obtained the witness of heart-purity. He now felt that he could no more cater to the tastes of the audience on Sabbath, by playing fashionable airs; he desired to resign his place. The pastor protested, knowing that he was a favorite with the people, and that they valued his services, and would be willing to pay him more than any other church community in the place for his services. But the Professor was settled in his purpose. He rejoined, "If I was permitted to sing only to the glory of God. chosing only such music as I could play conscientiously to the Divine praise, then of of course I would prefer to reman; but with this I know the people would not be satisfied; I must therefore resign."

Oh, if the Spirit of Holiness might thus captivate the hearts of those who lead in the service of song in Christian assemblies! What a revenue of praise would redound to God!

GRIMSBY, ONT.

The Grimsby District Camp-meeting commenced on August 29th, and closed September 4th. The power of the Lord was eminently present, intensifying truth to the minds of the multitude, and making it mighty in the awakening and conversion of sinners and the sanctification of believers. With every service there seemed to be an increase of power. It was only necessary to give the invitation to seekers, and from a score to seventy or eighty persons would present themselves as subjects of prayer, some seeking pardon, and others purity of heart. The work was deep, powerful, and all-prevading, embracing persons of all ages and classes. The meeting commenced on Friday. Owing to ill health, we did not arrive till the second day. The presence of the Great Master of assemblies was a felt reality to ourselves from the hour that we set foot on the encampment, and we doubt not that multitudes of Jesus' disciples alike apprehended by faith the glorious Invisible. It seemed as though every one coming on the encampment was under a Divine arrest. Among all the three or four thousand present on the Sabbath, a general seriousness prevailed, as though conscious of the presence of the God of the temple not made with hands.

We have not seen many more beautifully situated forest temples than that located near Grimsby, on a rise of ground within a few steps of Lake Ontario, between the flourishing towns of St. Catharine and Hamilton. What scenes of triumph have ministering angels here witnessed, of sinners newly saved and the redeemed militant hosts putting on their blood-washed garments! The ministers were in the spirit seemingly a unit in regarding holiness as the distinguishing doctrine of Methodism, a matter of *experience*, and beyond questioning. The excellent District Chairman was himself an outspoken witness of the great salvation. We cannot soon forget the affecting, solemn pledge, which at the close of this blessed feast of tabernacles, the honored and beloved Chairman of Niagara

District took of his fellow ministers to sustain him in holding up the banner of HOLINESS. We expect to hear glorious things spoken of God's Zion in this region before another camp-meeting year rolls round. We have noticed, where the spirit of holiness prevails, the converts are born strong.

SEVEN YEARS SEEKER.

One man we spoke to was kneeling among the penitents, who, in answer to our inquiries, said, he had come one hundred miles to the meeting, and had been SEEKING SEVEN YEARS.

"Are you sure that you give up all?" I asked.

He replied, "I know of nothing that I would not give up for Jesus."

"There must be something not given up, for the Lord is more than willing to bless you. God says, 'he that seeketh findeth.' If you have been seeking seven years, then there *must* be something you do not surrender."

"I don't know of anything but my unbelief."

"Is unbelief a *sin?*" I asked.

"Yes!"

"Then you do not give up all your sins, till you give up your unbelief. When are you going to give that up?"

"I would do it *now*, if I knew how."

"Jesus says, Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out. *You* come to Him as well as you know how. If you knew how to come better, you would. If He will in no wise cast you out, what will He *now* do?"

"Receive me."

"*When* does He say He will receive you?"

"Now!"

"*Do* you believe His word is true?"

"Yes!"

From this hour he rejoiced in conscious acceptance, and rose testifying of the power of Jesus to save.

A PHOTOGRAPHER

Asked if he might have the privilege of taking a picture of the grounds and congregation. The District Chairman courteously assented on an occasion when the people were assembled before the stand, previous to the commencement of an afternoon service. His lady was with him, but neither himself or wife were professors of religion. Some friends spoke to him about the interests of his soul, but he evaded their well-meant persuasions by some playful remark. Returning home the evening of the same day, his attention was arrested by the Holy Spirit to the solemn realities of eternity, and his need of salvation. Doubtless it was the prayer of faith in his behalf that now prevailed with God. He was in middle life, and always intended to save his soul, but never brought it to a point to begin now. He resolved to defer no longer, and began to seek the Lord with all his heart. Before morning he was happily converted, and returned to the camp-meeting next day, to tell what great things the Lord had done for his soul. The next day his wife was converted, through the instrumentality of an earnest Christian lady from Toronto. Both husband and wife spoke at the closing love-feast, and told of their joy in the Lord. They both bid fair to be *working* Christians. Speaking of the necessity of instant "in season out of season" labor in bringing sinners to Jesus the Photographer said, "When a field ready to harvest is to be reaped we do not stand off and say, come grain, let me reap you, but we go sickle in hand to reap. Let us go to sinners and bring them to Jesus," etc.

At the close of this precious meeting, a vote of thanks was read for the humble instrumentality God had sent among them, and an official invitation extended, that we should repeat our visit next year. To Him who alone doeth wondrous works be unceasing praise.

Several persons from abroad were present, who aided in the work. Judge Jones from Brantford, and his devoted lady were precious helpers. Also the Hon. Mrs. Mitchell and her dear daughter Miss Mitchell, of Ottawa, who was converted when about ten years old, now in her nineteenth, and has ever since been an earnest and self-sacrificing laborer in efforts to bring youthful ones to Jesus; and last not least, Mrs. Fannie Brandon, who was very successful and indefatigable in winning souls to Christ.

Our home was at J. B. Bowslaugh's, Esq., owner of the beautiful ground where the meeting was held. The Lord rewarded him more than a hundred fold, by the conversion of his children, three of whom received a title to a crown of life. May they remain faithful unto death!

ROUND LAKE.

For the first time we visited this beautiful

Camp-ground. The Troy Conference Camp-meeting commenced September 3rd. We arrived on the evening of the 5th, and were greeted warmly by Brother J. Hillman and family, and other dear friends. Here we spent Saturday, Sabbath, and part of Monday, amid scenes of gracious profit and triumph. Much good was done, and the atmosphere was redolent with the sweetness of purity, praise, and love. The devoted Presiding Elder, Rev. S. Washburn, loves and exemplifies the beauty of holiness, and favors direct testimony and definite labors on the precious theme. By request, we took both Saturday and Sabbath afternoon services from the stand. Multitudes on both occasions bowed, seeking the gift of power. Through all the services, showers of blessings descended on God's Israel, and several interesting conversions occurred. A Reporter came from the platform where he had been taking notes, and knelt among the seekers.

We conversed with him, but he seemed to find it hard to believe. Presently he rose and said, I asked Brother Pomroy if the Bible forbid wearing gold. He replied that he thought so. Now, said he, I take off my gold ornaments. At the same moment, unbuttoning his coat, he took off his golden ornaments, saying, "I wear them no more." Shortly afterward I whispered in his ear, "Do you now believe?" "Yes, praise the Lord," he exclaimed. This was Sabbath afternoon. We think from the amount of divine influence, many of the unsaved might have been brought to Jesus on Sabbath, but for a serious (though doubtless well-meant) mistake. Through an official action of the Troy Conference, no one was permitted to enter the gate to the encampment on Sabbath. Many hundreds came with their teams, and others walking miles from all the regions round about, who were utterly denied admission through the gates. We were told of one man and his wife whose anxiety to get to the camp-meeting was so great that he rode *sixty* miles, taking Saturday and most of the night. Arriving at the gates on Sabbath morning he was refused entrance, and they, with others, all of whom were refused, irrespective of circumstances, regarded the occasion with irrepressible dissatisfaction, while others felt themselves utterly outraged, and devoid of grace, pronounced cursings on Christians that could be so exclusive and unreasonable.

Now, while we would utterly condemn the running of Rail-road trains on Sabbath as a desecration of God's holy Day, we cannot see the reasonableness of shutting the entrance to Sabbath services at a camp-meeting, any more than to shut the door of churches on Sabbath. We verily believe that we might have seen scores saved on Sabbath at Round Lake (where no Sabbath trains were run), if the gates had been open, so that the multitudes of unsaved people might have entered.

We heard of one who, under similar circumstances, climbed over the gate early in the morning and was converted before twelve o'clock that Sabbath, and afterward confessed to the people, and they then thanked God that he had entered in some other way. Would it might have been so at Round Lake. As a whole, this was a most precious meeting. The good Presiding Elder said he had attended camp-meetings about forty years, but this he regarded as the best.

CHRISTIAN AT WORK,

Has been among the most welcome of our many exchange papers. It is ably managed, and its advocacy of Christian Holiness is practical and genial. Rev. T. De Witt Talmadge has just assumed the editorship. We have read his editorial greeting with much interest. Among other good things he says: We believe in what is called *the Higher Life*. We have never seen anything on this subject in this paper as formerly edited that we could not heartily adopt. We believe the church of God is on a low plain where it has no right to halt. We congratulate those who have gained the heights of complete assurance. Would God we might all reach them. In the words of a famous calvary officer we would like to cry out to the whole church of God:—"FORWARD THE WHOLE LINE!"

We regret that the devout, zealous, outspoken, Rev. S. Tyng, Jr., has not taken more pains to investigate the Scriptural foundation on which the doctrine of Christian Holiness rests. Who, after prayerfully seeking the guidance of the Holy Spirit, *can* read the prophecy of Zacharias, Luke i. 67, 75, and not see in the light of Scripture, that it is the privilege of the Christian to serve the Lord in *righteousness* and holiness. We suggest that Mr. Tyng prepare a sermon be-

fore the close of the present month, to preach to his people from these words: "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, for He hath visited and redeemed His people, and hath raised up an horn of salvation for us in the house of His servant David, as He spake by the mouth of His holy prophets which have been since the world begun, that we should be saved from our enemies, and the hand of all that hate us, to perform the mercy promised to our fathers, and to remember His holy covenant. *The oath which He sware to our father Abraham, that He would grant unto us, that we, being delivered out of the hand of our enemies, might serve Him without fear, in holiness and righteousness before Him all the days of our life.* Now, if good Mr. Tyng will preach from the words we have italicised, announcing in his excellent paper, or from the pulpit, the time of its delivery, we will promise him such a host of sincere prayerful inquirers after truth, as he has not been accustomed to see. Multitudes in his own, and other denominations, are longing for light on the way cast up for the redeemed of the Lord to walk in. And, "the priest's lips should keep knowledge, and they should seek the law at his mouth, for he is the messenger of the Lord of hosts." If it is the privilege of the believer to say "The law of the spirit of Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death," is it not the *duty* of every Christian minister called to preach the gospel to declare it to the people.

These thoughts have been called forth by the following note, (perhaps too ironical) from Mr. Talmage in his reply to Mr. Tyng. He says:

Brother Tyng, Jr., who was for a short time Editor of this paper, says, in his present journal, that in taking the charge of THE CHRISTIAN AT WORK, we have bound ourselves to be perfect for fifteen years. This is an allusion to articles in this paper, advocating what is called the Higher Life. The brother is mistaken. But while we cannot promise perfection in behavior, we promise to be as good as we can. But if now we really are to be perfect, who knows but that we ought to invite Brother Tyng to go along with us on the Editorial Staff to illustrate the opposite, on the general principle that the temperance lecturer took an inebriate with him on every platform, to illustrate what temperance was not. With the present editor of our paper as a specimen of human perfection, and Brother Tyng, a previous editor, as a specimen of human imperfection, we should make a stir in the religious world that would be the event of the century. Come over, Brother Tyng, and help us.

News Along the Line.

ILLINOIS STATE CAMP-MEETING.

WILLIAMSVILLE, ILLINOIS, *Aug.* 15, 1873.

MY DEAR SISTER PALMER:

Since receiving your letter, I have only delayed replying because I could not find time to reply at some length. The Camp-meeting is now finished, and its record is on high. Its results will come out more and more for years to come. I believe it is generally conceded by those best qualified to judge, that it was an extraordinary meeting. Many persons of experience pronounced it the best Camp-meeting they had ever known. The largest number present at any one time has been estimated from 5,000 to 8,000. One who had kept some account of things expressed his estimate of the number blest either in conversion or sanctification as amounting to four or five hundred. As I never make much attempt at ascertaining the number, I know not whether he was right or not. There were a great many seekers, and I should think that most if not all of them found what they sought. The spirit of the Lord overshadowed the encampment from the first, and filled the hearts of his people through all the days of the meeting. The light shone with peculiar clearness, and the word of God was held up, and the way of faith set forth by many who were filled with the holy unction which "teacheth of all things."

You and the Dr. were expected, and would have been welcomed with open arms. Your letters to Brother Jones and myself were read to the assembly, and the tenderest interest was expressed. At the reading of your first letter we all knelt down in the public congregation and earnestly prayed the Lord to spare and restore you, that you might yet be for a long time to come, a blessing to the church and the world, even more than in time past. Our dear brother Jaques wept like a child, and could hardly express the emotions of his heart. We had the most

REMARKABLE SABBATH DAY

that I ever saw in a camp-meeting, and others said the same. It is the opinion of many that the Lord taught His people on that day a lesson which will make it an era in Camp-meetings. The R. R. Company had agreed that no cars should be run on that day. On Saturday it became known that they had determined to violate their engagement, and run four trains of cars each way over the whole road. The Camp-meeting committee immediately had a meeting and unanimously resolved that no public services should be held on the ground on the Sabbath, and handbills were sent out making the announcement so that none should have an excuse for rail-road travel on that day. Both parties carried out their programme. The cars brought a multitude, and there were no public services. But God's children were not negligent of the welfare of souls. They went among the thronging multitudes, singly, and in little companies, men and women, impelled by the fire of divine love, preaching the gospel to individuals and to small and great gatherings of attentive listeners.

It is impossible for me to describe all the impressive scenes that were witnessed on that day, for I could only be in one place at a time, and I was too much occupied in the work, to go around merely for observation. I doubt whether the gospel was ever preached at any place more abundantly and earnestly, on any day since the day of Pentecost. I will try to describe one of the scenes of which I was a witness and, thank God, a participant.

INTERESTING SCENES.

A little company gathered in and before a tent for family worship about eight o'clock in the morning. While the scriptures were being read many gathered round. After singing and prayer, some earnest appeals were made to the people. One of the elder sisters, a lady of refinement, and of much influence by reason of her position in society, and her weight of character, was deeply moved with compassion for the young men who stood around. She addressed them with a mother's tenderness, and as she spoke the Holy Spirit came upon her with increasing power. She said I must go to them, and rising up she approached them, all the time speaking with the deepest feeling. They could not resist the spirit with which she spake. They fled before her without uttering a word. She said, "You cannot escape from God," and continued for some time to entreat them to secure the salvation of their souls while they listened with serious attention, and all present were filled with solemnity. A little company of six or eight brethren and sisters, of which the sister just mentioned was one, moved to another place among the crowd, and there, as the Spirit led them, they labored for souls in prayers, singing, exhortations, and testimonies, for several hours. The same thing was going on at the same time, in other parts of the ground. Many precious results were known to follow these labors, and doubtless much that we shall never know in this world, will gladden our hearts amid the revelations of the Great Day.

RETRIBUTION.

Two providential interpositions I must not omit to notice. The R. R. Company, as I am told, made about one thousand dollars on that Sabbath by the sale of tickets to passengers, but one of their best cars, valued at six thousand dollars, was found to be on fire while the passengers were in it, and was completely burnt to ashes, leaving only the wheels and iron work on the track.

The sheriff and his posse, who had been on the ground till Saturday evening, although he knew that a great crowd would be brought on the Sabbath, departed with his men, leaving the peaceable attendants of the meeting entirely without visible protection. But God took care of his people. When the crowds came they were met and exhorted by so many christian people in the sweetness of christian love, that they seemed to be entirely subdued. I am not aware that any thing unpleasant occurred, and certainly I never passed so quiet a Sabbath night on a camp-ground. God gave his beloved sleep, and nothing molested them.

My health has been remarkably improving. I have been able to labor much. I find open doors on every side, and I think the Lord will have me remain a little while longer in this region.

My address is to the care of Dr. J. E. Voak, Bloomington, Illinois. At the closing of this letter, which I have been obliged to write in snatches, Brother Jones and I, are near Lincoln City, in the neighborhood of

which we expect to assist in a convention for promoting holiness. I pray that this letter may find you in improved health.

Pray for us. The Blessed Spirit fills me with his own fullness and I labor in joy.

With much love to Dr. P. and all the dear saints,

Your brother in Jesus,

HENRY BELDEN.

URBANA CAMP-MEETING, OHIO.

In my *own tent*, rear of the stand, I send you a few notes for that most interesting part of the "Guide," "NEWS ALL ALONG THE LINE." It is with heartfelt gratitude that I record the fact that our meeting has been a *wonderful success*. Allelujah to the all-conquering Lamb! Our beloved Elder Rev. A. Meharry, who has had charge of the meeting, stated at the close this morning, that more than one hundred had received the grace of pardon or the *blessing of purity*. Glory to God in the Highest. Amongst the number saved are several of our gifted beloved ministers of the Cincinnati Conference. This place, to many, is a "Sacred Spot." Rev. J. Pearson said on entering the Tabernacle, "The sweetest spot in all the world to me is this same beautiful camp-ground. I was justified years ago, but on this ground, during the 'National Camp-meeting,' I found the blessing of a '*clean heart.*'" *That is the reason why I so dearly love the name of "Urbana."* Glory to God, Zion is putting on her beautiful garments of "Holiness to the Lord." It was a scene that no pen can describe to see bowed at our altars in prayer, men with whitened locks of *four score years*, and the little children of eight and nine. Mother Wright of Urbana was frequently on the ground, and in one of our meetings remarked, "Sixty, seventy and eighty years ago the blessed doctrine of *justification by* faith and *sanctification through the blood of the Lamb*, was preached by our ministers. And now while the weight of ninety (90) years is pressing me down to the grave and I am 'almost home,' it does rejoice my heart to know, and hear that this blessed doctrine of sanctification is generally preached again in all the churches." Father Kimber, another pioneer of Urbana, in prayer asked the God of battles to take good care of the "rank and file" until the war was over, and then take the weary "battle scarred" veterans to the quiet rest of the "Soldiers' Home" in bright glory. Amen! Salvation full and free, is our motto at Urbana Camp. *Union Meeting*: We want to hold a *union* meeting on this ground next summer (August 5th), such as was lately held at "Sea Cliff" of all *evangelical churches*, and desire Dr. and Mrs. Palmer to arrange early for the meeting, with the ministers in the East to assist *us*, at that time.

AT URBANA CAMP-GROUND, *August 6th.*

REV. MAXWELL PIERSON GADDIS.

LETTER FROM REV. A. P. GRAVES.

BAPTIST EVANGELIST.

To the praise of Jesus and the encouragement of yourself and your friends, I want to tell you that the earnest prayers offered in the Tuesday meeting a little more than two months ago for me, and the labors upon which I was about to enter in the West, have been gloriously answered. I spent three weeks in Burlington, Spring Prairie, Walworth, West Gray and Delevan, Wis., during which time I preached fifty times, besides enquiry and prayer meetings. At all the gatherings the Lord appeared in great power. Refreshings from the "presence of the Lord" were abundantly manifest on every hand. Persons of all ages were brought to Jesus by scores, and large numbers of Christians were led to full consecration and the higher experience. The four days meeting in one place was attended by a large number of ministers and representatives from many churches. It was indeed a "tarrying time." The Spirit descended in power, and the Lord gave us a pentecostal season. By invitation I went to another place where were gathered together an Association of Ministers, and members from about a score of churches, and preached a single sermon upon "the highway of holiness."

Although the house was densely crowded even upon a week day, I requested the whole congregation to bow in prayer before preaching. They did so, when all hearts seemed to feel that Jesus was walking in the midst. After the discourse hundreds of souls bowed and consecrated themselves to Jesus. It was a solemn and blessed hour. Long will it be remembered. Yes, I expect yet to walk the "golden streets" with many who have been saved as the fruit of that hour of consecration.

The past few weeks I have spent in this

State, where many of the feeble churches are struggling to erect the blood-stained banner. At Rochester, Winona, Zumbrata, and other points gracious revivals have recently been experienced.

A. P. GRAVES.

CONCORD, Minn., Aug., 1873.

THE OHIO STATE CAMP MEETING

Opened Tuesday, the 5th. This beautiful grove is located about one mile east of the Court-house in Canton, Ohio, but within the city limits, and is used annually for holding Agricultural Fairs.

The camp meeting is managed by an Association, and everything of a temporal character is conducted with a view to permanency and increasing the facilities of the meeting and comfort of those who attend. The same board of management supervise the spiritual affairs throughout, and everything centres in the conversion of souls and promoting "Holiness to the Lord."

At the close of each of the sermons prayer meetings were held, and persons were forward as seekers of religion and for purity of heart. Mrs. Dr. Lowry held daily children's meetings during her stay upon the ground, which were largely attended, and of great benefit.

While the chief object sought to be promoted is heart purity, yet the discourses were usually of that class that tend to arouse sinners to seek Christ, as well as to induce believers to enter into the "higher life." President Miller and his associates evidently are laboring to do good, and God is crowning their labors.

GERMAN CAMP-MEETING AT SEA CLIFF.

The German Camp-meeting at Sea Cliff was a season of great spiritual power. We give a report, written by Rev. Mr. Wallon, one of the esteemed German pastors of this city.

The German Camp-meeting at Sea Cliff Grove, August 5–12, was a grand success, surpassing by far the most sanguine expectations of all who were interested. Those who are acquainted with the circumstances of most of the members of our German Methodist Churches in this city and vicinity know how difficult it is for them to absent themselves from their work, and what sacrifices the holding of a camp-meeting compels them to make. For this reason it was feared that the meeting would be but slimly attended. But all such fears proved entirely groundless. The Lord gave his people willing hearts, and from the very beginning the attendance was quite large, and grew larger from day to day.

The meeting closed on Tuesday forenoon with a love-feast of over two hours' duration, but four hours would not have sufficed to give an opportunity to all who desired to speak. Three, four, and five would get up at once, and it was often very difficult to decide who was entitled to speak first. Of the numerous testimonies that were given, we will only mention that of Father Kempf, the patriarch of Fortieth-street Church. He began by quoting the text: "And every one that has forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters . . . for my name's sake, shall receive a hundred-fold, and shall inherit eternal life."

He then went on to relate that he had been born a Catholic; that he had four brethren and three sisters in Germany; how after he had married a Protestant woman they persecuted him so fiercely that he had to leave them and emigrate to this country; how a Methodist Missionary found him in his shanty near Eighty-first street and Eight Avenue and led him to Jesus, and how the Lord had dealt so mercifully with him the last thirty years. "And now," he added, "when I look upon this assembly, and remember that you are all *my brothers and sisters*, I ask myself and you, Has not the Lord made good His word and given me, even in this world, a hundred-fold for all that I have left?" The effect of this on the meeting can be more easily imagined than described.

CHURCH WORK ACROSS THE OCEAN.

BY. W. A. SPENCER.

YOKOHAMA, JAPAN, *July 19th*, 1873.

I was unable to write, as I expected to, from on shipboard, and so I write a few lines, by way of letting the lovers of purity know where I am, and what I have seen, connected with the subject of holiness. Here and there I have found single individuals who were apparently in sympathy with this special work; but very few have anything to say specifically as to this experience.

On board the steamer was a Baptist, formerly a medical missionary at Shanghai,

and with him I had very pleasant and profitable conversation on the mutual experiences. He had been a surgeon in the Confederate army during all the late war, and I had been in the Union army; but our hearts found common ground at the cross, and great pleasure in talking about the blessed Master. Imagine if you can how blessed it was to me, after being sea-sick, and having a severe fever at sea, in the first days of my convalescence to find some one to tell my experience to. During my sickness, which covered almost all my voyage, Bishop Harris read the Bible to me by the hour. May God bless him for it! All our party, and the officers of the vessel were very kind. Dr. Waugh read me many of the beautiful "Hymns for the Closet," by Faber, a Catholic, I believe, who so beautifully and strikingly writes of man's sinfulness, and God's condescension. Beautiful as the hymns are, they seem to lack the rest and quietness which are found in full redemption. How many christians are singing in a minor key about a heaven to come, and how few have found it really

"A heaven below
My Redeemer to know!"

The Baptist physician I spoke of, told me sadly of the happy years as a Missionary in China, and the struggle to maintain now a state of peace and communion with God. What could I do, but tell him of the rest and quiet I had found in Jesus' blood? When we reached the shore, we parted; he for China, and I to stay a little while in Japan. How many aching hearts, like his, are longing, and longing for salvation from *all sin;* and "find it so hard to always love Jesus." Lord, send Thy light!

I have seen but little of the Methodist church since leaving California, as we have no organization as yet in Japan, though Dr. Maclay and family, and Brother and Sister Correl are already here, and three more missionaries are in mid-ocean, on their way to Japan. So my letter will be as undenominational as our religion.

Two Canadian Wesleyan ministers came half a month before us, and have entered upon the study of the language, and have commenced working for the sailors on Sabbaths. A great work has broken out among the British sailors at Shanghai, through the labours of two American ladies, one of them the widow of a missionary of the M. E. Church South.* The work of grace has already resulted in the salvation of two or three hundred sailors, and scarcely a British war-vessel is unvisited with this revival. The Cadmus, one of these British vessels, is now at this port, and her sailors attend the union prayer-meetings on shore. The songs, prayers and exhortations are very full of unction, and have done my soul great good. Some of our United States vessels have a degree of interest, and christians are earnestly praying that this work may go on.

Yesterday we attended service on board the U. S. storeship Idaho, where Dr. Newman preached to about one hundred persons, one half belonging to the navy. The service was novel but profitable. Lt. Commander Nelson, of the Idaho, is an earnest christian of the Episcopal church, but labors in the union services, and seems to be a zealous worker. The union movement here thus far has included only Episcopal and Dutch Reformed and Presbyterian people, who have done almost all the missionary work up to this time, in this part of Japan. In the southern part of Niphon (pronounced Nippon,) the American Board has a mission, and there is also an Episcopal mission, with a Bishop. The northern part of the island, and all the islands to the north of it are with no ministry, except a Greek priest at Hakodadi, and the heathen priests. The great development of Japan in the future must be in this utterly heathen part, which no church has occupied. Oh, that a wave of holy power might roll over the Methodist church in America, to bring all our ministry and laymen into full salvation! Then Japan might ask for twenty more missionaries *this year*, and get them. Let us pray for Japan, and may God open the hearts of our people to offer more willingly.

The Dutch Reformed and Presbyterians have been at work here twelve or thirteen years, and have translated part of the New Testament, and one book (Genesis) of the Old Testament. When the work of translation of Matthew was completed, the work of printing it was attended with difficulties.

*We have long been acquainted with the dear Christian lady here referred to, and a very interesting letter in which she gives an account of the revival in China will appear in November number of the "Guide."

It must be plainly written and cut in wooden blocks, one block to a page. None of the missionaries could write Japanese with sufficient fluency and accuracy to attempt this part of the work. Any native christian who should do it, must expect his life to be the forfeit of his rashness. Still, a converted native was found who copied off the whole of Matthew, and the woodcutter did his work, and the first gospel was given to the Japanese. The changing policy of the government saved the copyist from danger, and he continues writing on wood the Scriptures for publication. He is a devout christian, and has recently been made an elder of the native church. His christian experience, told through an interpreter, is very clear, and shows how fully he has left all for Jesus. On being asked if he was not afraid to assist in the publication of the first gospel, "Oh!" said he, "I thought one gospel was worth more than one life." He felt that he would have done a great work to have aided in publishihg one gospel in his native tongue.

The union prayer-meetings, already referred to, are precious occasions. They are held at the house of Mrs. Pruyn, a missionary from Albany, N. Y., who has consecrated her life to work for the education and evangelization of the women of Japan. Her house is a Bethel indeed, and her servants are coming to Jesus under the influence of christian life and precept. A girls' day school, and a boarding school for young ladies, are a part of the work of Mrs. Pruyn and the ladies who are with her. They talk and pray as you would expect those would who have found perfect rest. The meetings are led by different leaders, but are participated in by men and women, without distinction of sex or sect. They seem very home-like to me. I will write again by next steamer.—*Banner of Holiness.*

The Tuesday Meeting.

Meetings for the promotion of holiness are held at the residence of Dr. Palmer,

316 East 15th Street,

Stuyvesant Park, at 2½ o'clock, every Tuesday afternoon.

The meeting was opened by reading the 10th chap. Romans, and the hymn was sung, commencing :

"Come my soul, thy suit prepare."

After singing, several requests were read, and prayer was offered by Bro. Hedstrom.

Dr. P.—It is a blessed truth that we may take shelter in the bleeding wounds of Jesus, and realize that He is the Rock that was cleft for us. May we not all lay hold of some one of the great and precious promises, and have them fulfilled to us this afternoon. We have a right through Jesus to come to the King of Kings, and, as the poet expresses it,

"Thou art coming to a King.
Large petitions with thee bring,
For His power and grace are such
None can ever ask too much."

Let us not forget that we are a company loved of the Lord. A company that has been redeemed by His own precious blood. A company for whom He laid aside the glory that He had with the Father, before the world was, that we through His poverty might be rich. His errand to our poor world was "that we might be delivered out of the hand of our enemies, and serve Him without fear, in holiness and righteousness all the days of our life." Oh for an increase of faith! Let us look for great things from the Lord to-day. We have come here to glorify Jesus, and to say that He fulfils His promises, and that He is not only able but willing to do even abundantly above all that we can ask or think.

A STEPPING STONE.

Mrs. P.—Some person said to another, "What kind of meeting is this?" The answer was, "A glorification meeting. It is for glorifying Christ." Oh that Christ may be glorified here this afternoon! Amen. Not I, but the grace of God in me. My faith does lay hold very especially upon the precious assurances, promises, declarations, and prayers in the Scriptures, which are equal to promises. "Who of God is made unto me," not going to be, "Wisdom, Righteousness, Sanctification, and Redemption." Bless the Lord. I believe through the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ I can say that is my experience this afternoon. While Dr. P. was reading the words "The same Lord over all is rich," it took me back to a circumstance in my experience :—We can all look back to our stepping stones ; it was about thirty-seven years ago, when this meeting was first commenced, and I was not enjoying the blessing of

holiness. There were some persons who did enjoy it, especially my sister, Mrs. Lankford, who experienced the blessing about a year before I did. The meeting was not as large then as it is now, and this passage came,—Oh! with what power, to my mind, "God is no respecter of persons;" what He has done for one He is willing to do for another. And I began to think over the matter, and said "Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons." And it is a wonderful truth. But He is a respector of character, and does fulfil His promises to those who comply with the conditions. I wish all who are not enjoying the witness this afternoon to remember it. I said, "Through the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ I am going to use every means that can be helpful towards securing this state of holiness." Then it was suggested, would it not be a very helpful means to tell these persons how you feel. There was just the difficulty. Why? It was not for want of a spirit of devotion. I really think if I had been called to give my goods to feed the poor, or my body to be burned, I would have done it. There was the point. I loved my will better than my life. It seemed to me I would rather die than have the conflict continue. There was this unwillingness to come right out and confess my need of holiness. It was not because I did not desire it, for I think I would have been willing to die to receive the witness of holiness. I just arose and said, "Through the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, I am going to use any and every possible means helpful towards holiness." The *desire* for holiness is truly a gift from God, just as much as holiness is. We cannot desire it of ourselves. Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that *believeth*. By a momentary act we are sustained in natural existence. Now this life of faith is a momentary trust in Christ for it. Christ was manifested to destroy the works of the devil, and He is able to deliver us out of the hand of our enemies that we might serve Him without fear, in holiness and righteousness, all the days of our life. That is to-day! this moment! just now! "Christ is the end of the law for Righteousness." Let us believe and take Christ as our Wisdom, our Righteousness, our Sanctification. If you were going to die in five minutes you would want it, but you do not need it any more to die than you need it to live right. It is a life of faith on the Son of God. May this be a stepping stone with some here.

CHRIST THE OBJECT OF FAITH.

Rev. H. B.—I always count it a blessing that I am permitted to come to this meeting. It is a sweet privilege to meet the people of God, and lose myself in the mighty power, and hallowed influences of this gathering of the saints. And why? I just recognize this always when I come here, that every heart and every mind seems to be brought into the simplicity of Jesus the Son of God. That is the great thing. Oh, in this world where there are so many distracting influences, turning the people away from God, it is refreshing to come where all is toward God, and it is all to have God; to have God is all. I see this more and more clearly. It is something over thirty years since the Lord revealed Himself to me as my sanctification by faith, just as our dear sister Palmer says, it is by faith.

By faith I apprehend it—I believed—Jesus the instant I did, was the end of the law for righteousness. I had been longing, and praying, and studying, and striving, and in every kind of way I could for it except believe. I did not know how to come to that. It was more ignorance than anything else. More ignorance than perverseness. It is not that God's children don't like holiness, for that would be contrary to their nature. They do love holiness, but they do not know how to believe.

(Mrs. P.—They don't know how to believe because it is so simple.)

Br. B.—That is exactly it. The simplicity of receiving God's word, and resting upon it, trusting. Well, as soon as I did believe, I had it. For, he that believeth hath the witness in himself. Oh, what a benefit it is to go to such gatherings as this. How many I have seen come into the light, who long had been groping, and wandering, and striving until they came in, where the simple, gentle testimonies were uttered, and they were instructed; "Faith cometh by hearing." It was the word of the Lord, through the testimonies of His saints, that led them into liberty.

NEW TESTIMONIES.

Episcopal minister.—It is the first time I stand up in your midst. I have a long story

to tell. In the language of the hymn you have just ceased singing, "Where shall I Thy praise begin," I don't know where to begin. There are some who have said to me, it will help others, and that I ought to attend to this duty, and yet it is a sad long story. I will try and make it as brief as possible. I want to say, in the providence of God, I mean it. I was brought to this meeting some time ago. I have the privilege this afternoon, which I have been looking forward to for a long time, on this floor, of giving my experience. I felt justified a long time ago; but you have something more to say than that here. I could not join you, so I said, I will sit still. Now I almost smile at my simplicity, my godly simplicity, to see how near I have been to it all the time. I received the blessing at the Ocean Grove camp-meeting, what I might have had here long ago. The Lord took me there. This part seems to me so simple. One of the brethren so often here (Dr. Ward), the Lord sent him with a key that unlocked the last door and let me into this blessedness. I want to say to these dear friends here, that it is just NOW. I might have been happy six months ago, and have this very experience they have this afternoon. It is by faith He sanctifies me. And now I no more doubt that I am sanctified by faith, than that I am justified by faith. If I am not sanctified, then I have no faith in anything. Dr. W. asked me, "Do you believe God is able to do it?" Of course I believe His Omnipotence, "Do you believe He is willing to do it?" There I had trouble; I don't know about that. "Does the Bible not say we may have this blessing?" Then I thought this grace is of the Lord, and He is willing, and I think I might say, I believe He is willing, so I said it. Then He said, "Do you believe it NOW?" I could not see why He was not willing *now*, and I said "yes!" Something said I have not the feeling. Never mind expecting the feeling until you have something to feel about. I cannot move this hand until there is life in it. I trust. When I said "I trust," I did not receive any great flood of light, but I did feel the light. I have not had anything else. Since which such an experience of satisfaction as I have never known before. I feel, this afternoon, very unwilling to use strong expressions. There are a great many terms used here that bothered me considerably. I don't feel like speaking at length, but the thing I do know, that by trusting the Saviour you can be kept from sinning, just as by trusting the Saviour you can be pardoned. I believe this is a holy place. I have received so much good from this communion of saints, I believe in "the communion of saints." I would say to any dear souls here this afternoon, don't go all the way around by Ocean Grove. I heard so many of the brethren speak last Summer about the camp-meeting that I said to myself, "If I have a vacation next Summer, I will go to the camp-meeting;" and I did go for the purpose of getting the blessing. Christian influences were all around. Everybody, on the beach, in the Post Office, were talking of Jesus. Jesus is present. If there is any one here that is burdened, they need not carry that burden away.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

Presbyterian Brother.—I want to encourage the Brother to give this testimony. It was blessed to others at the Ocean Grove. He stated there his difficulties more fully. What he has intimated now, of difficulties, others heard it who had the same difficulties, and his experience came home to them. I heard them remark about it afterward. It teaches this truth which I have been unwilling to learn. I have been unwilling to testify, thinking I was presenting self so much. It is but bearing witness. We are the witnesses of the Lord. I was impressed to-day. I went into the Fulton Street prayer-meeting, the first day for a long time. I went there expecting a blessed meeting. But a clergyman, in speaking about something that came up, said: "A great deal in camp-meetings was said about 'higher life;' I don't believe in 'higher life,' and so on." Of course, no one noticed, and it passed away. I thought to myself, my dear brother, if you could only realize it, if you could ouly have the experience! Before the meeting was out a gentleman got up and called to another clergyman, and said he wanted to ask the prayers of the meeting for a lady of his acquaintance whom he had ministered to; that she was at Saratoga Springs, in great distress of mind on the subject of holiness. I don't know that he noticed the remark "on the subject of Holiness." He wanted to get the "Guide to Holiness," to know where he could find the office. He had promised her he would get it and send it to her.

Roll of Honor.

One Hundred Thousand Subscribers!

"*Honor the Lord with thy substance and with the first fruits of all thy increase, so shall thy barns be filled with plenty.*" *We have several departments under appropriate headings in every number of the "Guide to Holiness." We now propose a new one, which we shall give a permanent place as above, trusting that with every monthly issue we may have several new names to record, added to the* "ROLL OF HONOR." *We do not doubt that there are many who will, after prayerful deliberation, wish to honor the Lord with their substance by sending the "Guide to Holiness," to at least five persons who might not otherwise get it, and thus be instrumental in the hands of the Lord, of guiding many precious souls into the Highway of* HOLINESS. *In the August number is a proposition from an honored minister, Rev. George W. Mitchell, to increase the list of subscribers of the "Guide to Holiness" to* ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND. *We give his letter in part here:*

"*I resolved some time since by the blessing of my heavenly Father, to distribute five copies of the 'Guide,' out of my* LIMITED *means every year during my life. And I also have a pledge from my daughter, when I have passed over to the other side, that she will circulate a like number among her friends so long as she lives. I made this proposition last winter to one of my neighbors, who has pledged himself in a like manner. And I am persuaded if the readers of the 'Guide,' or even a majority of those whose hearts are often comforted and blessed by the perusal of its pages (so well filled with rich food for the soul) would do likewise, that a list of* ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND SUBSCRIBERS *would soon be reached. I am now in my sixty-third year, have preached the gospel for upwards of forty years, and can truly say from the closest and most impartial observation and reading the 'Guide'* FOR EIGHT YEARS PAST, THAT I DO NOT BELIEVE THAT THERE IS A PUBLICATION TO BE HAD ANY WHERE, IN ANY NATION, THAT IS DOING THE SAME AMOUNT OF GOOD FOR THE CAUSE OF CHRSTIANITY. *I have reason to believe the doctrine of holiness, which is the burden of its song brought out from the experience of God's saints on earth, is destined to widen and increase in its soul-inspiring sweetness and power, until few will be left among the royal family upon earth, to demur to this glorious truth, so plainly laid down in the blessed Bible, and which when taught, never fails to receive the seal and favor of the Great Head of the Church.*"

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM MRS. BISHOP HAMLINE.—"*Yesterday after reading the dear 'Guide,' Dr. M. came in, and I told him of the brother who sends abroad the five copies gratuitously, and suggested that his laborious professional duties forbade his working for the Saviour in many ways, he send five copies of the 'Guide' abroad in that way (he takes the 'Guide'). He instantly said, "Will you attend to it for me?" to which I gladly assented. He gave me five dollars and said, "When the year is out apply again."*
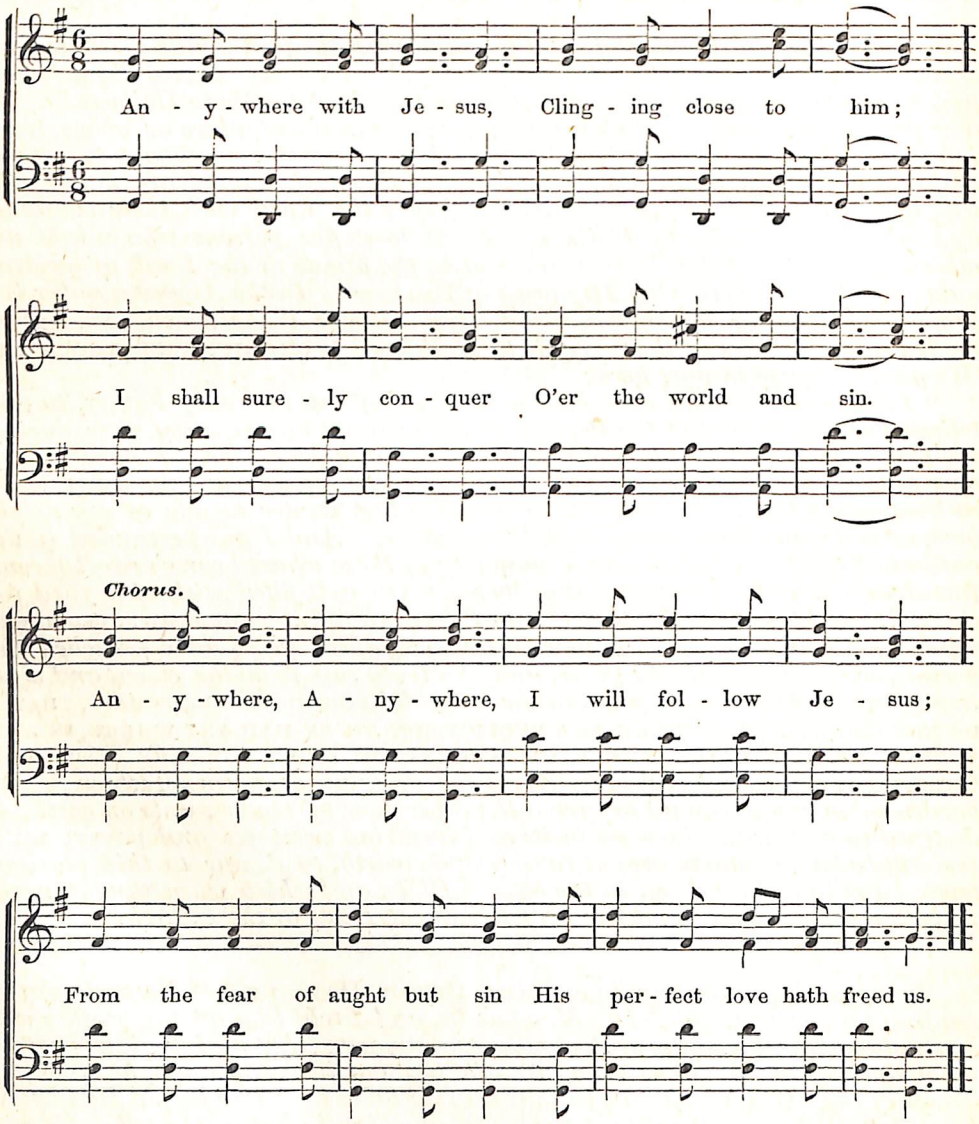
How many similar letters shall we receive before our next number is issued?

MRS. M. E. HERIDER *sends ten dollars and says, send the "Guide" to ten Presiding Elders.*

FOR THE GUIDE.

ANYWHERE WITH JESUS.

Words and Music by E. J. C.



Though the clouds may gather,
Darkness shut me in,
Anywhere with Jesus,
Anything but sin.

Love shall be our motto,
Self we will deny,
For our blessed Jesus
We will live or die.

Guide to Holiness.

NOVEMBER, 1873.

PRAISE TO JESUS.

REV. HENRY VARLEY, OF ENGLAND.

(*Concluded from page* 103).

It may be asked, "Did you reach any *crisis* in your experience?" Yes. In considering that word (in 2 Tim. ii. 21, 22), concerning the great house, with vessels to honor and dishonor, and the searching addition, "If a man therefore purge himself from these, he shall be a vessel unto honor, sanctified and meet for the Master's use, prepared unto every good work. Flee also youthful lusts, but follow righteousness, faith, love, peace, with them that call on the Lord out of a pure heart."—I saw that the responsibility of the purging was mine, and, *in the strength of the Lord*, I then and there gave up any and all doubtful things (things not of faith), to walk, at any cost, according to the divine rule, as in Paul's case—"And herein do I exercise myself, to have *always a conscience void of offence* toward God and men" (Acts xxiv. 16); and further, not to be afraid to confess the failure of the past, or to save myself from the opposition of many, hide my testimony to his praise in this fulness of blessing; and entirely to surrender myself to Him, that His grace might flow unhindered into every part of my being. And, more than all beside, because at the root of all, to abhor the sin of unbelief, to hate it, never to think of it as misfortune or infirmity, but a black, horrid sin, dark as adultery or murder. I saw how it could limit the Holy One of Israel, how it caused Israel to murmur, and *hasted them* (marginal reading) to forget God, even on the banks of the Red Sea; how it led them to lust, *to be idolaters*, to despise the pleasant land, to loathe the light bread, until of a redeemed people God said, "*I sware in my wrath* that they should not enter into my rest." Their carcasses fell in the wilderness, and only two of all their number (the men who believed God, and followed Him fully) entered into the land.

Such is unbelief; and well may the Holy Ghost say by Paul, "To whom sware He that they should not enter into His rest, but to them that believed not? So we see they could not enter in because of unbelief. Let us, therefore, fear, lest a promise being left us of entering into His rest, any of you should seem to come short of it. For unto us was the Gospel preached, as well as unto them; but the word preached did not profit them, not being mixed with faith in them that heard." (Heb. iii. 18; iv. 1, 2)

I solemnly say, the Lord helping me, I will not limit the Holy One, but do surrender all I have and am, that His mighty grace may flow unhindered into my being. I long to say fully—I do say it in part—"Striving according to His working which worketh in me mightily." (Col. i. 29.)

The blessing was reached on my knees at midnight on the Saturday following my interview with Mr. Smith, when, after earnest prayer, confession, and surrender, I believed, according to the word, that I was cleansed (1 John i. 7), that I had fulness of joy, all need

supplied, my body the temple of the living God—I was filled with peace; and I had the promise, "God is able to make all grace abound toward you, that ye, always having all sufficiency in all things, may abound to every good work" (2 Cor. ix. 8). I fell asleep believing that I should awake in the fulness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ; and never shall I forget the joy of that day. It was Sabbath indeed, and *no burden carried*, according to His word. Since then God has fulfilled in me His promise, and I have found His grace springing up continually; indeed, often like an impetuous current, and again, as the deep and quiet stream, calm and settled. His peace has been mine, and mine has been in harmony with His word—peace as a river. I can well understand that man of God, Mr. Flavel, when he asked the Lord to stay His hand in the bestowment of His grace. I do not think I could have borne it continuously; it was a little taste of His fulness. Speak I must; preach, I could not help myself, I was as a vessel that must have vent. My happy soul rested in His love and bounded as a young hart on the mountains of Bether.

I went and told my people. Some wondered, some rejoiced and shared the blessing. For myself, I could only do as the Samaritan in Luke xviii. 15, who, "when he saw that he was healed, turned back, and with a loud voice glorified God, and fell down on his face at Jesus' feet, giving Him thanks."

Again, it may be asked, "*Have you any new views?*" No; the old truth firmly believed; that is all; the promises not a distant, beautiful theory, but realized. The Psalmist says, "My help cometh from the Lord, Who made heaven and earth;" and as I look at yonder sun, and remember that the living God has filled it with light, without a moment's intermission, for six thousand years, I am sure that it must be a very easy thing for Him to supply all *my* need, and I am happy in His power, grace, and love, from morning to night. I see plainly that faith is superior to *all circumstances*, and I begin to know something of the deep meaning of Christ's words, 'If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed." And again, "Ye shall know the truth, and *the truth shall make you free.*" I am feeding on promises from morning to night, and real meat they are. Hearkening diligently to His voice, my soul rejoiceth *in fatness.* It is a blessed life, this life of faith on the Son of God.

I am not troubled about the future, and I have given up the expectation of being wayward, and falling into sin. Watching and praying, I expect to be held up, and not suffered to fall, because *He* says, "He is able to keep us from falling," and "greater is He that is on our part than all that are against us." And again, "He that abideth in Him sinneth not." I make no comment on these words—they speak the mind of our blessed Lord.

Perhaps I am asked, "Are you not conscious of failure?" I am, through being a novice in the truth of abiding in Him; but I believe the time past shall suffice for much of the evil wrought. I am persuaded that, if He work in me, to WILL and DO of His own good pleasure, He will never lead me to do a wrong thing or pursue a wrong course. Moment by moment He is keeping us. He says it; it must be true. He keeps us as the apple of His eye. He hath said it—"I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee. So that we may boldly say, the Lord is my helper, and I will not fear what man shall do unto me." (Heb. xiii. 5, 6)

Is this presumption? or the confidence of faith? The Lord knoweth. Is this "perfection in the flesh"? Nay, rather, it is being perfected in love. It is the true circumcision, which worships God in the Spirit, rejoices in Christ Jesus, and has *no confidence in the flesh* (Phil. iii 3). I am very much struck by the hungering I have for the word of the Lord. Truly it is not living by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God shall man live. As for the Word itself, it wants all reading over again.

It would be a melancholy mistake

should any suppose that I think a sort of climax has been reached. I regard holiness as progressive even unto heaven. I anticipate very much more progress now that unbelief is broken and laid aside. To use the language of another, "The Lord is indeed unto me a place of broad rivers and streams; and, by His grace, no galley, with oars of human effort, or gallant ship of man's devising shall pass thereby, but the Lord shall have His good pleasure in carrying me onward on the bosom of His own tideless love." It is so delightful to feel no plank of unbelief between the soul and Jesus' measureless love, and trusting that henceforth it shall ever be so. It certainly is heaven on the way to heaven. "The just shall live by faith." (Rom. i. 17; Gal. ii. 20; Heb x. 38.)

Some of God's children have known the joy of the Lord as their strength ever since their conversion, but many thousands have not, and to these I speak, and long that they may have the same fulness of joy.

I verily believe, if I had shrunk from confessing this, my soul had dwelt still in straitness. I have seen not a few already hindered because of the fear of man. For myself, I can only say, "Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will tell you what He hath done for my soul."

For the Guide.

ECHOES FROM PATMOS.

REV. W. H. POOLE, TORONTO.

NO. XII.

PHILADELPHIA.

What a beautiful name for a church. It comes from a union of two Greek words, *Philo*, a lover, and *delphos*, a brother. The Church of Brotherly Love. What a delightful charge it must have been. How happy the man who was honored with the pastorate of such a church. Brotherly Love in name, and in nature, and in practice, too. As might be expected, there is not one word of censure, or of reproof, to be given to this whole church. He "whose eyes are as a flame of fire," looks through their walks and their ways, their doctrines and their deeds, their professions and their practices, their public life and their private life, and although "He is the faithful and true witness," He finds nothing in this church to reprove or condemn. Happy pastor—prosperous church! "Let brotherly love continue."

"Holy and true."

What a fine description is here given of Jesus. These things saith He that is holy and true. He is essentially holy,—the author, promoter, and the dispenser of holiness. The holiness of Christ is the strongest argument of the divinity of the gospel. His holiness is the foundation of the Church's hope here and hereafter. "Be ye holy, for I, the Lord your God, am holy."

He is "true," in thought and word—in sympathy and affection—in purpose and in promise. Holy in nature and true in word. All His promises are based upon His holiness and truth. How firm our hope and comfort stands.

"The key," His official character and work, is here indicated. He has the key of authority; has a kingdom, is a king—can admit and exclude—"can open" the doors of nations and empires—of science and art—of wealth and prosperity—of liberty and progress; and neither parliaments, presidents or pontiffs can shut them. He is supreme. He opens the door of hope, of privilege, of enjoyments, of honor, and of usefulness for all who come to Him.

What an encouragement and comfort to the Church of Brotherly Love.

This church honored her Lord in two ways. She "kept the word of Jesus" as the rule of her life and the standard of her faith. She maintained and defended the word of the Lord. Doctrinal truth is all important to church life. But she was also unwavering in her profession of His name. "Not denied my name." Her members were persecuted unto death, and their lives were offered to them if they would deny Him. They were faithful in doctrine, in experience, in profession and in practice. This church is greatly honored. He, Jesus, pours confusion upon her enemies. He

makes her enemies to come and kneel at her feet, and worship at her altars. He shows a special love for her in the presence of her foes. He keeps her safe from all harm in the times of peculiar temptation. He guards and protects all her interests amid national and church ruin. There is significance in the fact that the city now bears the name *Allah-sher*, the "City of God;" that there stands now, a monumental column of her fidelity to the truth, and that amid the general ruin there are still those who love Jesus and the brotherhood of His people.

The promise, "I also will keep thee," was, like all His promises, full of meaning. He honors her by making every one of her members useful, and by giving to each a crown.

He honors them by making them pillars of remembrance, memorials of His goodness, not on the commons, or on the commercial and political highway, but in the temple.

He honors them by inscribing upon them a trinity of names, including His own new name. Who can tell all that is implied and promised in this reward. In this there is preservation, identification, and glorification.

Alford says, "By the inscription of this new name of the glorified Saviour is declared that He belongs to Him in His new and glorious state of eternal rest and triumph."

We must go home to know the full meaning of this reward. "What we know not now, we shall know hereafter."

(To be continued.)

For the Guide.

FRANKINCENSE AND MYRRH.

M. ANNESLY.

We have answers to momentary acts of faith as well as answers to oft repeated petitions. This expectancy of the soul is well pleasing to our Living Head: it honors His faithfulness to us, as well as ours to Him.

The Church has groaned long enough under suspicions of the faithfulness of her adorable Lord. Doubts and fears have worn out their own merit long ago, and the time is come when a clearer vision rests on the people of God, through the faithfulness of His own word. We are learning to believe, while we read and obey, and the little piecemeal of daily experience teaches us that there is more virtue in our constant obedience, through faith in God, than we once expected to receive. The teaching of the blessed Jesus among the multitude, as He went from place to place, is ours, and we are the common people who hear Him gladly, and know that His words are for our ears and our hearts, and we wonder that we did not know this years ago; but it is well that our eyes see the fullness of salvation, even in the end of the days.

Jesus always has His twelve on the earth —those about his person, in close union with him—His confiding brethren of whom He expects more than others, and He keeps them pretty busy; even when He says to them, "Come ye yourselves apart and rest awhile." They have some little deeds of faith and love to do, that their affection for the Master may be kept clear and fresh. And He has the seventy also, who are hither and yon, following out their commission, returning occasionally to report their success.

Then there are the Josephs and Nicodemuses, who do good service which no one else will do. Who would have taken care of the sacred body of Jesus if they had not watched for their duty? We must not lightly esteem those who are not working and showing their love in our way. The Master has need of a great variety in His service.

For the Guide.

A WILL AND A WAY.

PHŒBE PALMER.

Often have we occasion to observe, that where there is a will, there is a way. "Instant in season, out of season," is God's order; that is, where opportunities do not readily occur, make them. My friend Mrs. C., residing in England, told me that she was in the habit of distributing tracts in a noiseless sort of a way. One Sabbath morning, on her way

to Sabbath-school, as her way lay through a quiet, shady lane, she hung tracts on the limbs of the trees, prayerfully desiring that some one might be induced to take them to whom they might be a word in season.

Presently two young men passed the same way, and seeing the novelty of reading matter suspended to the limbs of the trees, each took a tract, and, folding it unread, put it in his pocket.

Weeks passed on, and all recollection of the tract-bearing branches might have been forgotten, but for the testimony of two young converts jubilant in the fervor of their first love-feast. Their united testimony was about thus: Passing down the embowered lane that Sabbath morning, their attention was arrested by the suspended tracts. They were fond of blending their voices in comic songs for their own and the amusement of others. Not knowing but the printed leaves might be something facetious in their own line, they took them down, and observing that they were religious tracts, for which they had no taste, they thrust them low in their pockets unread, and from that hour unthought of, till several days subsequently.

One evening, when they were alone and in want of amusement, they concluded to have one of the songs. Searching their pockets for one, to their surprise they took out their forgotten tracts, and as a matter of curiosity concluded to read them. The Scriptural truth therein contained was as the sword of the Spirit. Both of the young men were deeply convicted, and never rested till clearly and powerfully saved. The first word that my friend Mrs. C. heard from the life-giving fruit she hung on the branches in the quiet lane, was from this love-feast testimony. What revelations will the light of eternity give in regard to the labors of some of Jesus' little ones,—labors which with many may have seemed fruitless in the eye of carnal reason.

What good will result from sending forth truth in the form of earnest, pointed, Scriptural tracts? We know not—"the day will declare it." Of this we are sure, it is one way of working for the heavenly Master, and our "labor is not in vain in the Lord." For a comparatively small sum many of these silent messengers can be sent forth through the mail to friends, or be otherwise distributed, and we can follow them with prayer. "After many days," it may be, the seed will take root and God be honored in a rich harvest. An encouraging instance of this kind was mentioned at a Conference of Christians in London. The subject under consideration was, "The best methods of evangelizing various classes of the people." One of the speakers (Mr. T. B. Smithies,) remarked:

"We have varied gifts, but whatever they be, we are called on to be tender, loving, to rejoice in the prosperity of a brother who has different gifts from ourselves. Let every one be in earnest to do what he can, and all such will be shown of God how to do it.

"I was at a meeting lately of chimney-sweeps. About two hundred were assembled. One rose, and began thus: 'Brother traders, just think of our privileges and our opportunities of doing good. I've many a time gone to sweep a chimney at the West-end, and taken some tracts, and, after giving one to the maid, asked her to give one to her mistress, and God has given me the fruit of it.' I will tell you a few facts. This man left a tract with the maid, and asked her to take the other to her mistress, and say the sweep would be much obliged if she would read it. The mistress was a high lady of fashion and had friends with her when the tract was handed in on a silver salver. She said 'I must have some fun with this genial sweep; I'll see him.' She did see him, and the man told his simple tale—that he was a happy man, had no fear of death, because his sins were forgiven.

"Seven years passed away, when a knock came to the sweep's door, and a livery servant stood there to ask him would he go to see his dying mistress; she had remembered the words of the sweep seven years since, that he had no fear of death; and now as he enters

her room, she turns eagerly to him, and says, 'Tell me how the fear of death was taken away.' The sweep read John iii. She listened, drank it in, and seemed to understand from his Spirit-taught words the way of life. She departed, resting on Christ."

Do not such incidents as these speak to us, that hopelessness belongs not to a Christian worker, that opportunities are never lacking to a ready spirit, and that 'where there's a will there's a way?'"

For the Guide.

A QUIET MIND.

E. C. PIERSON.

I have a treasure which I prize;
It's like I cannot find:
There's nothing like it on the earth,
'Tis this, a *quiet mind.*

But 'tis not that I'm stupefied,
Or senseless, dull, or blind;
'Tis God's own peace within my heart
Which forms my quiet mind.

I found this treasure at the cross:
And there to every kind—
Of weary, heavy laden souls,
Christ gives a quiet mind.

My Saviour's death and risen life
To give it were designed;
His love's the never failing spring
Of this, my quiet mind.

The *love of God* within my breast,
My heart to Him doth bind;
This is the peace of heaven, of earth,
This is my quiet mind.

I've many a cross to take up now,
And many left behind;
But present troubles move me not,
Nor shake my quiet mind.

And what may be to-morrow's cross
I never seek to find:
My Saviour says leave that to Me
And keep a quiet mind.

And well I know the Lord hath said
To make my heart resigned,
That mercy still shall follow those
Who have this quiet mind.

I meet with pride of wit and wealth
And scorn and look unkind;
It matters not, I envy none,
While I've a quiet mind.

I'm waiting now to see my Lord
Who's been to me so kind;
I want to thank Him face to face—
For this my quiet mind.

DEAR FRIENDS:—I have long been a reader of the "Guide," and know to some extent of what this quiet mind consists. I have it in posession *now*, praise to His holy name.

For the Guide.

FIFTY YEARS' WALK WITH JESUS.

MRS. MARY D. JAMES.

(*Continued from page* 108.)

No wonder that church became a beautiful "*garden spot,*" for so many "*trees of righteousness planted by the Lord*" were there, bearing precious fruits. Eight class-leaders held up the banner of Full Salvation, leading onward their classes into this blessed experience. As the gate of heaven, seemed the class-meetings, led by those holy men of God. So much divine power was felt that a cold heart could not come there without being warmed, and backsliders were sure to be reclaimed who entered those hallowed precincts. Indeed, the entire membership of the church felt the blessed influence.

Surrounded by congenial spirits, the sweet fellowship Mary enjoyed with them added much to her happiness. But these blessings, in addition those more divinely sweet, of communion with the ALTOGETHER LOVELY ONE, only made her heart more fully realize that "*Jesus is the central point of bliss,*" and daily she loved to sing,

"Thou art the sea of love
Where all my pleasures roll,
The circle where my passions move,
And centre of my soul."

A LETTER

written about that period, expressed the experience of increasing conformity to the image of the heavenly.

To REV. T. MERRITT.—Rev. and Dear Father in Christ: I had not for-

gotten your request, but for several reasons, which I think you would deem justifiable, was delaying the fulfilment of it, when by your repeated solicitation in Sister Palmer's letter, (which I received last evening,) I was prompted to the immediate performance of the duty which now devolves upon me. And probably I could not select as the subject of my letter, a more profitable or pleasing topic than the exercises of my mind for the last twenty-four hours. Last evening I attended the class of which I am a member; I went there with my soul unspeakably happy in God; and in relating my experience, I remarked that I had of late been striving with unusual earnestness to keep my eyes *steadfastly fixed upon Jesus*, and while He had been in my view, I had lost sight of *earthly* objects, and my soul had been wholly absorbed by His love. My excellent leader remarked, in reply, "It is by looking to Jesus," or "*looking at Jesus*, that we are *changed into his image*." It struck my mind with peculiar force, and produced such a thrill of holy joy as I cannot describe. *I was then looking at Jesus.* He seemed standing before me, arrayed in glory and beauty that surpassed all I had ever before concieved of, and looking upon me with a look of tender regard, benignant love, and divine complacence, seemed to *claim me for His own.* My soul was so captivated with the charms of the adorable Redeemer, that when my leader spoke of being *changed into* His image, I felt such a transport of bliss, as nearly overpowered me. Oh! thought I, to be assimilated to *His glorious likeness*—to be a partaker of *His nature*—to be "one with Him!" What ineffable felicity—what overwhelming glory—what amazing exaltation! for an abject worm of earth, to be changed into the image of Jesus! And this is *my privilege!* I, who am "less than the least of all saints." I, who am the most unworthy of so distinguished a favor, thus honored, thus blessed of God! Heretofore my heart has borne but the mere outlines of that glorious image; but now, I am to receive the *full impress!* Yes, *now*, while I am *looking at Jesus! now*, He is moulding me and fashioning me after His own lovely likeness! My soul is in His hands, *passive* as clay in the hands of the potter. Jesus is making me all glorious within! I shall be *like Him!* I have fixed my eyes upon Him, never more to remove them thence, and it is by *looking* at Him that I am to be conformed to His likeness! O! such a fulness of love and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost. I seemed, indeed, "filled unutterably full of glory and of God." As I came home, Jesus seemed *walking* with me, and communing with my heart by the way. When I retired to my chamber, His presence accompanied me, and His glory appeared to fill the room! For several hours, I could not sleep. My heart was in such raptures of joy, that I could not become sufficiently composed to sleep. At length, exhausted nature sank into repose, but still my mind was occupied with the same glorious object. Often I would awake in ecstacies, exclaiming, "Jesus! O, Thou art my Saviour—'my Redeemer from all sin'—my happiness—my heaven!" I have ever since enjoyed the same delightful consciousness of His presence, Who is the life of all my joys, and am still enabled to keep my eyes unwaveringly fixed upon Him. I see clearly that this is the way, and the *only way* to *abide* in His love, and to have the *continual victory* over the world, the flesh, and Satan, viz: to keep *looking* at *Jesus*. While our eyes are fixed upon Him, we shall not see the *smiles* or *frowns* of our fellow beings; we shall not see the attractions of earth's gilded pleasures—its riches and honors, nor the dark clouds of adversity impending over our heads; we shall see nothing to dismay or to elate us, and therefore we shall escape the many snares which Satan has set for our feet, and into some of which we are *sure* to fall, if for *one moment* we cease "*looking to Jesus*." And it seems to me I can never again desire to look at aught beside. O! how paltry, how empty, how vain, do all other objects appear to us, when our souls are captivated with the charms of our beloved! How *insipid*, how *taste-*

less, do the pleasures of the world seem, after having drank at the *fountain of pure celestial love!* The thought of even, *for one moment*, turning to earth again—leaving the fountain head of bliss, and stooping to creature happiness, seems to me more dreadful than to endure the most agonizing sufferings; and death itself would be *infinitely preferable*. If I was as sure of heaven as that I now exist, it would not satisfy me, nor could I be happy in any degree, if I thought that I should ever, for a *short time*, *depart from God* and bring reproach upon His blessed name, who has "loved me, and given Himself for me." Pray for me, dear Father Merritt, that I may be "*steadfast*, *immovable*, always abounding in the work of the Lord."

With Christian regard, believe me yours.

For the Guide.

THE BIBLE

Q. Q.

Is the most ancient and the most modern book—the Divine Book. It is the history of all that is past and all that is to come—it is the parallel instructor and teacher in every age and every generation—the author of all progress and happiness. It provides for man until the last moment of time, and always is its own interpreter, for the Holy Spirit which dictated it reveals its own truths.

When man can cope with God, in wisdom and power, to create and destroy, then he may set aside any part of God's word and stand on an equality with the Almighty, but not till then.

THE BIBLE A CONTINUAL AUTHOR.

The Bible creates in the mind of man those sublime meditations and conceptions which no other book can produce. It can unlock faculties of human power no other influence can reveal. It gives a wholesome sorrow to the heart under a sense of sin, and then applies its own Omnipotent cure in the gracious promises to faith and obedience.

It is the Book of joy and hope, in making known the blessed God, to whom David said, "All my springs are in Thee."

We believe, as we read, that Enoch walked with God, yet no one understands that mysterious walk, but those who are in the same heavenly path; and these all testify to the same possible truth—so that there are now living witnesses to Enoch's faith. "Enoch walked with God, and he was not, for God took him." That was an evident testimony of the unseen world. God did as he pleased about the manner of Enoch's departure from the earth. This is the great principle through all His dealings with the children of men—He does as He pleases according to His rule of right, justice and goodness, and establishes this right in all His acts with individuals and nations.

It is the honest book. It tells us that God made man upright, and that through disobedience to his Creator he fell from that state of innocence into the utmost depravity. Then it gives the true history of the crimes of the world to prove this, and does not hide or cover the sins of even good people; and yet relates all these evils in the divine way, so that no mind is corrupted by reading the relation of them, as we would be by a mere human account of such iniquities. *It is the Book of immortality.*

Abraham walked and talked with God, stepping within and without the veil, through the ministry of angels, and felt the stirrings of his own immortality, so that he knew that he was only a sojourner, even in the land of promise, and anticipated a home, a place of rest with God, who had chosen him as his *friend*. The friendship was begun on earth, to be perpetuated in the blessed future, from whence he had received all his gracious counsels and promises, which reach till the end of time. Job, it is said, and from some internal evidences we may conclude lived in Abraham's day, wrote: "For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God: Whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another." Jacob's chapter of blessings upon his sons infer his immortality. He had been sustained under

his severe trials by his faith in God, who made Himself known to him at Luz, and who blessed him there. And when about to depart, the great unseen eternity shining in upon him, he breaks out in this beauti ul apostrophe, "I have waited for thy salvation, O, Lord!" He could not have meant any other than an eternal salvation, for he knew through the prophecy of Abraham that his people had begun their captivity in Egypt and would remain there four hundred years, and that he was about to depart and and leave them in it. Thus there was nothing in his present dying, feeble state to beget such an exultant thought, but being gathered to his fathers, the presence of the God of Abraham and Isaac.

David was learned in the work of the Holy Spirit, so that the children of God, under the clear shining of the Gospel dispensation, will through all the militant state of the Church, sit at his feet and adopt his beautiful thoughts to express their heavenly joys and earthly sorrows—his harp sweeps through time with its notes of praise, mingling our last breath with the air of heaven, "Into Thine hand I commit my spirit: I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever."

The Old Testament is the basis of the New—the one is not complete without the other—we cannot fully understand the one without the other. It closed its dispensation with its glorious prophecies, and the New Testament emerged into life and power under the Star of Bethlehem, to bring life and immortality to light, that the path of man to heaven might shine with divine effulgence. It broke the partition-wall that separated Jew and Gentile, and the Babe of Bethlehem smiled upon *all men*.

Heathen sages had done their utmost to teach man some way of happiness by subduing some evils and letting others loose. They could only guess at the unseen and future; and in all they failed, for they had not divinity upon which to plant their assurance. Not one of them could say, "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden and I will give you rest."

But the God-man, or Emmanuel, as Isaiah saith, the Messiah, according to all the Jewish Prophets, came to fulfil his closing commission on the earth, from infancy to manhood, that He might bestow upon all men His salvation; and that while He maintained the rectitude of Moses He gave the power to obey. He made the yoke of obedience easy and the burden of goodness light by His own relationship to man And He gave the blessed divine evidence of His love to the children of men, in His atoning death to save the human family eternally. And this is the guilt of unbelievers. "Ye will not come unto me that ye may have eternal life." Under this dispensation the Holy Spirit is freely given to all who ask for its power in their hearts. The pardon of sin is communicated to the soul, and all the happiness of a state of holiness here on the earth is secured to the believer in the cleansing blood of Christ.

Death is only a sleep. Trials are only for a moment, because that the unseen is seen by faith, and all is so clear and secure.

For the Guide.

MY BIBLE.

LINES WRITTEN ON THE BLANK LEAF.

PHŒBE PALMER.

Light from the eternal hills!
Thou Lamp of life divine!
River of God, of many rills
Reaching to all mankind.

Laden with precious freight,
Fresh from the courts above,
Alike to all both small and great,
Thy embassy of love.

Gold, were a thing of nought,
Rubies of priceless worth,
Compared with treasures thou hast brought,
To fallen sons of earth.

Thou message from the skies,
Ray for the rayless heart,
Thou fount of wisdom for the wise,
A balm for all thou art.

Man of my counsel thou;—
Blessings untold rejoice,
The heart of those who meekly bow,
To listen to thy voice.

PARKVILLE, LONG ISLAND, N. Y.
MONDAY, *September 22nd*, 1873.

DEAR SISTER PALMER:

Two years ago, when the Lord of the vineyard took me out to labor for a season in some of the Western States, I met a dear brother in whose experience I was so much interested, that I begged him to write it out and send it to me. While in Illinois this summer I met him again, still walking by faith in the Word of the Lord, a comfort and help to his brethren. Though placed in what were apparently unfavorable outward circumstances, he was strong in the Lord, standing with that peculiar steadiness which always characterizes those who magnify the Word of God above all things. Again I asked him for his written testimony, intending to send it to you for the "Guide." I have now received it, and if you think proper to publish it, I hope it will prove useful to many. I was very much cheered while passing about in central Illinois this summer, to find so many witnesses who gave a clear testimony for Jesus, and especially to find so large a number of them very clear in honoring the WORD of the Lord as the foundation of their faith. The old and wide-spread error of magnifying emotional experiences, above the testimony of God's Word, is passing away—thank God for it. God's gifts are all good, and to be received with thankfulness, but He has taught us to honor His Word above them all.

In Jesus, your brother,
HENRY BELDEN.

For the Guide.

HOW I WAS LED.

J. D. LESLIE.

I had been seeking the blessing of holiness for over a year. In reading experiences of those having received the blessing of Perfect Love, I noticed that an extraordinary baptism of Divine Power quickly followed the act of faith claiming the blessing.

I believed I was correct in my theory of God's plan; believed I was making the WORD the ground of confidence, when I at length came to the point of trusting, but unconsciously I had been led through the subtlety and artifice of the tempter, together with my own mistaken views, to make the baptism of divine glory the condition of my entire salvation from sin.

This Scripture was presented for my faith, "Come out from among them, and be ye separate," etc.

There was nothing emotional. It seemed like a matter-of-fact proposition from my heavenly Father. I took one proposition at a time, saying, "Lord this I do;" when it came to "And I will receive you," I said, "Lord thou dost receive me." In a moment a deep, sweet peace filled my soul; how strange that I did not rest here. A friend who had been helping me thus far, said, wait patiently, you will receive the baptism of joy presently. The tempter quickly took the advantage here. I waited for extraordinary emotional feeling, making it the condition of faith. The enemy came in like a flood. After some weeks of struggle to hold my position, I let go the sure word of promise, and lost the comfort and peace for a time enjoyed.

Some four months after, whilst working in a protracted meeting, the Lord again called me unto holiness. His dealings with me at this time were very wonderful; I was led in a strange way; my preconceived prejudices, my weakness and ignorance, seemed impassible barriers to a life of faith.

Whilst endeavoring to lead an unconverted friend to Jesus, I felt my need of the fulness of a Saviour's love, as never before. In the Sanctuary I labored for souls. In my closet, "Lord give me a clean heart," was the earnest importunate cry of my soul. Whilst alone in my room, praying for heart purity, I received a baptism of divine love, filling my heart to overflowing. This visitation was unexpected to me. I anticipated nothing of the kind; felt a degree of condemnation for having so long refused to accept Christ as an all-sufficient Saviour. I asked myself, "Is not this the long desired blessing, bestowed in the manner so much desired." The answer came to my heart, oh, how distinctly, "you have not yet trusted for a clean heart, you have not received Christ by faith an all-sufficient Saviour." The next day, I was again filled with joy unutterable. God's presence not only filled my heart, but seemed to fill the room with glory; prayer was literally swallowed up in praise. I said, "is not this holiness? can God do more for me?" The answer came to my heart so distinctly, "You have not yet believed." There is no sure foundation but the Word of God; great joy, though from the

Lord, is not a sufficient evidence, because He may be giving this for another purpose; have you not been thus filled before when not seeking holiness? Besides, when the Lord withholds, and you have not the joy, where then will you stand?" I now asked the Lord to present His Word for my faith. Strange to say, He quickly answered my request. Early one morning, just after awakening, this Scripture came to my mind, "Now ye are clean through the word which I have spoken unto you." It seemed at first but as a passing thought. Again and again it was repeated to my consciousness with increasing force and distinctness. I became aware that it was the voice of God to my soul. As I tried to believe, and say in my heart, "it is so, I am cleansed from all sin," I was met by fearful and unexpected opposition. It was suggested, "suppose you do trust the Word of God as now presented, and you should be left without joy, without the feeling of comfort and and assurance so abundantly realized now, dare you confess it? dare you make a public profession?" and yet more closely was the issue made. "Can you rest upon the Word alone, though there should be no other evidence of your being fully saved, not even the direct witness of God's Spirit?"

I saw clearly that I must take the Word alone, leaving the after experience all to God. I was filled with great fear and trembling; fear, because God spoke directly to me, and I hesitated to believe —trembling, because I seemed to be in His very presence. For over two days I faltered, though in continual, earnest, wrestling prayer. I entreated the Lord to bear with me, not to withdraw His Spirit, or the word of His grace. On the morning of the third day I repaired from the office of the grain elevator, in which I was employed, to the tower of the main building, where I might enjoy uninterrupted retirement. I bowed before the Lord in this lofty temple, and resolved if possible, to make the Word of the Lord alone, my rock and defence. I had come here for quiet thought, for earnest prayer; the thing to be done seemed like a leap from everything material into chaos. I was not to see or feel the rock until the step was taken. Again came the baptism of joy, again was prayer all swallowed up in praise. The glory of God seemed to fill the place; the manifestation of His presence was overpowering. I could only praise. Again came the inquiry, "Is not this the blessing sought?" It was answered, "The Lord is showing you that being lifted, even to the third heaven, cannot save, independently of your faith. You must believe for the thing sought." I saw and understood as never before; I felt rebuked for having always asked a sign of the Lord as proof of the truthfulness of His precious Word. Prostrating myself, I asked the Lord to withhold the joy that that there might be room for faith; then as the Word came to my heart, "Now ye are clean through the Word which I have spoken unto you," I ceased all striving, all effort. My faith said, "Lord it is with Thy servant according to Thy Word." At once I was conscious that Christ was in His Word, in my heart, refining, purifying.

More than five years have passed. Through all I have been enabled to testify that the Blood cleanseth from all sin. The Word always becomes life to the soul when trusted.

ELKHART, Ill., *September 10th*, 1873.

For the Guide.

"OH! I HAVE GOT IT."

L. D. S.

God has been so good to me, has brought me in such a wonderful manner out of the kingdom of darkness into the marvellous light of His presence, that although I have testified many times in your meeting, I feel as if I should, for His glory, write out a full experience for the "Guide."

I was converted fifteen years ago and joined the Dutch Reformed Church. I then had no very deep convictions of sin; I simply believed that Christ loved me, had died for me, and I was saved because I believed it. I went into the Sunday School and commenced teaching the little that I knew of the way. For a while, everything went smoothly;

but alas, I soon discovered that sin still remained. I did not know what it meant, could not understand why. When I would get up in the morning and ask the Lord to keep me, and make so many good resolutions, why before the day was over I would fall into sin. Then I would say: Well, I don't see how the Lord can forgive us all the time. I would be ashamed to go to Him, and would go about mourning and weeping, longing for deliverance; but alas, I did not look to Jesus, although I thought I did.

About this time a lady gave me Boardman's Higher Life. I read it, and resolved to consecrate myself to God. I was really happy for about six weeks; then unbelief crept in and I was more miserable than ever. I used to talk to Christian friends; they would say, oh, you cannot expect to live without sinning. The Bible says there is no man that does not sin, but I would say it says also—"He that abideth in God sinneth not." Well, now, did you ever see any one that lived without sin; have you passed a single day when you have not sinned? I was obliged sorrowfully to answer, "it is true." I know no one that does not sin, and I am always sinning. And so I concluded I had to sin just so much, but that the righteousness of Christ would save me. Oh, how I used to long to die that I might be free from sin, might live only for Jesus.

STOP READING NOVELS.

I know now if I had read the Bible more, instead of the novels that took up so much of my time, that I should have come out into the light much sooner than I did. At last Jesus sent me a message through a friend, to stop reading novels, and I stopped at once. Then Jesus commenced telling me, "Love me supremely, trust me at all times;" but I was so blind, so ignorant of the way that I did not know how to obey. But God never leaves a work undone, and by His Providence he led me to hear the Rev. John Parker preach a sermon on the words "Be ye Holy." God blessed that sermon to me. I saw there was a way, one that I long had sought. I resolved to walk in it, and then the struggle commenced.

At one of the prayer meetings all those seeking full salvation were invited to come to the altar. Mr. Parker asked me to go. I started as if I had been shot.

"GO TO THE ALTAR!"

I was converted. I was not a Methodist, why should I go? If God wished to give me sanctification he could give it to me there, or at home, and I refused. What a night I passed! I had refused to obey the voice of the Lord, for all the time he was saying to me, *go! go!* And then, as if one could run away from God, I went in the country, and went right into a house, where there was a lady who believed in full salvation. I was glad enough to return at the end of the week, and only too happy to have a chance to go to an altar in a Methodist Church; for God had broken down my pride, and I would have gone to forty altars to have received Christ.

Then conviction began. I saw my sins like mountains. It seemed as if they would crush me to the earth, but I was so humbled that I did and said just what Mr. P. told me; and in believing I received the witness of the Spirit that Christ had cleansed, had given me a pure heart. It was just like a flame of fire running through me. I was so delighted that I cried right out "Oh! I have got it." Only those who have received the evidence themselves can understand what I mean. Now I see the cause of all my failures. I was watching my feelings—not Jesus. But now how can I tell of the joys of this way of life. How can I tell of the peace, the freedom from care, the sense of the Divine presence ever near, the feeling of always being at home with Jesus. The certainty of His love, the entire resting on Him; the confidence that as long, as far, and as much as I trust Him, just that He is to me. And now I pray the Lord to give me the power to lead hungry souls to Him, to give me words to tell them of this blessed way of holiness; to guide me that I may ever walk un-

der the shadow of his wing, supported by the everlasting arms beneath me, and the everlasting love above.

For the Guide.

"GUIDE TO HOLINESS."

CIRCULATE THE "GUIDE."

Dear "Guide:" How I thank God for its existence and circulation. What Christian that does not truly and profoundly love holiness as surely as he loves God? It cannot be otherwise, and therefore anything that promises to be a help or guide in its attainment or increase is very precious. I well remember, though many years ago, being the first year of my ministry, the first time I heard mention of the "Guide;" though its title was not given, the magazine being mentioned only as a publication that aimed to promote perfect holiness of heart and life. I did not then think that such attainment was possible on earth. The supposition contradicted my creed and experience and habits of thought, and my faith could not entertain it. But my longing heart did. I loved holiness and gave "thanks at the remembrance of His holiness," and I rejoiced in the hope of being forever and perfectly holy—*hereafter, not now.* This love of holiness, though partially baffled and temporarily despairing, made the very mention of the "Guide," and its object, a deep delight. I remember that it was mentioned in disapproval, but the thought remained with me, and floated before me a vision of beauty more charming than "all the airy fancies" and "all the golden dreams" of my youthful memory and reading. Oh, if that vision could be realized, I reflected, how great the blessedness and power of religion. But, alas! I had no faith, no hope, and the vision faded and vanished.

Seven years after this I picked up an old copy of the "Guide" in the house of a friend. It was the first time I had seen a copy. I had just returned from a visit to Europe, had no pastoral charge, felt very unsettled and spiritually unhappy, and for various reasons, partly ecclesiastical and partly spiritual and partly from certain philosophical projects, I was doubtful whether I should become a pastor again. But in that old copy of the "Guide" I read the experience of one of like passions with myself, who was delivered from all conscious sin, and therefore, from the internal pains and conflicts which sin engenders, leaving the soul in peace and constant blessed union with God. This was just what I longed for. It seemed credible testimony, and excited in me some degree of dim and dubious hope.

The following year, preaching one Sabbath for a Methodist Church, and putting up at a Methodist house, I met with Mrs Palmer's "Way of Holiness." I read it with the deepest interest, but I still "doubted." Yet it was influential in prompting to subsequent studies of the subject, which resulted in full conviction of the truth of the doctrine of entire sanctification. And this again led me to "prove God," when he poured me out a blessing up to the measure of my conscious need. May the "Guide to Holiness," and all its fellow publications, still prosper and increase and multiply. Whoever has them should circulate them.

Yours in Christ.

W. T. G.

For the Guide.

THE REVIVAL THE CHURCH NEEDS.

REV. D. NASH.

The Church of Christ in our day has rest from persecution and enjoys unity and peace. The doctrines held by our fathers are preached as of old, though perhaps by many with less plainness and point. Good influences attend the word, Christian liberality was never more manifest, churches and institutions of learning are multiplying. Do we, then, need a revival? We need not wait for the answer. Those who observe the inner life of our membership must confess with sorrow that the average of spiritual attainment is low. Most of our church members have experienced converting grace, and since their union with the church have endeavored to live correct lives. Their attendance on public worship is regular; they engage with some activity in some department of the Lord's work, but

their daily enjoyment of religion is low, and, as a rule, they attend upon its ordinances rather from conviction of duty than because they delight in them. They feel they are not what they ought to be; they ask their fellow members to pray that they may be more faithful; they have made some attempts to rise to a holier life, but have consciously failed; and now, with the doctrine of holiness in their creed, they make no proportionate effort to obtain it, and have nearly given up the expectation of realizing it in this life. Outwardly their life is not a *power*—does not impress men of the world with the conviction that if their life is right, then the life of the worldling is wrong, and in consequence their testimony for Christ is feeble.

There is, confessedly, in not a few of our societies, a lack of spiritual power. The weekly prayer-meeting has dwindled down to feebleness. The classes meet with but a meagre average attendance. Sermons are preached, and prayers for revivals are offered, yet things remain much as they have been for years; and while God's spiritual house, His Church, maintains its position, it does not *grow* unto a holy temple in the Lord. The result is, lack of success in soul saving. It is astounding that with so many agencies in operation, designed and adapted for the work of saving men, so few should be rescued from sin and renewed after God's image; so few to whom the church can point to say, "ye are our epistle, known and read of all men."

We need a revival! and the need is for a revival *in the church*. Ministers of Christ testify that the great hindrance to the conversion of sinners lies in the inconsistency and spiritual weakness of religious professors, and that living, manifest examples of the power of religion, men full of spiritual life and ready for work, are the great want of the day. The world's expectation to see religion exemplified in the lives of its professors is most reasonable. Men have eyes as well as ears, and will more readily believe what they see than what they hear; and if in every day life they see pride, unsubdued tempers, censoriousnes, thirst for pleasure, manifest worldliness in those who belong to Christ, what are they likely to think of religion? The church lives in the near neighborhood of the Great Healer, and professes fellowship with Him. Is it too much to expect that her members should themselves prove and exhibit to others His saving power? "O, Lord, what shall I say," cried Joshua, "when Israel turneth their backs before their enemies?" and what shall we say, when a rebellious world can see in those who belong to Christ, evils which His own laws condemn, which He has shed His blood and sent His spirit to remove? "O, I fear," says the holy McCheyne, "that most of God's people are contented to be saved from the hell that is *without*. They are not so anxious to be saved from the hell that is *within*. I fear there is little feeling your need of the indwelling Spirit of God."

Weakness within the church means weakness in all her agencies. Let a minister of Christ, while faithfully preaching the truths, find in himself something which religion condemns, but which, in his case, religion fails to remove, and the consequences will be an element of weakness in all his prayers and preaching: and thus let a church be scripturally constituted, in possession of Gospel ordinances, unity and the doctrine of holiness in its creed, and let it be zealous for the truth; yet, if there be in the members of that church evils which religion was designed to conquer, but does not, that church will not be, cannot be powerful in enforcing the claims of religion on others. The church, like an individual, cannot, in real power, rise above her own level. Till God's people are made pure they are not fit instruments for His work, nor will they be willing to do all He appoints. The "vessel unto honour is sanctified," and therefore "meet for the Master's use and prepared unto every good work." Is it not likely that extensive prosperity to the church *as she is now* would result in spiritual pride? If large numbers of saved souls, happy in the glorious freshness of "their first love," were sent into the

church *as she is*, would there not be danger to them of death from cold?

Everything points to the fact that the revival needed is a revival among Christians. What, then, is the precise need of the church? Is there that within the the reach of her members the possession of which would remove the barriers which hinder her progress, wipe away her reproach, clothe her efforts with power, and in the Master's work ensure her success? There is, and the manifold need is comprehended in a word—*holiness*. The church, as a whole, is what her individual members are. A society, for instance, composed of a hundred professors of religion. Let each person, or a large majority, be holy, and you have a holy church; or let the individual life of the members be low, and the church as a whole is weak. "Christ loved the church and gave Himself for it that He might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of the water by the word, that He might present it to Himself, a glorious church, not having spot or wrinkle, or any such thing, but that it should be holy and without blemish." The design of the Redeemer was that the individual souls of those who compose His church should be perfectly holy, and this exalted privilege is held out in the Divine Word to all believers. How blessed to be fully sanctified and cleansed from from all sin—this is holiness. To recognize the rightness of the divine claims, and to present the whole person "as a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God"—this is holiness. To be pure in heart and life, to be restored to the Divine Image, lost through sin—this is holiness. In promising this, God has used language most full and definite. He promises to "sprinkle clean water upon His people and make them clean, to cleanse them from all their filthiness and idols," etc. Christ was manifest in the flesh to save His people from their sins. He calls them to "perfect holiness in the fear of the Lord."

And lest the expectation of this should be postponed to the hour of death, He is expressly declared to have been incarnate "to perform the mercy promised to our fathers and to remember His holy covenant, that He would grant unto us, that we being delivered out of the hands of our enemies might serve Him without fear in holiness and righteousness before Him *all the days of our life*." This is entire holiness—scriptural holiness set forth in the divine word as a distinct experience, to be sought for by those who are already justified. As with all blessings which flow to man through the atonement, *faith* is the condition of its attainment. Faith in the strong Son of God, the Redeemer; faith in the virtue of His blood and in the presence and power of His sanctifying spirit.

A holy church! This is what God wants to-day for the accomplishment of His great saving work; it is what the Redeemer asks, that He "may see of the travail of his soul and be satisfied," and it is what the world demands, that it may see religion illustrated in the lives of its professors. This is what would make Christianity everywhere felt as a *power*, would silence the voices of its opponents, spread vital energy through all its agencies, and send it rejoicing in might to accomplish all the work its Divine Author appointed it. O, for a revival of scriptural holiness!

For the Guide.

WHAT IS THAT TO THEE? FOLLOW THOU ME. JESUS.

C. GRACE.

How mysterious, and yet how decisive, are the dealings of the Holy Spirit with a soul truly converted unto God; made willing, yea, seeking to be led by it. How wonderfully plain is the word and command of God, made through the teachings of the Holy Ghost.

Well do I remember after my conversion, which was thorough and decided, how mysterious the word of God seemed to me; (although in a measure illuminated by the Spirit) it was made food to my soul, but then I needed to be fed upon milk, and to be nursed like the tender babe, and cared for and encouraged by the stronger and more experienced in the way. But after I received the Holy Ghost, how changed it

all appeared; what was once a mystery, now is made plain; yea easily to be understood. The precious promises have in them a personal application; they are mine, for me, for my especial benefit, and I receive them and trust in them as such, and why? Because I am an heir of God, and a joint heir with Jesus Christ; a follower of the Lamb.

I remember well how the Spirit applied the above passage to my soul, and to my understanding also. I was (as are too many) looking away from Jesus, and looking at the surroundings; at the actions of others, and censuring some for their want of zeal, and wondering why some, whom I truly believed to be Christians, could do things I could not do (without condemnation) and really feared they were not right in their hearts; and while thus censuring, these words came to me with much power, "What is that to thee? Follow thou me," and I was enabled to say by Thy grace, Lord, I will do it evermore.

What a blessed privilege to follow Jesus, to have our feet established in the way Jesus trod before us, the narrow way, where there is no fault-finding, no envyings, no bickerings, nothing but love; where the cloak of charity is always cast over the poor sinner, and the very best construction is put upon all our brethren's actions.

Would I follow the Saviour? I must be of the same mind, ever helping the needy, strengthening the weak, and encouraging the despondent and the tempted. If I would walk with Jesus I must be pure in heart, freed from everything that maketh unclean, or that createth a lie. Would I make haste to be like my leader, I must put away everything that *hinders*. O! how many things, little things, as well as larger that hinder us. I know, my experience teaches me, that it is the "little foxes that spoil the tender vines," little idols, little besetments, little self-indulgencies, which hinder us from following Jesus fully.

The enemy of our peace knows that to tempt us to commit any flagrant, outbreaking sin would be useless while in a state of grace, but to tempt us to make some slight departure from the way, by falling into some unnecessary self-indulgence, some doubtful pleasure-seeking, lightness of conversation, jesting, neglect of our duties, the closet, reading the word often, self-examination, and attending the social means of grace. These are the things that hinder, and will finally, unless carefully avoided, lead us to make shipwreck of our faith. And another great trick of the adversary of our soul is to get us to look at the infirmities of others, instead of fixing our gaze steadily on Jesus, and following Him in all things. We need not be at a loss to know the right, if we keep humble and teachable at the feet of Jesus and *heed* his word; what a blessed thought; we are not anywhere in God's word commanded to do anything that we cannot do by the grace that is imparted unto us. And when Jesus told Peter to follow him, he at the same time imparted the power to do it. So it is with regard to all the requirements of God's word, promises of support; strength and grace are attached to every command. Oh! how easy it is to follow Jesus when we have disencumbered ourselves of every weight and the sin that so easily besets us; how easy to believe His precious word and to trust him fully. How easy to walk in the clear light of God, when we are ready, and have given up every idol and cleansed ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and Spirit. How easy to believe and to testify that "the blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin;" not has cleansed, or will cleanse, but doth now cleanse from all sin. Glory to the Lamb.

To follow Jesus fully, and not afar off, we must be helped by God's Holy Spirit, for He shall lead us into all truth; and it is the truth we need in order to be true to God, true to our neighbors, true to ourselves; we must have nothing in our life that createth a lie—fulfilling the law as we are commanded by Jesus, loving God with all our heart, and our neighbor as ourselves. Always following the dictates of the Spirit of God, always giving the benefit of a doubt on

the side of right, and our duty to God. If anything that others do presents itself as doubtful, at once decide not to do it. If you are tempted to do anything for gain, or for self-aggrandizement, that does not appear at first sight to be quite right (though others may do it,) avoid the very appearance of evil, and you will find your pathway continually clear and bright; no doubts intruding, no darkness obstructing your Saviour from your view. If you find there are things done in the church to which you belong that you cannot conscientiously endorse, be not over persuaded by any one, either leader, teacher or pastor, but go directly to Jesus for guidance, and unless you find some direct injunction in the word of God to do it, avoid it as you would your greatest enemy. How many have been shorn of their strength and power by giving way to thel desires and lusts of their hearts, by going to pic-nics, shows, and (some even going so far as to call them "moral entertainments" to entrap the young and the old professors of religion) parties where doubtful amusements are indulged in. Some say there is no harm in these, unless indulged in a wrong spirit; but I read, "the Spirit of the world is enmity with God" Listen to none but the Spirit of God, which leadeth every one alike toward God and heaven.

Let us, if we would follow Jesus, "seek first the kingdom of Heaven and His righteousness," not seeking to be rich with this world's goods, but by distributing what God has already given us of his bounty, to the advancement of His cause, and to the utter demolition of the strongholds of sin. "For the love of money is the root of all evil; which while some coveted after they have erred from the faith and pierced themselves through with many sorrows." "Let us then flee these things, and follow after righteousness, godliness, faith, love, patience, meekness." "Fight the good fight of faith, and lay hold on eternal life," and we shall come off "more than conquerers through Him who hath loved us, and given Himself for us."

Loved Ones Gone Before.

MRS. PAMELIA STEEL.

Few more lovely or beloved than the dear one whose memory we would here perpetuate. She was the daughter of Rev. Lewis and Ann E. Pease, of honored memory. Her early years were spent in Richmond, Mass. She was converted at the age of twelve, through the labors of Rev. G. Kerr. Five years were spent at the Oneida Conference Seminary. While there she was an example in zeal and devotedness, ever manifesting her solicitude for the salvation of her youthful associates. To her fond mother she said, "I desire literary acquirements only that I may be more useful." Her interest in the theme of experimental holiness was manifested while a student. In company with one, now the widow of Rev C. D. Buritt, she established a meeting for the promotion of holiness, and inaugurated other modes of doing good in Cazenovia Seminary

In 1856 she was married to Rev. W. C. Steele, then of the Baltimore Conference. Her first year as the help-meet of an itinerant minister was spent on Stafford Circuit, Virginia. In this, as in all the subsequent conference appointments which her husband filled, she labored most zealously and effectively in the Redeemer's cause, commending herself affectionately to the most loving regards of those to whom, as one with her husband, she ministered. In Oneida, Ithaca, Auburn, Utica, Stamford, Harlem and Fiftieth-street Church, New York, her name is as ointment poured forth.

She sought out the needy poor, aided in the Sabbath school and prayer meetings. Her influence over the young people of the congregations her husband served was remarkable. Usually she had charge of a young ladies' Bible class. And as one after another was committed to her care, she felt that she could never rest until all were born into the kingdom of grace. In the Bible Society, and Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, and the Ladies' and Pastors' Union she was active and efficient. In her attachments she was ardent. Her friendships were formed for eternity. She often expressed herself thus, and scores have preceded her to the Eternal City, who were blessed through her instrumentality and privileged with her friendship.

From the time of her conversion, she was ever pressing after higher attainments in grace and rising in the divine life. She saw that the high calling of the Christian is holiness. Often did she seem well nigh to grasp the prize, but for want of clear views of the simplicity of faith, she did not retain it with a strong steady grasp, till about one year previous to her passing away from earth. She was at the time attending a Sabbath morning service in the great Tabernacle at Sea Cliff. The writer was pointing out the steps by which one passed over the bar of unbelief, and triumphantly entered the rest of faith. She saw that in her struggles to believe for years past, she had overlooked the simplicity of the way, but now, just as the steps were being pointed out, she took them. Most sweetly and clearly did she enter the rest of faith, and from that hour began to testify of the power of Christ to save to the uttermost, under every variety of circumstance. "From this time," says her dear husband, "her zeal became more consuming, her labors more abundant, and her successes more marked."

During her last illness her faith was perfect, she holding the Divine hand every moment, and receiving from above continuous pledges of infinite love. About three weeks before her death, her blessed Lord and Saviour seemed to break the most precious box of heaven's ointment on her head, as an anointing for her burial. Her joy was overwhelming and she shouted aloud the praise of Jesus. Speaking of this glorious manifestation to her beloved mother, she said: "O, how gladly I could have gone home had the Saviour called me, for the angels were around my bed." From the hour of this wondrous visitation, her loved ones and every earthly solicitude was resigned, and Jesus filled the whole vision of her soul. She manifestly rested in the circling arms of the Altogether Lovely, and her heart, could it have spoken out, would have cried:

"I rest beneath the Almighty shade,
My cares expire, my troubles cease.
Thou, Lord, on whom my soul is stayed,
Dost keep thine own in perfect peace."

After severe suffering, borne with perfect patience, she sweetly fell asleep in Jesus, September 20th, 1873.

The funeral took place in the new church in which her husband is pastor, and in the erection of which she was in no common degree a help-meet with her husband. Seldom have we witnessed such a concourse of sincere mourners. Multitudes wept for her as for a sister beloved. The services were in charge of Rev. J. B. Merwin, Presiding Elder of New York District. Scores of ministers were present. The services were characterized by uncommon simplicity; subdued grief, blended with sweet resignation and unctuous inspirations. The like of it has seldom been witnessed. Said one of the laity, who was unexpectedly called out to speak on the occasion: "When the death of dear Sister Steele was announced, I exclaimed, 'One of the sweetest spirits that ever lived on earth has passed away!'"

REBECCA J. HAMILTON.

Rebecca J. Hamilton died May 27th, 1873, at Indianapolis, Ind.

After an illness of one year this dear young girl went down to the river of Death, as fearlessly as did any aged pilgrim ever tread the "verge of Jordan." Our vision could see no farther, but we doubt not Christ's careful hand led her upward upon the other side, and she has entered the gates and stands among the shining ones. Our young friend was one whom Christ called to suffer His will as well as do it. She was early converted and ever delighted in the will of the Master. We so often heard her say, "His will be done! His will be done!" She knew what the "rest of faith" meant. Some two years ago at the Tabernacle meeting held in this city, by the Association for Holiness, she sought the blessing of entire sanctification. While at the altar, some one kneeling near her said to a friend, "Are you willing to suffer the will of the Lord, as well as do His will?" Rebecca thought it applied to her case, and she said to herself, "O, yes, I can do that." (The dear one little knew at that time the capacity of the clay tenement to suffer.) Yet in answer to her willingness to suffer His will, the Holy Spirit came in sanctifying power, and she arose saying, "I have the blessing;" and Christ kept her in that grace until the last. She went completely submissive. One year ago she lay dying, we thought, from Thursday afternoon until Saturday evening, when she seemed to arouse, as if from holy rapture, and said, "If you could see that white robed com-

pany, washed in the blood of the Lamb! I want no more gay dress and ornaments. I see it a sin as I never did before. I may not get well, but if I do, I will be willing to be peculiar, and prefer the white robe to come. O, I have washed my garments white in the blood of the Lamb." After this she rallied and came back to life, "in the world, but not of it." Her face, which had been beautiful for her friends to look upon, became marred by disease, her fine features changed, but she ever answered any allusion to the disfigurement, "I do not mind it; *His will be done.*" And thus for one year she suffered, going quite down to the stream of death, and returning for a little while to teach us how our God can give grace sufficient. But on the 27th of last May, she went away from us, "across the silent waters where lieth *eternity.*" Like the dove from the hand of Noah, she returned no more. Her pure spirit had found rest upon the other side and instead of walking where falls the shadow of death, she sees the King in His beauty, and looks upon the River of Life flowing clear as crystal, and we have promised to meet her there.

M. E. KELLY.

MRS. ANN MOORE.

Mrs. Ann Moore passed away from the scenes of earth March 27th, in the 42nd year of her age.

Few have given clearer testimony to full salvation, through faith in Jesus, than Sister Moore. She had for a number of years been a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in Mt. Carroll, Ill. Some three years before her death, she felt the need of a deeper work of grace. During the summer of 1868 she visited a sister residing in Sharpsburg, Md. There she attended a camp-meeting, and often referred to it as being the place where God so wonderfully blessed her soul. On the last day of the meeting, when the invitation was given to those seeking full salvation, she went forward, resolved that she would not rise until an entire consecration was made. She soon was enabled to lay all upon the altar. Then came the question, "Will you confess it if you receive the blessing?" There she halted—thinking she could not confess it before those older in experience than herself—but soon was enabled to say, "Yes, I will confess it, if it costs my life;" and in that moment she felt that her feet were placed upon the rock Christ Jesus, and such peace filled her heart as no language could express. She then arose from the hallowed spot, with streams of love and joy flowing into her soul, and all night was so happy she could not sleep, but (to use her own language) lay talking with God. From that time till her death her "peace flowed like a river." Holiness was her theme; "Trust in Jesus," her motto. The "Guide" and the "Advocate," next to the Bible, were her constant companions. While her strength lasted, she did what she could to extend their influence. In a love-feast at one time she said: "My experience has been constant conflict, but constant victory." At another time, "O, how good the Lord is in affliction. His grace is always sufficient. I find it as easy to trust as to breathe." Thus her testimony gave the clearest evidence of constant resting by faith in Jesus, and of joy unspeakable.

A year before her death she became too feeble to attend the means of grace. During this time it was the privilege of the writer to see her frequently. It was a rich boon to listen to words breathing such heavenly peace and communion with Jesus. She suffered greatly from extreme debility. It was with difficulty she conversed at all for months. Most of the time she was confined to her room, and when asked if the days seemed long, she would answer, with a sweet smile, "O, no, the time seems so short; Jesus is so precious to my soul. He keeps me in perfect peace." When unable to rise from her bed, and so weak that she could hardly speak, even in a whisper, joy beamed in her countenance, and the same sweet expressions of Jesus and His love fell from her lips. When asked if it was hard to give up her family, she replied, "I gave them up long ago. I should like to live for their sake, but the will of the Lord be done." One day while I was standing by her bedside she said: "This morning I was tempted to be impatient to go and be with Jesus, but I trusted in Him and all was peace." At times her soul would be in such a rapture of praise and adoration, it seemed as if it would leave its tenement of clay and soar away to her adorable Saviour. Consciousness remained to the last, though so weak that for days she lay, as it were, in death's embrace, but was inexpressibly happy and peaceful, until her freed spirit was borne hence to be with the

Redeemed in Heaven. Who would not say, "How blest the righteous when they die."

A. M. IRVINE, MT. CARROLL, Ill.

Editorial.

EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE.

One of the grandest events in the victorious march of Protestant Christianity has occurred within the past month. The gathering of great master minds, deeply imbued with the spirit of the great founder of the Christian faith, from all parts of the world, was a scene which will be remembered with praise to God for many years to come.

The Conference opened at Association Hall October 2, under most favourable auspices. The spacious parlor and Hall were decorated with beautiful flowers and evergreens. So anxious were other invited guests, consisting of distinguished clergymen, laymen and ladies from near and remote regions, that all the avenues to the building were on the first evening densely crowded, and thus the throng continued to press during the entire progress of the meetings of the Alliance, three services being held daily. In fact no public Hall could be found of sufficient dimensions to accomodate the vast multitude that came. It was therefore of frequent occurrence, that two of the largest churches of the city in the neighborhood of Association Hall, were thrown open for the meetings, and three and occasionally four meetings were held at the same time, the same speakers at times going from one place to another, and often to satisfy the eager desire of the people to hear, delivering similar addresses in both places.

Ministers and people of all evangelical denominations, mingled as one in most delightful Christian fellowship. Suspended over the platform in the large Association Hall, were the names of Luther, Wesley, Calvin, Edwards, Wycliffe, Knox and Bunyan. Upon either side of the gallery the flags of all nations were gracefully intertwined, the whole effect bespeaking harmony and beauty. It would give us pleasure to narrate some of the details of this wonderful assemblage, if our limits would allow. But as the press has been used largely, the most of our readers will, from other sources, be abundantly supplied with information from other hands. Suffice it to say, the members of the Alliance from our own and foreign lands, met as brethren beloved in the Lord, and laying aside all distinctions which separate us into sects and parties, rejoiced to greet each other as children of one common Father: the object of the assembly being to deliberate on the mighty concerns of Christ's kingdom, and to consider how they could best promote the great principles that bind Christians together. Surely the blessing of the Head of the Church was, on this great Protestant Council, and we are praying and trusting that Pentecostal blessings may result.

DID MR. WESLEY PROFESS THE BLESSING OF HOLINESS.

So asked a Christian friend, amid the interesting surroundings of a camp-meeting. There happened to be Mrs. P.—— on that encampment, well known from the fact of her general interest for years past on the precious theme of heart purity, having written much on the subject, and urged the necessity of its present attainment, both publicly and privately, during the meeting.

The inquirer stood, awaiting a reply; but instead of an answer another question was asked: Does Mrs. P.—— profess the blessing of holiness?

"Of course she does," was the unhesitating reply.

"And how do you know that she professes the blessing?" said the Christian brother, who had now turned questioner.

"How do I know it?" exclaimed the lady in surprise: "I know because it is so; and who does not know it?"

"Have you heard her profess the blessing?" asked the brother.

"No, I cannot say that I have, but still I know she does."

On the same principle I can, to your question first asked, "Did Mr. Wesley profess the blessing of holiness?" with equal confidence answer, YES!

What an inconsistency would it have involved if Mr. Wesley, who was ever urging the attainment of the blessing of perfect love on others, and the profession of it when enjoyed, had not himself enjoyed and professed the blessing. If it had not been an admitted, well-known fact that he professed this blessing, when examining the six hundred wit-

nesses of perfect love, in London, would not those undergoing the examination have been disposed to say, "Mr. Wesley, Why do you take pleasure in calling forth an explicit testimony from us, while at the same time you deem it prudent to withold your own testimony?"

A dear minister, hailing under the banner of Methodism, was asked in our presence by a friend, "If he was a witness for Christ of this great salvation." He seemed embarrassed, and answered equivocally, "I do not know that Mr. Wesley ever professed the blessing." "And suppose he did not?" rejoined his friend. "And then imagine that all who have been called the followers of Wesley had followed his example in this respect, would God have ever recognized us as a people whose specified mission is to spread Scripture holiness through these lands? Is not the attainment of holiness in the present life the distinguishing doctrine of Methodism, and as such, are we not called to be a witnessing people?"

But if Mr. Wesley never spoke of his own experience on this subject in definite terms, it would have been passing strange that he should so constantly urge its attainment as a present duty on others, and tell them that when attained,—"*One great means of retaining it, is frankly to declare what God has given you*, and earnestly to exhort all believers you meet with to follow after full salvation."

I was in a social circle, on another occasion, when the question was introduced, "Did Mr. Wesley ever profess the blessing of holiness," that the late venerable Dr. Bangs asked that a volume containing Mr. Wesley's letters might be brought, when he cited us to the following letter written by Mr. Wesley in 1771 to a titled lady. The portion of the letter referring to the point in question is to our mind clear. We will transcribe it for our readers:

MY DEAR LADY,—

Many years ago, I saw that without holiness no man shall see the Lord. I began following after it, and inciting others to do the same. Ten years after, God gave me clearer views than I had before of the way how to obtain this; namely, by faith in the Son of God. And immediately I declared to all,—"We are saved by faith." This I testified in public and private, in print; *and God confirmed it by*

A THOUSAND WITNESSES.

I have continued to declare this for above thirty years; and God hath continued to confirm the word of his grace. But during this time, well-nigh all the religious world hath set themselves in array against me, and among the rest, many of my own children, following the example of one of my eldest sons, Mr. W——. The general cry has been, "He is preaching another gospel." I answer, whether it be the same that they preach or not, it is the same that I have preached over thirty years. This may easily appear from what I have published during that whole term of years. . . . .

A WOMAN'S DRESS ASSOCIATION

is in working order in England, which requires its members to "dress moderately, neatly, and becomingly"—"never to spend more for dress than can be conscientiously spared for the purpose," "to wear no unhealthy style of dress." Let these objects be accomplished among the women generally, and it will be well nigh the grandest and most beneficent reform of this pretentious age.

But what is there more or less in this, than that taught by inspiration as the duty of all women professing godliness, that is, "that women adorn themselves in modest apparel, not with broidered hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array." Would that these particulars in regard to the adornment of the body might be prayerfully noted by all women within the pale of all Christian Churches. Then would worldlings better understand the dignity of the christians' high-calling, and the meaning of Christ's words to his disciples, "ye are not of the world even as I am not of the world." Though we know that holiness must be professed if the enjoyment of it is retained, yet we have seen persons whose profession of entire sanctification has been an occasion of stumbling with some of Jesus' little ones. The condition on which entire sanctification is received is that we "come out and be separate and touch not the unclean thing," &c. (see 2. Cor. 6, 17–18.) If we profess to have attained the grace, and do not comply with the conditions, how can such professions be understood?

News Along the Line.

CHINA AND JAPAN.

WOMAN'S WORK

M. ANNESLY.

"The Lord gave the word: great was the company of those that published it."

Mrs. Pruyn, in a letter from Yokohama, lately, says: A little more than a year ago, we had a visit from Mrs. Jenkins, who had been for many years a missionary in China. On the death of her husband she returned to America. She had a nice property, and, being an earnest Christian, she soon began to feel that the knowledge she had of Chinese was a talent she had no right to bury.

She made us a visit on her way back to China, not as a missionary, but as an independent and self-supporting worker there for Christ. She had attended Mrs. Palmer's meetings in New York, and was entirely satisfied that a state of entire consecration and entire rest in God was the privilege and duty of every Christian, and an essential qualification for extensive usefulness. She told me, when here, that she was fully prepared never to stop short of such a state. Soon after her arrival in China she realized it, and at once God manifested a wonderful display of power in her.

I cannot begin to tell you all He has wrought through her. But of this last work of grace my heart is full, and I must speak of it. She has meetings like ours, for all classes, particularly sailors. During the last winter a wonderful revival began among them in Shanghai, in connection with her meetings, and large numbers were converted. On one English ship there were over thirty. Last week that ship came here to stay till next Spring. Mrs. Jenkins wrote to me, bespeaking my interest for them, and as soon as they reached here they came to see us. On Sabbath evening they all came to our meeting, and it really seemed as if we were breathing heavenly air, and I do not think there was one person present who did not feel the presence of the Holy Spirit.

One of the peculiarities of those converted through that dear woman's instrumentality is, that they impress you at once as very advanced Christians. And does not this history and these experiences prove the truth and blessedness of the doctrine of entire sanctification she accepted, that God seals His approval of a fearless profession of it?

LETTER FROM MRS. JENKINS.

We have had an intimate acquaintance with the lady above referred to, an have recently received the following very interesting letter from her, which, though not writen for publication, we think, will magnify the riches of grace, and therefore take the liberty of giving it to our readers.—EDS.

SHANGHAI, *July* 26TH, 1873.

MY DEAR MRS. PALMER;

Since my return to China, more than eighteen months ago, I have often thought of our conversation after the Tuesday meeting, when you advised me to follow what I felt were the leadings of the Spirit pointing me back to this land where I had spent so many years.

The hand of the Lord has been so manifest in my life and experience since that time—the time of my early widowhood, when I went about with a breaking heart—that I feel I must tell you something of my Father's tender care and love for me. No desolate, sorrowful one ever realized more fully the truth of God's promises than I have: and now, as I look back on those long days and nights of bitterest sorrow, I bless Him for all the ways in which He has led me, and for the many lessons I have learned which could not have been taught me in any other way. Oh, how wonderful is that grace which is able to sustain! "Let thy widows trust in Me."

Providence led me, I believe, to appropriate a few thousand dollars—all I had—to the building of a home for myself; and although I knew not where the furniture was to come from, or my means of support, yet I said, and believed, "The Lord will provide." When the house was about finished, I took a short trip to one of the neighboring ports; and on my return I found, to my great astonishment, my home ready for occupation, having been elegantly furnished during my absence. To this day I have no idea who the kind friend is that God raised up for me in my need. I thought of the text, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and all these things shall be added unto you," for I had been crying to God for a pure heart, and all else in the world was nothing to me in comparison. Have I not proved the faith-

fulness of our God? He has also wonderfully opened up my way as regards my support, which I make with the greatest ease, by giving lessons on the piano two or three hours a day. This brings me an income of a little more than a hundred dollars a month. And now having spoken of temporal things, I want to tell you how the dear Lord has blessed me in spiritual things. He enables me to walk in the light, where I realize that "the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." Years ago, when I first came to China, I believed in full salvation, and for a time I think I experienced it, but not having courage to stand alone and confess it, the light became dim and soon went out. It is not so *now*. Jesus is more to me than all the world beside, and it is not only my chief joy to do His will, but to help others to see this full salvation. Two have already sought and found this abiding rest in Christ, and others are now seeking. When I gave myself to the Lord, a little more than a year ago, I prayed that I might be permitted to help weary souls to come to Him—and how graciously He has answered me. Soon after that, I was led to open a prayer-meeting in my house every Sunday evening, for sailors, and many a weary, heavy-laden one have I seen come to Him, and find rest. For months past we have had from forty to fifty at the meetings, which have been precious seasons of prayer and Christian experience. Between thirty and forty have been truly converted to God, and I am constantly receiving the most delightful letters from these dear men. I cannot tell you, my dear Mrs. Palmer, how my heart rejoices in this work of grace here, in these ends of the earth. All praise be to our God for such manifestations of His love! An English man-of-war left here lately, with about twenty on board rejoicing in the Lord. They went to Yokohama, and Mrs. Pruyn writes me of their visits to her, and to the meetings in her house.

And now, will you not pray for us in this work, and that holiness of heart and entire consecration to God may spread in this place. I gave the November "Guide to Holiness" some time ago to Rev. Mr. Lambuth, and I am glad to find he now subscribes, with others, for it.

Yours in the love of Jesus,

JEANETTE JENKINS.

DR. NEWMAN IN JAPAN.

Mrs. Pruyn says, Dr. Newman preached once in Yedo, and the last Sabbath here the text was, "The hidings of His power." The sermon was a grand one, and was treated in a masterly manner. The illustrations of the hidden powers of God in the history of nations—of the church, and of individuals, and the wickedness and folly of those who refuse to acknowledge the presence of His power in the events that are now transpiring in the world—all was set forth in a thrilling and impressive manner. To me it was a real treat; so also was our meeting in the evening, when the Doctor was present and offered a stirring prayer.

MALTA BEND CAMP MEETING.

This camp-meeting commenced August 21st and continued until September 1st.

The power of God was most wonderfully displayed from the commencement to the close of the meeting. In consecrating the ground the Lord accepted it and hallowed the place with his presence. The best of order was observed during the meeting. Holiness to the Lord was the motto. The banner was fully unfurled and victory crowned the effort on every side. Some who had for forty years sought complete rest in Jesus, were enabled to go up and possess the goodly land.

At least twenty-five were enabled for the first time to witness to the efficacy of that blood that cleanseth from all sin. Glory be to God for full salvation through the blood of the Lamb!

While this glorious work was going on in the church, sinners came trembling to the mercy seat, crying, "What shall I do to be saved?" Thus was fulfiled the saying, that "Sinners shall not stand in the congregation of the righteous," for while the church was taking higher ground, over fifty souls found peace in believing in Jesus. The precious promises of God were put to the test for the salvation of souls, by those who obtained liberty through the blood of Christ. The promise "that if two of you shall agree on earth," etc., Matt. xviii. 19, was agreed upon for fifty souls. And as God always honors his word, and magnifies his promises, so He crowned this promise with the victory of more than fifty. Oh! for more of this childlike confi-

dence, to step out upon the naked word of God and claim great things for Jesus.

The pastors of Malta Bend and Marshal charges, Revs. F. Oechsli and A. P. Collin, were assisted by Revs. J. H. Lutz and J. W. Dobbs. They were all united for God's glory and the good of souls. Christ was preached in power, as a present, perfect and all sufficient Saviour. These brethren will never forget this camp-meeting, for they all received a richer baptism of the Spirit; and returning to their fields of labor, they all resolved ever to preach a present, free and full salvation.

MALTA BEND, MO. FRANK OECHSLI.

MIDSUMMER REST.

ABBIE MILLS.

The sun had not set upon our Commencement day, ere a company of us were on our way to Cedar Rapids to attend the National Camp-meeting. We rested there in the banqueting house of the King of Kings, with our dear brethren and sisters in CHRIST, while we rejoiced with those who found the rest of perfect love. Praise the Lord for the glorious victories of those days at Cedar Rapids

The Charles City Tabernacle, which was substituted for that belonging to the "Association," will be joyfully remembered by many on account of the presence of God manifested within it. At the close of the meeting it was removed to Osage, Iowa, and pitched not far from that town in the borders of a small grove, and meetings were held in it continually for eight days, resulting in the establishment of some who came from the National meeting still unsatisfied, while many who had not been there, became earnest seekers of holiness, and numbers of the unsaved were converted. The days sped swiftly. While working for Jesus, we also most fully rested in Him. Following still His guiding hand we next found the Tabernacle at New Hampton. It was placed just outside the small village. Here the work of entire sanctification and conversion broke out in such power that we tarried twelve days. The children shared largely in this work, and truth simplified for them seemed to be extremely palatable to the older ones.

One afternoon a Woman's Missionary Society was organized in the Tabernacle. The Lord helped in this work, so harmonious with the work of holiness.

At the close of the meetings over sixty had united with the M. E. Church, besides those who would go to other churches, and the work of revival went right on after the tent was removed. The next point where this band of migratory workers halted was Waverly. Here the people did not seem so ready to listen to the testimony of those who would lead them into the way of holiness by the short route of consecration and faith. Yet a noble company of young women were baptized with the Holy Ghost, and who can tell the good they may do in the name of the Master.

The thirteenth of August found us at Mason City, where, as in other places, the standard of holiness and salvation through Jesus was raised. Ministers and people were blest, as they prayed for clean hearts filled with love, that they might be strong to labor. Sinners knelt side by side with those seeking full salvation, and found that there was still balm in Gilead for sin-sick souls. The children's meetings here were graciously owned of God, as the prayer of faith went up for immediate conversion. But the allotted time for our restful toil there, sped away, and we were again on the wing, following the Tabernacle. We found it in a beautiful grove near the town of Nashua, surrounded by tents, for this was the District camp-meeting. There were warm greetings from those whom we had met before at the various points visited, and we felt covetous of our privileges, as this meeting was to close our "midsummer rest." We expected large blessings from our gracious Saviour, and were not disappointed. Day by day power accumulated. The altar was crowded with seekers, some asking for forgiveness, others for purity. One evening a minister who had lost his voice three months before, knelt at the altar, praying for entire sanctification. Suddenly he leaped up shouting, "I know I have it." And from that time onward he was able to testify with his lips of the wonderful goodness of God to both body and soul. Sabbath afternoon there was a great shout of victory in Israel, and the evening service was not closed until near midnight.

A speaking meeting on Monday morning lasted until the dinner hour. This was our

last service. With hearts full of praise to God, Who only doeth wondrous things, we turned our faces homeward, with prayer springing up in our hearts for mighty revelations of divine love and power the coming school year.

FAYETTE, Iowa.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

WASHINGTON, D. C., *September* 22, 1873.

The cause of holiness in Washington receives the advocacy of nearly all the ministers of every Methodist Episcopal Church, and of several of other evangelical churches. Bros. Norris of Waugh, Black of Wesley, and G. G. Baker of Hamline, are foremost in the sacramental hosts.

Our new Hamline Methodist Episcopal Church dedicated October 12, will be visited by the 1st of November by Bros. Inskip and McDonald. Our Tuesday night meetings for the promotion of holiness, which have been held in the old church for the past two years, have largely increased, and in a few days we expect to have large numbers added to the church militant who will swell the church triumphant to sing unto Him that hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood. To Him be glory and dominion forever. Amen.

Yours in Christ.

W. S. FORT.

Correspondence.

EXPERIENCE OF A PRESBPTERIAN MINISTER.

A Christian lady, residing at Walnut Grove, Mo., sends a very interesting correspondence which, though not written for publication, cannot fail to do good. How much may be accomplished by handing a friend a good book or periodical on the precious theme of Holiness. We see by the letters here given that a Christian friend gave the reading of "PIONEER EXPERIENCES" to a Cumberland Presbyterian minister, who, not from insincerity, but for want of light, preached disparagingly of the precious theme of Holiness. "*Pioneer Experiences*" is a book published at the office of the "*Guide to Holiness*," giving the testimony of EIGHTY LIVING MINISTERS of different denominations, who by rich experience have proved the power of Jesus to save to the uttermost. Faith cometh by hearing. But how shall they hear without a preacher? How many thousands who love holiness, and have the means to spread good books and magazines on holiness, might thus *preach*, by a few dollars of their money, to multitudes who need light. Let it never be lost sight of, that Holiness is the power that is to bring the world to the Lamb of God. In the perusal of these letters it will be seen that in less than a month over one hundred were brought to Jesus, through the agency of this minister, immediately after he had received the gift of power. And thus it might be with hundreds of ministers who, for want of the gift of power, are now comparatively fruitless in labor.—EDS.

March 15, 1873.

DEAR SISTER UNDERWOOD.—Since my return from the Presbytery I have given more thought upon the subject of perfect love, or sanctification, than ever before in my life. The book you gave me on that subject I have given a close reading, and have come to this conclusion, that I have never possessed it, because I have never sought it as a definite blessing, which the Lord will not bestow unless it is sought for in a definite manner. It was formerly in my way that I did not know in what it consisted. I now think (after reading so many experiences) I know what it is:

I. A full consecration of *all* to God.

II. An abiding faith that God accepts the offering.

III. An abiding faith that Jesus is *able* and *willing* to cleanse us from all sin and keep us in that *glorious condition*.

When I have had long seasons of prayer and meditation upon this subject, I have such portions of scripture as this presented to my mind: "Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself except it *abide* in the vine, no more can ye except ye *abide* in me."

What do we understand by the word "*abide*?" Does it not mean in this connection a settled, fixed and established condition, and at the same time a perfect consciousness of the fact? If this then be a true definition of this word, I must confess to you that I do not always realize that I am abiding in Christ. I know that I am in theory and principle, but a personal realization of the truth I do not apprehend. You know I have had long experiences in which I was conscious of this fact, but the spell would some how leave me. We are not only to abide in Christ, but we are to abide in His love and continue in His love.

"As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you. *Continue ye in my love.*" John xv., 9. "If ye keep my commandments ye shall *abide in my love*, even as I have kept my Father's commandments and abide in His

love." Did Christ abide in His Father's love by keeping His commandments? He did. Then as He did this, so may we. What are His commandments?

I. He commands perfect consecration.

II. He commands perfect trust, that He will and does accept the offering.

III. He requires that you trust him fully to cleanse from all sin.

IV. He requires that you trust Him to keep you in that holy and pure condition.

V. He requires that you should not be ashamed of him, or to confess the blessing received.

Now let us bring all this into line and see it as it is.

I. Abide in me.

II. Abide in my love.

Now if I abide in Christ, if I abide in his love, as He continued in His Father's love, and as He had a deep and sweet consciousness of the fact, so may we; and this is what I understand to be perfect love or sanctification. I am a seeker of this blessing, and I hope before I start out on my great and important mission, I shall enter fully into this blessed state.

On last night I awoke about two o'clock, and was in prayer for a long time seeking this blessing, and I am sure that I have made the consecration, and I believe God has received it. I believe further, that all my sins are forgiven, and that he is able to keep me in this holy condition; and God, on believing as I have, has filled my soul with a sweet peace that passeth knowledge. I have not met with such a *manifestation* of the presence of Jesus as I expected. Yet I am praying, and trusting Him for this evidence which others have expressed. While I am penning these lines to you, I feel the indwelling of His precious love, and I know it is Jesus; but I have been more completely overwhelmed than at present, and you have seen me a great deal happier than I am now. How it will terminate, I cannot tell. My trust is in Jesus, and I shall keep it there, and I am satisfied that He will give me the desire of my heart, if it is consistent with His blessed will.

I would like to have a long conversation with you on this subject now, and make some confessions to you that I have said things in my preaching on this sacred subject that must have been painful to your tender heart. I now ask forgiveness at your hands, and hope that I have not been one of the instruments that has helped to pull you down from where you once stood in this blessed state. I felt unwilling to start out on my mission without dropping you a few lines on this subject.

That which strikes me with so much force in this matter, is the words of Jesus which I have already quoted: "If ye keep my commandments ye shall abide in my love, *even* as I have kept my Father's commandments and abide in His love." O, for the relation, the union betwixt us and Jesus to be like that betwixt Jesus and the Father. It is a condition which fills me with wonder and surprise. Let us reach up and lay hold of Jesus, that we may get to our proper place, and trust to Him for the future to hold us fast there forever.

R. J. SIMS.

The Tuesday Meeting.

Meetings for the promotion of holiness are held at the residence of Dr. Palmer,

316 EAST 15th STREET

Stuyvesant Park, at 2½ o'clock, every Tuesday afternoon.

The meeting was opened by reading Eph. IV., "I therefore, the prisoner of the Lord, beseech you, that ye walk worthy of the vocation wherewith ye are called." Hymn 556:

"Jesus the life, the truth, the way,
In whom I now believe"

was sung, and prayer offered by Rev. W. W. Sever and Brother Comb, a French delegate to the Alliance.

WONDERFUL DAY.

Dr. P.—We have met here this afternoon to exalt Jesus, and crown him Lord of all. He is worthy of all praise. The meeting together at this time of so many of the noblest minds, and hearing their utterances in behalf of a pure Christianity, in the assemblies of the Christian Alliance, or, as some call it, the Protestant Ecumenical Council, call for loudest praise. This is a wonderful day. Very delightful testimonies have been borne to the power of Christ to save, and Brother Nast, in his paper on personal religion, proclaimed Jesus this morning as a full and complete Saviour from all sin, in the Association Hall. To God be all the glory. Jesus is here this afternoon, and has already manifested himself, and asks each of his children present, "What wouldst

thou that I shall do unto thee?" And God himself says, "Call unto me and I will answer thee, and show the great and mighty things that thou knowest not." Surely every lover of Jesus should unite in asking that the great meeting of the Evangelical Alliance, now in progress, may result in Pentecostal blessings to this city, and to every land here represented.

POWER OF UNITED PRAYER.

Mrs. P.—My mind was much arrested by a portion of Scripture I read to-day: "Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son. If ye ask anything in my name I will do it." If we were to look at our own impotence, we might well shrink, but if Jesus, in the omnipotence of his grace is to do it for us, with what confidence may we ask, and *know* that we receive. To ask without expecting to receive would be vain repetition. The Lord would have us ask on the assumption that what we ask according to His will, we *do* receive. What a great promise that was that Dr. P. quoted: "Call unto me and I will answer thee, and show thee great and mighty things that thou knowest not." It would be a mighty thing if this great Protestant council should result in such a revival as was never known before. Does it stagger your faith? I think we ought to ask for it. It would be a great and mighty thing, but not too great or too mighty for our Almighty Lord to accomplish. Let us try the power of united prayer in this behalf. Our dear Bishop Hamlin, on one occasion in a social circle, by way of illustrating the power of united prayer, presented it thus: One little child says, I do wish father would do thus and so, another says let us go and ask him, a third says I'll go too, and another, I too. They join hands and go to father. One states the plea, and says, Father, will you do it? another says, Do, father, and another says, Do, Father. Now where is the father that could resist such pleading? Let us join hands and say, Do, do, Father, grant our mighty request. When we come to the unity of faith, how small the little differences of opinion and mere doctrinal creeds. There is a platform where all evangelical Christians may meet,

"Where names, and sects, and parties fall,
And Christ alone is all in all;"

a point where we come to an experimental apprehension of the first great command of the law, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy soul, and with all thy mind." Truth is mighty, it belongs to God, it is an attribute of the Deity. It must and will prevail. It seems to be eminently desirable that this wonderful gathering should be characterized by a mighty outpouring of the Spirit.

ASKING GREAT THINGS.

Rev. Dr. Bingham.—I was glad that Dr. P. spoke last week of the Evangelical Alliance. Many feared that the delegates would come in the pride of learning and scholarship. That is all gone; it is buried. They have the spirit of little children. It is astonishing to witness the entire dependence of most of the speakers on the aid of the Holy Spirit, and in their approaches to the mercy seat how many ask for a repetition of the Pentecost. I hope they will go back filled with Christ's own spirit. Let us ask, as Dr. P. said, for that mighty baptism, not only for the delegates, but for ourselves, even greater than the church has received since the days of the apostles.

A FRIEND IN ALL WEATHERS.

Congregational Minister.—Jesus is precious to me, because He is a friend in all weathers. He is always near when I am in trial, or in quiet He comes. It is very sweet to think that I can speak to Jesus in the cars, everywhere. I like to commit my way to Jesus. I have a deepening sense of the truth that He does listen, just as much in the little common affairs of life, as in any other. Jesus has wrought out a salvation, which makes me to know that he is fully mine. I received a letter from Brother Boardman, who is now in England. You will be glad to know that he and Brother Pearsall Smith are both greatly improved in health. They are laboring in the Established Church.

"LET JESUS DO IT."

Rev. I. See.—I heard little Frankie singing, "Wash me and I shall be just as I am." No, Frankie, that is not right: yet it is what many say: Wash me and I shall be just as I am, and that was my case. I never can be thankful enough that I have learned to take Jesus at His word. I grow more and more into utter dependence upon him. The new definition of faith "*Let Him do it*," has been a great comfort to me. The highest wish of man on earth, is to have Jesus enthroned. Now comes faith and lets Jesus do it. My

soul knows that it is a work. He lets me be nothing, and saves me himself. The blessed Holy Spirit enables me to lean on his precious bosom. Never have I known as I know to-day, that a whisper to Jesus brings rest to the soul. Jesus saves me himself. Come and try it, beloved. Put away your trinkets and toys, and say only Jesus will I know. Its enough for me to know the utter tastelessness of all besides.

EVERY WANT MET.

Sister B.—I never hear reference to the 7th of Romans without remembering that for a long time it was my state. For nearly twenty-five years I served God faithfully under the law. I graduated in that school. I do greatly rejoice in my emancipation. Among all the valuable lessons I have learned, the greatest is *faith in Christ.* We don't want philosophy or anything of the kind; it is simply faith in Christ. I am Christ's *free* woman. I know that Jesus can bear all our burdens. The mothers have special burdens and cares, and I am a witness that Jesus does bear them all. We have special friends, a few that we take into the inner circle, and Jesus has come into the inner circle of these intimate friends. He has condescended to come down, and in the midst of domestic burdens I, with my inner thoughts, can commune with Him. Here stands a witness of the power of Jesus to set a spirit free. Every want of the soul is met in Jesus. "All the day long He is my joy and my song."

CAUSES OF GLADNESS.

Rev. W. H. Boole.—I believe that God intends more than ordinary things to come out of the Evangelical Alliance. I believe that Christ was never set forth before, so fully in such a gathering. I am glad that these intellectual giants have been enabled to pour forth the wealth of their minds. Above all this intellectual power, however, is the power of the Holy Spirit. I am so glad I heard Dr. Nast to-day, whose utterances will affect thousands of minds who had not the pleasure to hear them. His whole subject was the interior life, and the hindrances thereto. I was struck by the remark of a Baptist brother who preceded him: "We all know that we have been disappointed in our expectations in receiving Justification." Thanks be unto God that in that convention to-day Christ was set forth as a Saviour from all sin. A life hid with Christ in God is what I most desire; to realize that I can bear annoyances without being annoyed. A living Christ is more powerful than a dying Samson. I desire to give up self and let Christ fill every niche of life. For love I pray, for love I sigh. I rejoice in the fact that God loves me.

SOMETHING WONDERFUL.

Another Episcopal minister.—You have sometimes noticed a little paragraph in the "Guide," headed *Episcopal Minister.* That referred, I believe, to me. Now, I am very glad this afternoon that another Episcopal minister has been able to give so clear a testimony. It is, as we know who have come into it, so clear and simple that you will say when the light has dawned, "How clear it was! Why did I not understand all this before? Why was I so long in learning this simple truth that we have known all along?" We must look in from the inside and not grope around from the outside. Br. B. has spoken cautiously to-day. He would have spoken just as cautiously when the brother said the results of this meeting are wonderful. I believe it. I was very glad to get something, but I have got something wonderful, something that will seem wonderful all through this life, all through eternity. Now sometimes God leads us differently. He does not lead all at once into the feeling. Little by little, but the fulness will come. A letter I received from a lady, recently, stated that she recognized that God had led me further on; she says: "I don't find all that you find generally. A burden was still left that was not completely satisfied. Down at Sea Cliff the fullness came. She said: "God gave me an intense desire for inward purity; purity through and through,—a purity to satisfy His eye. He gave me this desire, and gave me this out of His Word, 'This is the will of God, even your sanctification.' Now, if I want it, and God wills it, why should I not have it?" Just a week ago she stepped out by naked faith into the full salvation, and she says "now my life is all praise, praise." We know without doubt that God will do this, if we are just seeking His glory.

Does not Jesus say, "That your joy may be full." I believe in a joy that is full. Then, as a result of what I find, there is a full light in my soul. Undoubtedly, we sometimes walk in darkness in this respect, a mere out-

ward darkness by mere difficulties and life-trials. Of course we cannot get beyond the feeling of trials, but I do believe we can get always light in our hearts, let it be dark outside. I do believe that the believer can testify it is not dark inside, but always light. I have heard it sometimes said, "you make your standard too high." It is not too high, since it is reached by faith. If there was no other way you have only to believe in it. It is encouragement to me to believe there is this boon to give real positive joy, even in tribulation. I think God gives this boon to us, and puts it within our reach to give just this testimony in all sincerity and truth. It is for you and for me.

Miscellaneous Gatherings

INCIDENTS AT OCEAN GROVE.

Rev. D. W. Thomas, of our India Mission, went to Ocean Grove as Agent of the "India Conference Theological Seminary," hoping to secure at least one thousand dollars for the endowment of a scholarship. On Friday afternoon, at the close of a stirring sermon by the Rev. Mr. Adams, a physician came forward, seeking pardon. He prayed earnestly for some minutes, but found no relief; presently his eyes glanced upon a paragraph in the *Missionary Advocate* of June, 1873, that lay on the ground, in which there is a call for $500 for the purchase of a library for the India Theological School. Reading this paragraph he at once arose, went forward to the stand, took off his jewelry, consisting of a diamond ring, two diamond studs, a diamond pin, and a heavy gold chain, and laid them upon the altar for God, to be sold to purchase the needed library. He then knelt down and prayed the Lord to save him. In the evening he was present and testified that Christ had wonderfully blessed him. At the close of the service, Brother Thomas made a few remarks, stating how much this young man's gifts had encouraged him; that he had up to this time received nothing toward a scholarship, and began to think that he would be obliged to leave with a sad heart, and the night previous he went to the Lord in earnest prayer that the Holy Spirit would incline some of God's wealthy stewards to aid this needy enterprise, so that there might be an Ocean Grove scholarship in our India Seminary. Before Brother Thomas had done speaking, a brother arose and said, "I will be one of ten for the scholarship," then another arose, and another, until over $600 were raised, notwithstanding it was past ten o'clock at night.

On Sunday morning, at the close of the love-feast, after Brother Thomas had given expression to the joy he felt in view of the results that would be realized in India from the Ocean Grove Camp-meeting (by educating perpetually every three years young men and sending them to preach to the millions of India), other friends at once came forward with their offerings, till the amount was increased to over $1,200.

When we consider the number of efficient young men who will be educated for the ministry in India, and the thousands of poor heathen who will be brought to Christ through their labors as the fruit of this $1,200, we are satisfied that if no other good has been accomplished Ocean Grove Camp-meeting has been a success.

Children's Corner.

"I CAN WALK BY PRAYING."

R. M. PUTNAM.

Our little G., three years and a half old, was very sick and lost the use of her limbs. As soon as strong enough she used to sit upon the lounge, and after many days could creep down and kneel upon her footstool and pray. She was so delighted; for, she said, "Now mamma I shall not have to wait until I am in bed to pray," and would pray often and long before bed-time, for fear she would get too tired and be put to bed first. One day while praying she stepped one foot from her stool and by leaning upon her face and elbows could take a step, she looked up and said, "See, mamma, I can walk by praying," and by walking in this way she soon gained strength to walk alone.

BLESS AND CURSE NOT.

A bad, passionate man was one morning swearing at his wife, when his little girl of five years old came into the room and said, "Mother! I know my text; let me make haste to school."

"What is the text, my dear?" said the poor mother, wishing to keep her child from hearing the oath of the father.

"Bless and curse not," said the little girl, putting up her rosy mouth to her father for a kiss, as she finished the words.

The tears came into the man's eyes as the child departed. All that day, "Bless and curse not" rang in his ears. He became a changed man from that time. God had spoken by the mouth of a little child.

THE QUAKER BOY.

A little Quaker boy, about six years old, after sitting like the rest of the congregation in silence, all being afraid to speak first, as he thought, got up on the seat, and, folding his arms over his breast, murmured in a sweet, clear voice, just loud enough to be distinctly heard on the fore seat--

"I do wish the Lord would make us all gooder, and gooder, and gooder, till there is no bad left."

Would a longer prayer have been more to the purpose?

Book Notices.

LIFE OF THE REV. ALFRED COOKMAN, with some account of his father, Rev. George G. Cookman. By Rev. Henry B. Ridgway, D.D. With an Introduction by the Rev. R. S. Foster, LL.D., Bishop of the M. E. Church. New York. Harper & Brothers.

There is that in true Christian biography, which, to the degree the subject is Christ-like, charms and draws the soul Christward. Alfred Cookman dwelt in the inner sanctuary of the divine presence. If he attained more of the divine image than most men, it was because during all the closing years of his life he ever lingered near the cross, LOOKING UNTO JESUS, faith's Author and Finisher. And thus he became mighty in faith. We were favored with an intimate personal acquaintance with Alfred Cookman, and we have seldom known the man of whom it might more emphatically be said, "He was a good man, full of faith and the Holy Ghost." If we should utter our undisguised sentiments, we would not say that we thought him greatly gifted other than most ministers might be, if alike filled with the power of the Holy Spirit. It was the depth of his communion with God and the greatness of his conformity to the Divine image that made him so mighty for good. In a word, his strength lay in the might of the Spirit with which he was powerfully endued from on high. He was a deeply experienced and outspoken witness of perfect love. Said one, "His own life was the ablest sermon he ever preached on the subject with which his name is so intimately associated. He *lived* the higher life, even more than he preached it. His sweet, gentle and holy walk was both more eloquent and convincing than his most impassioned discourses." Most heartily do we commend this well prepared, beautiful gem of biography to our tens of thousands of readers, trusting that multitudes, through the perusal of it, may be induced to follow him as he followed Christ.

SHORT SERMONS ON CONSECRATION, and kindred themes, for the Closet, the Fireside and the Lecture Room. By Rev. A. C. George, D.D. (of Central New York Conference), author of "Counsels to the Young," "The Satisfactory Portion," etc. New York. Nelson & Phillips.

It would give us pleasure could we give to our readers a right estimate of this valuable book. Fain would we induce a multitude of professed disciples to read it. It is one among the best, aside from the blessed Word, to lead those that will read and inwardly digest its precious teachings to a consecrated life. It consists of twenty-one little sermons. 1st.—Consecration, its Nature and Obligation. 2d.—Consecration Must be Complete. 3d.—Consecration a Constant Service. 4th—The Consecration of Self; with many other similar themes

"SHE SPAKE OF HIM." Being recollections of the loving labors and early death of the late MRS. HENRY DENING. By her friend, *Mrs. Grattan Guinness*. New York. Carter & Brothers.

Mrs. Dening was an Evangelist who, in her young womanhood, received Jesus into her heart, and with an unction which the Holy Spirit alone could inspire, "*Spake of Him*" to multitudes seeking for redemption. People of all evangelical sects, but particularly persons under no sectarian influences, and sinners of every grade, crowded her pathway wherever she was called to labor. Thousands were benefited by her ministry. She died greatly lamented, at the early age of thirty-one. No one reading this very interesting volume can doubt whether the tongue of fire has not fallen on the daughters of the Lord Almighty in these latter days, in fulfilment of prophecy. Mrs. Dening was an Episcopalian, and lived and died in fellowship with the Church of England. We cannot speak too highly of this very timely and soul-inspiring volume.

SUNSHINE AMONG THE CLOUDS, or Extracts from Experience. By Mrs. M. E. McAllister. With an introduction by Rev. Dr. Joslyn. Sold by Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati, 1873.

The motto of this beautiful volume of 243 pages is: "My experience is not my own. God has given it, and I am not at liberty to withhold it." To his ancient people God said, "Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee these forty years in the wilderness to humble thee and to prove thee, to know what was in thine heart." The author of this book, in compliance with what she believes to be the divine will, has given us a book replete with interesting details of experience. She tells us of the manner in which she has been led onward thus far, through earth's wilderness state, amid sunshine and shade. Some of the scenes are graphically affecting, and one in reading the book might more than once be induced to acknowledge that truth is stranger than fiction. We commend the volume to the prayerful perusal of the religious public, believing that it will not only deeply interest, but will give increasing light on an important subject which it would be well to be better understood.

EXPOSITORY THOUGHTS ON THE GOSPELS, for family and private use, with the texts complete. By Rev. G. C. Ryle, M. A., Vicar of Stadbroke. Carter & Brothers, New York.

This is the concluding volume. St. John, Vol. III. Six volumes on the gospels, Matthew and Mark, two volumes on Luke and two on John having been previously given to the public. The former volumes we have not seen, but judging of the former by the intrinsic value of this, we must believe that the devoted Mr. Ryle has done the Christian world a great service in presenting his Expository Thoughts. The author says, "I have tried to explain in simple language everything in the text which needs explanation, and to bring all available light to bear on every verse in the book. In trying to attain this object I have given, not only my own thoughts and opinions, but also the results of a patient study of about seventy commentators, both ancient and modern, of almost every church and school in Christendom."

Roll of Honor,

One Hundred Thousand Subscribers!

"*Honor the Lord with thy substance and with the first fruits of all thy increase, so shall thy barns be filled with plenty.*" *We have several departments under appropriate headings in every number of the "Guide to Holiness." We now propose a new one, which we shall give a permanent place as above, trusting that with every monthly issue we may have several new names to record, added to the* "ROLL OF HONOR." *We do not doubt that there are many who will, after prayerful deliberation, wish to honor the Lord with their substance by sending the "Guide to Holiness," to at least five persons who might not otherwise get it, and thus be instrumental in the hands of the Lord, of guiding many precious souls into the Highway of* HOLINESS. *In the August number is a proposition from an honored minister, Rev. George W. Mitchell, to increase the list of subscribers of the "Guide to Holiness" to* ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND. *We give his letter in part here:*

"*I resolved some time since by the blessing of my heavenly Father, to distribute five copies of the 'Guide,' out of my* LIMITED *means every year during my life. And I also have a pledge from my daughter, when I have passed over to the other side, that she will circulate a like number among her friends so long as she lives. I made this proposition last winter to one of my neighbors, who has pledged himself in a like manner. And I am persuaded if the readers of the 'Guide,' or even a majority of those whose hearts are often comforted and blessed by the perusal of its pages (so well filled with rich food for the soul), would do likewise, that a list of* ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND SUBSCRIBERS *would soon be reached. I am now in my sixty-third year, have preached the gospel for upwards of forty years, and can truly say from the closest and most impartial observation and reading the 'Guide'* FOR EIGHT YEARS PAST, THAT I DO NOT BELIEVE THAT THERE IS A PUBLICATION TO BE HAD ANY WHERE, IN ANY NATION, THAT IS DOING THE SAME AMOUNT OF GOOD FOR THE CAUSE OF CHRISTIANITY. *I have reason to believe the doctrine of holiness, which is the burden of its song brought out from the experience of God's saints on earth, is destined to widen and increase in its soul-inspiring sweetness and power, until few will be left among the royal family upon earth, to demur to this glorious truth, so plainly laid down in the blessed Bible, and which when taught, never fails to receive the seal and favor of the Great Head of the Church.*"

I have been a reader of your excellent publication, the "Guide to Holiness," but a short time. During this period I have received much comfort and instruction from perusing its excellent articles. I anxiously await its monthly visitations, because I am assured that its pages will be freighted with such "good news," which will be food to my hungry soul. I have read some of its brief articles, or parts thereof, in some of our social gatherings in connection with our Church.

And oh, how I have been blessed of God by perusing some of its soul-inspiring articles. I am in sympathy with the doctrine of "Holiness" which it advocates.

My soul is longing after more of God, and reaching forth for the higher attainments and conditions of a spiritual life, which your precious "Guide" tells me of. I have resolved to be one of its subscribers as long as I live on earth. No Christian should be without it. I am young in years (only 23), and young in Christian experience, and feel the need of just such a "GUIDE" as you are editing to assist me in my Christian course. I hereby pledge myself to be an earnest worker for the "Guide to Holiness" as long as I live. Long may you wave.

Please find enclosed $2, for which send "Guide" to S ——.
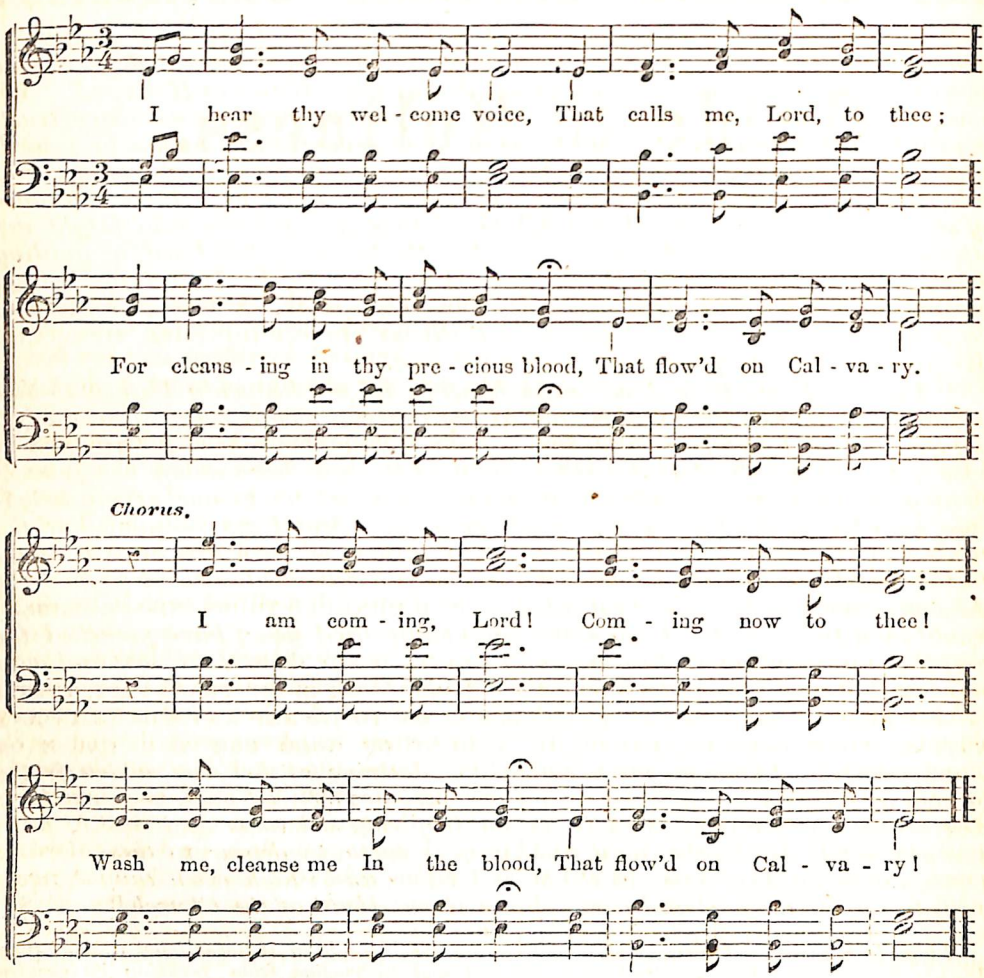
C. C. CUSHMAN.

A minister sends the subscription price for the "Guide" for another minister and says, "I am in poor health, and have been for more than a year. I wish to live only to serve God as a preacher of His Word, and so honor Him in my life."

J. K. P. B.

I AM COMING, LORD!

By permission. Words and music by Rev. L. HARTSOUGH.



Though coming weak and vile,
Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all, and pure.

'Tis Jesus calls me on
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust,
For earth and heaven above.

And he the witness gives
To loyal hearts and free,
That every promise is fulfilled,
If faith but brings the plea.

All hail! atoning blood!
All hail! redeeming grace!
All hail! the gift of Christ, our Lord,
Our strength and righteousness.

Guide to Holiness.

DECEMBER, 1873.

For the Guide.

PRESBYTERIAN MINISTER.

No. II.

REV. J. SIMS.

You say you would like to hear how my experience is progressing now. I would be glad if I could be with you and tell it to you just as it is, but I must write briefly, as I have to preach to-night. I think I could do you some good, if I could see you in relation to your own experience. I greatly wonder that I have been so blind on this subject, it now seems so plain to me. I know the key that unlocked to you your twelve years' experience of *perfect love*, and it is so clear to my mind, that I am sure I could tell you and Mary L. just how to find and unlock the bosom of Jesus, and enter into perfect *rest*.

The simple truth lies in this: I. Perfect consecration. II. Perfect faith, and the result, perfect rest. As I write that word I feel it thrill my whole being. I found it yesterday, April twenty-fourth, about four o'clock P. M. Glory to God! I can forever believe in Jesus' all-sufficiency to keep me in this sweet rest. Oh! Sister W., I have never felt so before. I remember hearing you express your dread of old age and being laid on the shelf. You have made me feel melancholy when looking ahead. I tried then to comfort you; but now, if I am laid down in sickness, I realize it is Jesus. I know if I am left friendless it will not grieve me, for Jesus is my rest. If trouble comes, I rest in Jesus. I see not a single thing along the line of my future life that can hurt me, but the loss of this rest. And the secret of keeping it is not my obedience, nor my faith, nor my struggles and sacrifices, nor my fast day, nor the amount of work I do for Him.

You will, perhaps, read and re-read these lines, and think what does he mean. Let me explain. I shall not keep it by *looking* at my faith, but looking at Jesus. I shall not keep it by looking at my consecration, but by looking at Jesus. I shall not keep it by *depending* on my faith, or consecration, or sacrifice, or obedience, or fasting, or praying. To look to these or depend on these will not do; just what is wanting is to believe in Jesus and depend on Him all the time, and He will do the keeping. I must do all I can, but as for the keeping me in this sweet rest, these things cannot do it, for I have tried it long enough; but while I do all these things I believe Jesus will keep me. Therefore, when I come to the act of thus leaning on Jesus continually, notwithstanding my weakness, my imperfections, He carries me right along.

If Jesus should overtake you on your way going out to Brother L. by yourself, and should say, "you are weak and lame, I will carry you. It will not hurt nor tire me, and I love to help you," and you say, "Lord, take me," you are made conscious of the ease with which He carries you along and makes you feel so sweetly; He looks you in the face and says, "only believe, and I will carry you all the way." You doubt His goodness, and He sets you on your feet again, and

says, "do as you have done, if you will not believe; I am good enough to carry you in My arms, now follow Me as formerly," and you begin to limp along just as before; oh, how strange!

He has overtaken me at last, and is doing for me what I have been unable, with all my trying, to do for myself. I now put all on Him, and He is more than willing to carry me and all my cares at all times and to the end. I never before understood these words of Jesus, "If ye abide in Me and My words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will." This resting in Jesus' arms, and believing Him all the time, is the experimental explanation.

I hope, when I see you again, I will find you once more sweetly folded in the arms of Jesus, and your face radiant with His kisses of love. Oh! help that precious Sister Mary into this sweet *rest*. Glory to God and the Lamb forever! I am not in an ecstacy, but I rest, *rest*, REST sweetly and more than peacefully in the arms of Jesus.

April 25, 1873.

For the Guide.

ECHOES FROM PATMOS.

REV. W. H. POOLE, TORONTO.

NO XIII.

Of the Church of the Laodiceans there was not one word of commendation, not an echo of approval, while of the Church of Philadelphia there was not one word of censure. How very different the life and experience of churches having the same external advantages! In the same city we find churches differing as widely as did those here named, the one all aglow with divine light and holy zeal, the other with her fires extinguished, her wine mixed with water, her robes spotted by the flesh.

There is no partiality in the Judge. He is no respecter of persons or of churches. He is "the Amen, the faithful and true witness.'

To each of the seven churches Jesus is presented in a different aspect. He is to His people what their circumstances and character show they most require.

To Ephesus, with a love growing cold, he is seen holding the seven stars in His right hand, and blessing, by His presence, the seven golden candlesticks.

To Smyrna, threatened with death in its most terrible form, He is the self-existing and eternal source of life.

To Pergamos, living near Satan's seat and poisoned by error in doctrine and life, He comes with "a sharp sword with two edges."

To Thyatira, where church discipline was neglected, and idolatries practiced, and sins covered up by professions of love and service, He comes in the impressive form of one whose "eyes are as a flame of fire, and His feet as fine brass."

To Sardis, who was living only in name while really dead, He appears with the "seven spirits of God, and with seven stars."

To Philadelphia, who had done so much in possessing the land for Christ, He comes with a "key," to open up for them still greater fields of privilege and of opportunity, and to shut the door against all intruders.

Now, to the Laodiceans, who were faithless, and fickle, and false and changable, He is the "AMEN," the faithful and firm, and true, the unchangable; the Proprietor and ruler of all things. He is to His people all that they need to promote their holiness and their happiness. He first makes His people holy, and by a law of grace, holiness and happiness are connected together.

This church was in a most deplorable condition.

"Cold." This does not mean a listless, careless profession of religion. It means not only without a spark of spiritual life, but more, as openly belonging to the world, an avowed sinner; one who makes no profession of religion.

"Hot," fervent, warm and earnest in the faith and love of Christ. "Lukewarm," indifferent, undecided, unstable, no fixed purpose or settled principle. Halting between two opinions; trying, in an easy and faint-hearted way, to serve God and mammon.

Religion is either true or false. If false, it is worth nothing; if true, it is

worth everything. If false, oppose it, denounce it, reject it with scorn, treat it with indifference; nay, root it up and banish it.

If true, it is all true, and the greatest truth in the universe. Embrace it, love it, pursue it, agonize for it. Lay hold of it with all earnestness. It is hot as fire. It will warm you into a blessed sympathy with God and all goodness. It produces the fervor of mind and zeal for God which "many waters cannot quench." "Its coals are the coals of juniper," very warm. Wesley felt his heart strangely warm; the disciples felt their "hearts burn within them."

God would have you and your friends know your position. Be on either side, and be sure of your whereabouts. The honest, outspoken sinner is more likely to receive the truth and be saved than the lukewarm or half-hearted professor, and his influence is less injurious upon society. The fire of party and denominational zeal, chilled by the influence of self-love and religious apathy, produces a tepid piety, which is as disgusting and nauseous to God as lukewarm water to a human being. God hates all temporizing and indecision. Here there is no room for neutrality. Jesus expects that men should declare themselves in earnest, either for or against Him. It is better to be cold than lukewarm. That young man who went around the country with letters of authority to break up the prayer meetings, saw and heard Jesus and became a true convert, while the lukewarm temporizer trusted to his hypocritical pretensions and was lost. A daring sinner who went up to the camp meeting with his pocket filled with fire crackers, gave his heart to God and did a glorious work for Christ, while the man of tepid piety went home without enjoying or doing any good. "I would thou wert cold or hot."

This church was strangely deluded and deceived,—self-deceived. "Thou sayest I am rich." In worldly wealth, in social standing, in mental culture, in courtly refinement, in ritualistic ceremonies, in all the elements of popularity. We have an eloquent minister, comfortable pews, a splendid organ, a beautiful ritual, benevolent contributions. We are satisfied; we "have need of nothing" The True Witness saith of this church, that "they are *wretched* and *miserable*, and *poor*, and *blind* and *naked*." Exiles in a far-off country, unhappy and distressed, they can do nothing to comfort others; destitute and unsupplied, their souls are famished for want of the manna of His love. Without spiritual perceptions, in the blindness and darkness of nature and of unbelief, they have no bright visions of God. They see none of the beauty of holiness or of the excellency of Christ. Clothed only in the filthy garments of self-righteousness, they have no appreciation of the beautiful bridal robes made of the fine linen, "clean and white." What a delusion!

Does the reader notice that there is one little word which, in its completeness and fulness, covers the whole ground of their needs? That word is LOVE. Without love all is desolate and drear. Love brings home the exile, imparts happiness and joy, enriches the bankrupt, imparts light to the sightless and a white robe to the naked, kindling anew all the fires of affection in the heart, and lighting up the whole soul with sunshine and peace.

The cause of all this spiritual dearth is found in the fact that Christ was outside of the Church, Christ at the door, outside, knocking.

What a melancholy thing to see a CHURCH without CHRIST.

To be continued.)

For the Guide.

"KNOW YE NOT?"

MARY B. WILLARD.

During one of the busiest and most "careful" years of my life, there came to me the urgent necessity and the strong desire, to bring to bear on my burdens the power of a consecrated life.

Much as I longed for this, and worked toward it as well as one can who yet puts off instantaneous decision, I seemed only to creep along on the edges of a religious life, until one afternoon, in our dear

Mrs. Hamline's class-room, the opportunity came to me through her vivid presentation of Christ's pleadings for my undivided heart, in all the stress of an emergency. The alternatives seemed to be *then* or *never*, and the same Saviour that invited me so tenderly, helped me to come to Him *then*.

By every means possible I tried to cut off all retreat from the position taken then and there, knowing well that my poor cowardly nature might easily fall into indecision again, if not fortified by every element of strength at my command. With all this came the quietness that follows decision; but not, so far as I could tell, the assurance of a perfect consecration and its acceptance. I wanted God's own Word to me that this was so, and I went to His Word for my "Thus saith the Lord." Very soon the "Know ye not?" in the sixth chapter of Romans, arrested my attention, according so perfectly with my questioning thought. Read the verse through: "Know ye not that to whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey, his servants ye are to whom ye obey?" And then I looked back through the chapter to see if I had yielded myself in the way that brought such unquestionable assurance. I read: "Let not sin, therefore, *reign* in your mortal body that ye should obey it in the lusts thereof. Neither yield ye your members as instruments of unrighteousness unto sin, but yield yourselves unto God, and your members as instruments of righteousness unto God. For *sin shall not have dominion over you.*" And then, again, the "Know ye not?"

It took only a moment of self-examination to satisfy me, that sin was no longer the ruling power in my heart—its dominion I knew was broken. My allegiance was given irrevocably to God, and I said over and over again, "Know ye not that to whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey, *his servants ye are?*"—until the "Know ye not?" became the tenderly reproachful utterance of my Saviour, like that to Philip, "Have I been so long time with you, yet thou hast not known Me?"

Thank Him! I *know* now. I went on through the chapter, tracing the thought to its blissful climax: "Being then made free for sin, ye became the servants of righteousness, . . . and become servants to God, ye have your fruit unto holiness, and the end everlasting life."

My heart and eyes were full to think of the unbelief that had kept the dear Saviour, of whose love I was now so sure, so far away during all the years when I had needed Him so much. I could no more doubt His love for me or mine for Him than the dearest human love with which He had blessed me, and I realized, as vividly as my daily duties, the fact that I had come to Christ and He had come to me. This was peace different from the quietness following the decision—the "transaction done"—there was now no effort to *keep it done*, but I remember it was as if a great, strong wave retreating from the shore, fretted by rocks and shoals, had lifted me on its breast, and carried me out into the calm sea, where I was held secure, yet free. Many times since then—oftener I sometimes think than "seventy times seven"—I have needed to reconsecrate myself to Christ. The way has been a well-worn path, but it has always led to the Saviour, and always the "Know ye not?" has brought the same sweet answer of peace.

For the Guide.

SALVATION AND SUFFERING.

REV. CHARLES BLAKESLEE.

You love the Saviour, and delight in His holy ways, but many afflictions distress you. Do not think this strange. You are in a world of sin, suffering, and death, and why should not you have a portion of the inevitable ills of this fallen state. The eminent saints of old, of whom the world was not worthy, were very great sufferers; our Lord was a man of sorrows, acquainted with grief, and made perfect through suffering; many of the best Christians of Gospel times have been signal sufferers; and even millions of innocent infants suffer, and why should you deem it strange for you to be afflicted?

Do not open the door to unbelief by saying: If God loves me, why does He not hear my prayer and deliver me? This is not His plan. Your exemption from suffering will be in heaven. Now He says to thee: "I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction." You belong to God, and He is leading you in a safe way, even in the way of holiness. In these trials the Holy Spirit will lead you away from self-trust, away from reliance upon any creature, and enable you to exercise a pure faith in the merit, in the shed blood, and power of Jesus, as your full Saviour. And if you already know the blessedness of being blood washed, and filled with divine love, the Lord will, in this way, increase your graces, teach you wisdom, and bring you into more perfect and exalted communion with Himself.

It was in the fiery furnace that the form of the Fourth was gloriously revealed to Shadrach and his companions; it was when Elijah had fled into the wilderness for his life, and lay in great distress under a juniper tree, that the angel spread a feast before him, and inspired him with courage to bear his burden, and fulfil the residue of his life-work; it was while St. John was banished to the dreary isle of Patmos that he looked into Heaven. Lie low at Jesus' feet, and trust in Him with all your heart; be swallowed up in His will, and your afflictions will all be gloriously sanctified to you.

Besides all this present spiritual good, "your present light afflictions shall work out for you a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." Oh how this promise lights up the pathway of the suffering believer! Yes, these racking pains, this bitter trial, and this heart-lacerating bereavement, shall make you more holy, and a brighter witness for Jesus here, and then they shall make your heaven eternally blissful and glorious. Dear suffering brother or sister, is not this enough? Will not an eternal weight of glory more than compensate for a few days of suffering here? Very soon you will be called home; very soon you will be with your Lord. Oh the eternal bliss and glory that will soon be yours! May you so live and suffer as to be a blood-washed, happy witness of perfect love every moment, even in the fire and in the hour of death. Amen.

UTICA, October, 1873.

For the Guide.

TABOR.

REV. ROBERT EVANS.

The secret place of the Most High,
Once visible on Tabor's side,
Splendors divine o'erspread its sky,
And glory fills its circuit wide.

Earth's hills and vales glow o'er again
Since Heaven hath touched its crimson brow;
We smile on toil, and care and pain,
And earth is all one Tabor now.

A mountain all cast up for thee,
Where the redeemed shall dwell in peace;
One Tabor-height of victory,
And love, and joy, and righteousness.

Who walk with Christ they walk in light,
That, like the morn, shines more and more;
A perfect day that has no night,
No darkness to its farthest shore.

Here, in communion sweet and deep,
I'll speak to Him of His decease;
His love for this poor wandering sheep,
His dying love and living grace.

I'll tell Him I am all his own,
His called, His own peculiar care;
Redeemed to live for Him alone,
And sing His mercy everywhere.

For the Guide.

FIFTY YEARS' WALK WITH JESUS.

MRS. MARY D. JAMES.

(*Continued from page* 140.)

The privileges of Christian communion, though so prized and enjoyed, could not take the place of secret communion with her God. To be alone with him was the richest comfort of her life, and in those frequent seasons of devotion she derived strength for the many duties devolving upon her. So sweet and precious were these communings that she would sometimes forget her connection with things terrestrial, and seem to have entered within the circle

of the redeemed, and to realize what is expressed in the sublime passage of Hebrews xii., 22: "But ye are come unto Mount Zion, and unto the City of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels; to the general assembly and church of the first born which are written in heaven; and to God, the Judge of all, and to the spirits of the just made perfect; and to Jesus, the Mediator of the new covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling that speaketh better things than that of Abel."

Of one of those blissful revelations she writes to her beloved friend, Mrs. Dr. Palmer, as follows:

COPY OF LETTER.

"Through the ever-abounding goodness of Him whose I am and whom I serve, I am now favored with my usual degree of health, and, what is much better, I am blessed with an unusual degree of heavenly light, and life and love, insomuch that my soul is exceeding joyful.

"For some days past I have experienced such sweet and intimate union with my blessed Saviour, and such melting, blissful and overpowering communications of His love as have surpassed all my former experience in divine things.

"Of one signally glorious manifestation I will give you the particulars, because I think it may be for the glory of God.

"It was on last Wednesday evening, at *sweet twilight hour*, my favorite season for communion with Heaven, I had retired to my chamber to spend an hour alone with God. As I bowed before the mercy seat, I felt an extraordinary degree of the sacred unction to pervade my soul, and a spirit of fervent supplication that I might sink deeper into the ocean of love, and be wholly absorbed in God.

"Immediately I realized that I had power with God as had Jacob, and that, like him, I should prevail. My faith gathered strength, and, with mighty energy, seized all the 'exceeding great and precious promises' and appropriated them to my own soul; claimed the rich and boundless stores of grace in the treasury of heaven as *mine*, the purchase of my own adorable Redeemer, as expressly for *me*, and realized in blessed verity the sweet words applied, '*All are yours*,' feeling, as never before, the blessedness of being united to the Son and to the Father, and having fellowship,—oh, what *blissful fellowship*!—with both.

"I now experienced what I had been so earnestly pleading for, viz.: that my heart might be as a clear and perfect mirror, into which my adorable Jesus might look and see reflected His own lovely image. Such a heaven of love, such fulness of bliss as I cannot describe, then took possession of my soul! The thought of bearing the image of the immaculate Jesus in full deep impress, indelibly and forever on my heart; of being emphatically *one with Him*, in the most *intimate*, *sacred* and *eternal union*, and to be permitted to do His blessed will; to work, and speak, and think *for Him alone*,—oh, this was 'more than angel tongue could tell or angel mind conceive!"

"'Overwhelmed with this stupendous grace,' my happy soul was 'breathing unutterable praise in rapturous awe and silent love,' when suddenly the glories of the abode of the redeemed seemed to burst upon my vision, just as if an intervening veil had been lifted, and I was permitted to gaze upon the spirits of the just made perfect, and behold the 'full glories of the Lamb,' that made the splendor of the heavenly world, beaming upon the glorified throng who had washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. It was a radiance that exceeded the brightness of the sun at noonday. In a moment they all seemed to approach me, and I was surrounded by a host of heavenly spirits, who all seemed to be looking at me with intense interest. Encircled within the arms of my adorable Saviour I felt my happiness was complete. I said, 'can this be earth? am I not in heaven?' The words, always sweet to me, had a meaning that I never before had a conception of:

'*Thy presence makes my paradise,*
And where Thou art is heaven.'

"I said I never was conscious of being surrounded by celestial spirits. I had believed that there were 'ministering spirits sent forth to minister unto them that shall be heirs of salvation,' but I did not know that all the hosts of the redeemed are ever near me, and that at any time I may realize their presence and commune with them.

"A voice spoke to my heart and said, 'they are always near, never distant, when you are in *close union with Jesus.* They are one with Him, and when He is near, they also are near.' Then I thought I need never to have felt sad when not permitted to mingle with pure and holy ones, for the spirits that are disrobed of their mantles of clay and dwell in the presence of the Highest are my companions. I may hold sweet converse with them in spirit; may enjoy their society, and feel that heaven and earth are one.

"What ecstatic rapture did this thought inspire! My spirit seemed as if enwrapped in the glory that encircled the throng of celestial visitants.

"This glorious revelation left upon my spirit a hallowing influence which has remained with me ever since, and my spirit seems to be sinking deeper and yet deeper into the ocean of love. I look back upon my former experience, when, though I had stepped into the ocean of love, I was lingering so near the shore that I did not enjoy a constant overwhelming fulness. True, wave after wave would come in quick succession, and my happy spirit was often refreshed; but then the waters would recede, leaving me sometimes quite on the shore. Then I could not, would not rest a moment, but pressing out again into the sea, would soon feel the mighty waves rolling over me; yet, hesitating to take a *deep plunge, that I might lose all foothold of earth,* and be *lost* and *swallowed up in God.* But I rejoice to feel and know that I have been pressing farther and farther into the depths of love divine, and have, indeed, come into the *deep water. Yes, I have launched out into the illimitable ocean, never, never to return to earth again.*"

For the Guide.

FEARFUL YET FEARLESS.

PHŒBE PALMER.

"Certain women also of our company made us astonished which were early at the sepulchre." "And the angel answered and said unto the women, Fear not ye; for I know that ye seek Jesus which was crucified."

And some lone ones in venture bold,
(They were of those of whom 'tis said,
Their hearts are not of sterner mould),
But to Christ's guarded grave they've sped;
Here they think sepulchered their Lord and Friend,
This is enough, and they that grave descend.

Ah! here these sad bereaved ones see,
The gloomy vestments death had left;
They gaze with awe, and tremblingly
They stand, as if of all bereft,
And hope expires! Their Lord was not now there;
This their last solace gone, they weepingly despair!

'Tis strange! yet how oft proven clear;
Scarce do earth's hopes retire,
And mortals turn a listening ear
To heaven, with strong desire,
Ere brighter prospects smile; and Heaven's sweet voice
Bids grief retire, and the free heart rejoice.

Thus it was now—a soothing tone
Fell on the spirit's ear;
Those fearful ones were not alone,
No! angel forms were near;
And death's dark house was lighted by the ray,
Which these bright shining robed ones there display.

And "Fear not ye," was gently said,
For why do ye thus seek
The living here among the dead?
Did He not to ye speak
Of this His rising, when he was with thee?
Remember ye His words, while yet in Galilee.

Oh! they His words remembered then,
For memory's spell is broken,
And thoughts deep fount is fathomed when,
The words of Christ are spoken;
And holy joy with her attendant train
Brings to the waiting ones sweet bliss again.

GRACIOUS LESSONS.

Rev. Henry Belden, in writing to a friend, speaks of precious lessons recently more fully learned:

1. Deeper confirmation of the views I have been gathering for several years concerning every Christian's need of frequent baptisms of the Holy Ghost; the practicability of having them; the motive that should influence us in seeking them; the way to seek them; the certainty of always obtaining; and the manner in which the gift is bestowed, *often gradually.*

2. The importance, and even, oftentimes, the necessity of *silence*. "Be silent to the Lord."—Marginal reading of Psalm xxxvii. 7.

3. It has become easy to have "my mind (thought, imagination) *stayed on God.*" It is done by a look to Jesus. It is rather a *resting* than an acting. Formerly I have had great and sore conflicts here. Read Isaiah xxvi. 3, in connection with next verse.

4. Increased *boldness* in standing up for Jesus. This is given to me both as a *lesson* and a *power*; and, indeed, all of Heaven's lessons bring, or are associated with, more or less of power.

5. Love to opposers. I have been led to pray much for them. Then I saw that their opposition was not so much of themselves, as of the Evil One tempting them; and if they were delivered from their enemy, and had the good Spirit, they would receive and love the truth. These thoughts filled me with pity for them, and led me deeper into a universal benevolence.

6. I have been filled with a deep spiritual realization of my privilege to *rejoice in the Lord evermore*, and an expectation that I should finish my course with joy, as Paul said, Acts xx. 24.

7. Increased sense of responsibility to testify for Jesus. "That the communication of thy faith may become effectual by the acknowledgment of every good thing which is in you in Christ Jesus."—Philemon 6 v. A Christian friend giving this passage in exhortation, it came to me with unprecedented power. It becomes more powerful as I obey it.

8. I was given to see, that, if devoted wholly to Jesus, one's weakest points become his strongest points; even as God said to Paul, "My strength is made perfect in weakness." This lesson was spoken to my soul by a Christian brother.

9. I was enlightened and delivered from a subtle and long-standing temptation to apprehend trouble in Christ's service. A Christian brother said, quoting the passage, "The Lord scourgeth every son whom he receiveth." "It reads, 'whom he receiveth;' and this does not mean that he continues to scourge them. Even we earthly parents do not keep on thrashing our children always."

10. I have been taught a deeper death of self-will. The words in John v. 30, were powerfully impressed upon me.

11. I have been taught to discern more clearly in regard to the path of duty. One says, "When we are in simplicity before God, willing to be led in any way, we may walk in confidence that the path before us is in the divine order."

12. It has been given me to have that form of self-denial by which I acquiesce in God's will, when it might deprive me of privilege and withhold me from doing desirable things.

13. Joy in having others instead of myself employed and blessed.

14. Deeper self-annihilation, especially in this, that I have been made to feel that the trusts committed to me are the Lord's, and not mine. We are only the helpers, if God is pleased to use us; hence, we need not mourn or be displeased at opposition.

15. Clearer understanding of what it is to have *Christ in us.*

16. Reliance upon the Holy Ghost to give me utterance in preaching the Word. A very special lesson.

17. Greater ability to count it all joy when I fall into divers temptations; so much so as to desire that God would not take them away till all His will was accomplished.

18. Deeper *love to the saints.*

19. My consecration to Jesus has assumed a deeper and sweeter form. It seems now to be more a consecration into which I am drawn by divine love, and has less of self-resolution in it. It is apparently without effort: rather a repose in Jesus than a purpose to be faithful to Him.

20. The same may be said of *my faith.* It seems to be more clearly and fully a fruit of the Spirit, in which my own spontaneity joyfully mingles, than a trust that requires effort.

21. God has enabled me to *lay aside a spirit of fastidiousness* in regard to the utterances and doings of my brethern

when I see them to be quite mistaken. If the blessed Master kindly bears with their mistakes, why should not I?

22. One of the most delightful lessons taught me during the year, was, that *I might everywhere be a partaker of the joy of others.* This lesson was flashed upon me instantaneously, and with great spiritual power, while enjoying the hospitality of a Christian family in a distant city. The husband and wife were singing together a sweet song of praise as we sat down at the dinner-table. In a moment it was given me to realize with great power, that I did then enjoy their happiness the same as if it had been my own, and that I might everywhere so enjoy the happiness of others. No words can describe the sweetness of this lesson. It brought me into greater freedom. It delivered me from one of those subtle temptations with which Satan has long influenced me. I had thought, that, if called to frequent and long absences from my home, I might find it a great trial; but, in that flash of Heaven's light, I saw that the joy of every Christian family wherever I sojourned, was my own in the pure oneness of Jesus and His saints. That is, I saw that the Lord Jesus made me to rejoice in others' joy just as if it were my own.

AN AGED MINISTER.

PRES. A. MAHAN.

Several years since, we met a very aged and venerable clergyman, who asked, on our first introduction, if we did not recognize him. On receiving a negative answer, he replied that years before, while we were at Oberlin, he, being then a ruling elder in a Presbyterian Church, heard of the work of God among us there. After reading for a time the Oberlin *Evangelist*, he determined to visit us, and know for himself what was the character of the work of which he heard so much. After conversing with Brother Finney, myself, and others, he became fully convinced that God was with us of a truth, and that the baptism which we had received was in reserve for him. He accordingly set his whole being upon the attainment of that divine anointing, with the immutable determination never to cease seeking, and praying, until he was really and truly "endued with power from on high."

After searching his heart, consecrating himself to Christ, and waiting in earnest prayer, and "strong crying and tears," for the promised blessing, he entered his closet one day, under the full assurance that *then* and *there* he might "receive the Holy Ghost." He accordingly determined never to leave that place until he should receive the gift of God, after which he was seeking. He had been in the place but a little time, when he seemed to himself to be sinking down into infinite depths, into the bosom of God. Here the waters of life began to rise and overflow in his heart, and to the full extent of his capabilities he knew himself to be "filled with all the fulness of God." The glory, the love of Christ, and the infinite richess of his grace now occupied his whole being. He began to tell others of the good hand of God that was upon him, "of the riches of the glory of this mystery, which is Christ in believers, the hope of glory;" and such power everywhere attended his testimony, that he was urged to take out a license to preach. As he could not do so in his own church, he obtained one among the Wesleyans, who were laboring in his vicinity.

As the results of a few years labor, more than one thousand souls were gathered into the fold of Christ. So the Lord continued to bless his labors, until his voice and strength failed. As a consequence, he was then quietly waiting the time when his divine Master should call him to the kingdom of light. The baptism which he had at first received was often renewed, and never had been diminished, as a life-imparting power. The same anointing, reader, is for you. If you would obtain it, however, you must appreciate its value, and "seek it with all your heart, and with all your soul," and never rest, and give God no rest, until the Spirit of glory and of God rests upon you.

For the Guide.

LOVE THYSELF LAST.

MARY ON THE MOUNTAIN.

"Love thyself the last," so sang the poet
In quaint, measured words that fell upon my ear,
And rang along the silent chambers of
The soul, and touched the chords of memory,
Whose vibrations made sweet music o'er the thought
That deeds of love and charity were wrought
Unknown of all mankind.

Love thyself last.
First love thy God, and then thy fellowmen;
And be thou not unmindful of the poor,
Although thou hast but little, give thy mite;
And He who o'er against the treasury sat
Shall bless it, and in blessing it, bless thee.
Knowest thou how the multitude were fed?
The five loves and the two small fishes fed
Full five thousand men, and of the fragments
That unto them remained, they gathered up
More than they had at first.

Love thyself last.
Fear not, faint heart, but give thy love to all
The multitude; for they in His image
Were created, and though they are fallen,
And have gone astray from the narrow path,
And the primal purity of their robes is soiled
By the foul stain of sin; and though
No thought of holiness may dwell within,
He loves them. He who left His Father's throne,
And took the form of our humanity,
Became the man of sorrows and suffered
For our sakes, and was crucified that we
Through faith in Him might live.

And so shouldst thou
Give thy love, and e'en thy life, if need be,
For thy fellowmen. Take up thy cross, and
Follow in the footsteps of Him who gave
Us love, and bles't and bade us give love
One unto another; and when at last
The fragments of thy love are gathered up,
And to the Master on the judgment seat
Are brought, more joy thou'lt have than if thou'dst lived
A thousand years unto thyself alone.
For then the souls thy love hath won to Christ
Shall shine as jewels in thy crown; and thou
Shalt walk the streets of the Golden City;
And thou shalt sit down beside the river
That flows beneath the Tree of Life; and join
Thy hymn of triumph with the heavenly choir,
To sing the praise of God forever more.

THE "HOWARD TRUNK."

REV. JOHN TODD, D.D.

"God provides for his children." Every hard-working minister of Christ can testify to the fact that he has many times received kindnesses and real instances of help from sources wholly unexpected, unlooked for, and even strange. After a long life in the pastoral office, I desire to acknowledge this and return thanks to God and to men for unnumbered kindnesses thus received. I now vividly recall one. It was when all my large family of children were with me, and when there was sickness under our roof, that I felt the pressure of poverty very heavily. I had a very kind people, but I had never groaned before them or called upon them for an increase of salary.

One evening, on my return home, my children met me in high glee. "A trunk had come! a trunk had come!!" from whom they knew not. It came from a family we had never known; but accidentally hearing the name of Howard, we called it "the Howard trunk." It contained not a single new article, nor a new dress, but was full of what seemed to have been the cast-aside dresses of the young ladies of the family. They were not worn out or greatly soiled, but they had become tired of them or their fashion had gone by. But, whatever the reason, there was dancing and wondering around the old trunk—for the trunk was old and almost worn out; there was overhauling and contriving, for a long time, how to make those nice garments do the most service. The material was all good. If I remember aright, every one of my daughters had a dress—the very best she could claim and call her own. They were reduced and altered and made to fit, and then were refitted and turned and colored, and handed down from the older to the younger; and for years something from that "trunk" was in use. Why not? It was far better than we could afford to buy, and it wore in proportion to its high quality.

I never had an opportunity to express my gratitude to the family who sent it; and I know not that one of them, if alive, will ever recall the circumstance. It would be difficult to overstate the blessing of that old "trunk." As a memorial, I have lately, with my own hands, re-covered it; and "the Howard trunk" now promises to abide with us

and do us service as long as we live. A very simple story, says my reader. True; but I have an object in relating it. Does not my rich reader see how, without much self-denial, he can secretly and decidedly help some poor minister's family, who would be thankful, and decidedly aided, by receiving that which he lays aside? You may say, "Oh, this is too poor or too small an affair to send to my minister." Depend upon it, you are mistaken. Among all the kindnesses which my family have received, I don't believe there was ever one that we did not use or for which we were not thankful. And what is true of my family is true of many a minister's family.

But is it not degrading to a minister to be so poor as to be thankful for these little droppings—the gifts of, perhaps, unknown persons? I reply, no—any more than it was degrading to Christ to receive the ministrations of the women who followed him from Galilee. I would not have a minister seek for gifts, nor even to expect them, but if the ravens bring the prophet bread and meat, should he not thankfully eat it? We are poor, and God designs we shall be We are to live by the altar; and, if we find little or much, we are to accept it from the hand of our heavenly Father.

It is sometimes said that the compensation of the ministry is such as to deter young men from entering it, and, especially, young men of talent turn away from what they know must be a life of poverty.

For one, I don't feel much trouble on this account. But suppose the ministry did receive from ten to twenty-five thousand dollars each annually, is it not plain that worldly men, unconverted men, would rush into the ministry in crowds, and the tide of greed and gain would roll over our pulpits and drown out all our piety? For one, I am glad that there are so few great prizes offered with this kind of reward.

And I want to say, most earnestly, that the world never called louder, the fields never opened so abundant for faithful, warm, devoted men in the ministry, as now. We don't offer to make the pulpit a competitor with commerce, or traffic, or manufacturing, as to compensation. Our compensation lies in another line. Suppose, now, the young man says, "If I enter the ministry, I am to look forward to a life of toil, of poverty and privation. What shall I have?" Why, dear young friend, if you are consecrated to God, devoted and faithful to your work, you will have the following as your compensation:

1. You will be free from distressing anxiety about your living You go not to warfare at your "own charges." A comfortable support (nothing more,) a quiet, peaceful home, are yours. You are not expected or desired to compete with others in dress, furniture, equipage, or fashion. This great law of exemption is a blessing that can hardly be overestimated.

2. You will live in the good-will of your generation. All will feel kindly towards you and few want to injure you. This is a great privilege.

3. You will feel that we poor weak beings accomplish but little good, but, if we do any, we can do more in the ministry than anywhere else.

4. You will feel that you can judiciously use all your strength. Nothing of life is wasted.

5. You will kindle many little fires that will burn long after you have gone to the dead.

6. You will know that you are a coworker with God in the highest, noblest work ever committed to created beings.

7. You will feel that your reward is yet to come, even a crown of unfading blessedness and glory.

For the Guide.

HOW TO OBTAIN THE NEEDED REVIVAL.

REV. D. NASH.

The readers of the "Guide," I feel assured, are panting to see a revival of scriptural holiness in all the churches of our land. The Almighty Ruler of the nations raised up Methodism for the purpose of "spreading scriptural holiness" throughout the world. The history of the Methodist Church happily

affords an example of such a revival as this. Almost from its beginning the doctrine of Christian holiness was held by Mr. Wesley; but during the earlier years of the great spiritual movement with which his name stands connected, the chief prominence was given in preaching to the doctrines of justification by faith and the new birth. The glorious results which followed the forthsetting of these truths are known to all.

SECOND GREAT REVIVAL.

In 1760, and the years following, took place the second great Methodist revival, when the newly gathered Church received her baptism of sanctifying fire. In 1762, Wesley remarked that he "doubted not that they should soon hear of persons sanctified as frequently as they had thus far heard of them justified." At Manchester he exhorted the members to "go on unto perfection," and a flame was kindled which he trusted "neither men nor devils would be able to quench." At the close of 1763, he says: "Here I stood and looked back on the late occurrences. Before Thomas Walsh left England, God began that great work which has continued ever since without any considerable intermission. During the whole time many have been convinced of sin, many justified, many backsliders healed. But the peculiar work of the season has been what St. Paul calls '*the perfecting of the saints.*' Many persons, in various parts of England and Ireland, after a deep conviction of inbred sin, have been so filled with faith and love that sin vanished, and they found from that time no pride, anger, or unbelief. They could rejoice evermore, pray without ceasing, and in everything give thanks."

The true Christian heart glows as it hears of a work like this, and here is the need of the Church to-day. The spirit of holiness would be the spirit of prayer. Pleadings for souls would go up to heaven. The energy now expended in conflicts with doubts and fears would be poured forth in mighty efforts for the conversion of men. The long-felt want of the Church for real, manifest spiritual *power* in her agencies, would be supplied, and as a sure result multitudes would be added to the Lord. Will the reader give himself or herself for the sake of God and His Church to seek the personal realization of this scriptural holiness? Is it *right* to be fully devoted? Is it not most blessed to be pure and filled with divine love? The promise is for *you*. There can be nothing in your nature or position to exclude you from the *great* salvation. "The same Lord over all is *rich* unto all that call upon Him. Will you seek and obtain this perfect holiness? My brother, my sister, it can be done. What are difficulties in the face of the Omnipotent Redeemer? It is not, Can I make myself holy? can I retain the blessing if I get it? But, Can Christ do it? can He keep me?

RESULTS OF DECISION.

Make up your mind to realize what Christ promises. Most people are not holy because they do not really want to be; they don't want to give up all to have it. But, with mind made up, go right to God, and speak with Him about it honestly, and as if He were visibly before you surrender your entire being to Him to be forever at His disposal. "Here, Lord, I give myself away." Then plead for the sanctifying baptism. Bring strong arguments. Plead the commands and promises of God; plead the blood of Jesus; plead your own personal need; plead the wants of the Church and the needs of a dying world. God will hear and that speedily, and all His great salvation shall be yours. "The Lord, whom ye seek, shall suddenly come to His temple, even the Messenger of the covenant, whom ye delight in, behold He shall come, saith the Lord of hosts."

"The just shall live by faith," and so long as self-dependence is renounced, and the soul rests on the power and promise of the Lord Jesus for this purity, *it will be retained.* "It is our wisdom," says Wesley, "to have this always in view—inward and outward holiness. A thousand things will be presented by men and devils to divert us from our point. These we are to watch against continually, as they will be continually changing their shape. But let our eye be single, aim

still at one thing—holy, living faith, giving God the whole heart."

MIGHT OF AGREEMENT.

Obtain the blessing. Keep it by constant faith; and what then? Promote it in every possible way. Confess at *suitable times* what Christ has done in you. Urge your fellow-Christians to rise to the height of their privilege, and, above all, offer daily fervent effectual prayer that God will spread holiness among his people. Oh the might of earnest believing prayer! It honors God; it puts God to the test; it cannot remain unanswered. God has given by the mouth of His Son a specific promise in relation to united supplications of His people. "Again I say unto you, that if two of you shall agree upon earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven." (Matt. xviii. 10.) "The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man (of only one) availeth much," but the prevailing might of prayer increases in proportion with the number and unity of those who pray. Let the object of prayer be a matter concerning which God has revealed His will in promise. Let there be agreement as to that object; agreement in desire for it; agreement in resolution to attain it; agreement in faith that through the mercy of God it shall be bestowed, and the prayer must prevail. Such prayers never have, never can remain unanswered. "Shall not God avenge His own elect which cry day and night unto Him? I tell you that He will avenge them speedily." (Luke xviii. 7 and 8.) Can this principle be made available in connection with the revival of holiness? Are there not among God's people those who for years have felt, and feel continually with ever deepening strength of conviction, that the one leading want of the Church is holiness? And cannot these unite in prayer for this object? Let there be agreement in prayer.

There are now both in England and America a number of earnest souls who meet each other at the mercy seat for special intercession for the spread of holiness. I will here propose that half an hour during part of the day of every Tuesday and Friday be set apart for this. (Remember that on Tuesday afternoon they are agreeing in prayer for this object at Dr. and Mrs. Palmer's, N. Y.) Will the reader whose absorbing desire is for the full mind of Christ join in this concert of prayer, and thus placing himself in spiritual contact with many who are like minded, have the benefit of much earnest prayer offered in unity of faith for the spread of this very experience he seeks? and will those who already walk in the light of this high privilege, and daily taste the pure blessedness of sanctifying love, join their fellow-travelers in the way of holiness in this concert of prayer? No formal agreement is needed. We ask no pledge. It is simply this: That every lover of holiness give half an hour on every Tuesday and Friday to special pleading with God for the revival the Church needs, and for the extension of Christ's spiritual kingdom. Let us give ourselves to prayer, and the spirit of holiness will be poured out. The Church will rise to its true exaltation of spiritual life and power, and prepared for all His service, God will by her work a work in our days that shall startle hell, confound the designs of His adversaries, and fill His saved people with joyful praise.

For the Guide.

MY GREAT MISTAKE.

H.

During an experience of more than thirty years in the Christian way, I have learned many lessons of faith and patience which to me have proved invaluable; but there is one mistake into which I had fallen innocently, which has been a stumbling stone to me all along in the warfare. Instead of taking Jesus *himself*, and trusting *in* Him *for* Himself alone with a single eye, and no other motive but to glorify His name, I have depended on a certain power and influence which has rested upon me—viz., the baptism of the Holy Ghost.* How much I have prayed and agonized that this heavenly inspiration might remain, and how carefully I have lived and

watched lest by word or deed I might lose this awe-like spirit, and would rather lay me down to die than to be guilty of grieving it!

As days and weeks have passed along, this high state of spiritual emotion would begin to subside, and I would begin to look at myself to see wherein I had sinned, and then came trouble enough. Now I have learned to cease from trusting *to* or seeking *for* anything but Jesus Christ and Him crucified. While living thus, I am saved from all anxiety about how I shall feel, or what will be the result of any duty which God bids me do.

*In receiving the baptism of the Holy Ghost, do we not receive the Spirit of *Christ?* We think the mistake in which H. had fallen might more properly be designated "an undue dependence on emotions," than on Jesus alone. The Lord our God is "One Lord,"—Father Son and Holy Spirit, three in one, God over all blessed forever more.—EDS.

For the Guide.

ARE YOU THE LORD'S?

H. E. R.

Are you the Lord's?
Then never bow the knee to Baal,
Though Satan's hosts do you assail,
Jesus is nigh, you may prevail;
Only believe.

Are you the Lord's?
Then why this pride and love of dress,
Why not be clothed in righteousness,
The robe our Father loves the best.
Only believe.

Are you the Lord's?
When passions rise why do you wait,
And stay away from Mercy's gate,
The promises are sure and great.
Only believe.

Are you the Lord's?
When duty calls in thunder tones,
Go work to-day, the sheaves bring home.
Remember you are not alone.
Only believe.

Are you the Lord's?
Then tear each idol from thy *throne*,
And consecrate to *God* alone,
Thy life and powers no more thine own.
Only believe.

Are you the Lord's?
Then heaven's gates will open wide;
You'll safely through its portals glide,
Ever with Jesus to abide.
Only believe.

For the Guide.

BENEFITS OF A CLEAN HEART.

REV. J. K. FORD.

"Create in me a clean heart, O God."

This is the language of David after he had sinned. When David acknowledged his sin, and was deeply contrite before God, and in penitent contrition confessed his guilt, saying, "For I acknowledge my transgressions, and my sin is ever before me." He now prays for purity. "Purge me with hyssop and I shall be clean." David not only prays for a clean heart, but he greatly desired a right spirit.

A wrong spirit had taken possession of him, and caused him to sin. He now prays for a right spirit that he might shun all appearance of evil in the future, and that God might not cast him from His presence, but restore unto him the joys of His salvation. At this time David felt that God was angry with him, and he was not prepared to go into the Sanctuary and instruct the people. But when he obtained a clean heart and a right spirit, and God had bestowed upon him the blessing of pardon, he exclaimed with a heart filled with gratitude, "Then will I teach transgressors Thy ways, and sinners shall be converted unto Thee. After this he said: "I have preached righteousness in the great congregation."

Those under the law were commanded to be clean that bore the vessels of the Lord. So those who live in this dispensation of light and knowledge, are commanded to cleanse themselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God. A clean heart is the great necessity of the minister of this age. Though he may have every other qualification, as far as learning is required, if he is not in possession of the great gift of heart-purity, his labors will be far less successful in the conversion of sinners.

The class-leader must have it, if he would lead the flock committed to him into green pastures. Members of the Church must have it as a preparation for usefulness. The fountain has been opened, and this redeemed world may wash and be clean.

In the days of Wesley there was a period when there was a comparative cessation of the work of salvation. In writing to Mr. Benson of the cause of the want of prosperity, he says: "I doubt not we are not explicit enough in speaking on full sanctification, either in public or private." In another place he says: "I am afraid Christian perfection will be forgotten." Bishop Asbury felt the importance of this subject so greatly that he says: "I am divinely impressed with a charge to preach holiness in every sermon." Bishop Hamline, at one of his annual Conferences, said: "If the preachers do not enjoy the blessing of perfect love and preach it, there can be no permanent revival."

For the Guide.

HAPPY EXPERIENCE OF A CLASS-LEADER.

J. E. SNOW.

For more than a year past I have tried to live in a state of acceptance with God. I was not satisfied with my experience, and determined to seek for full salvation, and to know that Jesus Christ cleansed me from all sin. I sought and found the promised blessing. Praise God for a full and a free salvation!

Reader, you may ask, how shall I obtain this blessing? I imagine that I hear you say, I wish I could enjoy it! Permit me to tell you, when you are ready to lay all upon the Christian's altar, which is Christ, He will receive you. It was when I did this that I received the blessing. I took God at His word. Then I could say:

"Oh, the blood, the precious blood
That Jesus shed for me!
Upon the cross in crimson flood,
Just now, by faith, I see."

I endeavored to live in this state of mind for several months, trying to assure myself that I could enjoy the blessing of holiness without confessing it. At a Home Camp Meeting, October, 1871, I was convinced of my mistake. Since that time I have been greatly blessed in acknowledging what the Lord has done for my soul; and again God has restored to me the joys of His great salvation. I can now say with David, 'The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures, He leadeth me beside still waters. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever."

I had for a long time believed in entire sanctification, but as our preacher said nothing about it, I thought I needed some one to direct and encourage me. I did not consider, as I should have done, that God's word gave the needed direction and encouragement.

Now, reader, do you enjoy this blessing of full salvation? If you do not, I earnestly entreat you to seek it at once, and do not give up till you obtain the blessing. If you lay all upon the altar and ask God to accept it and believe Him, He *will* receive you. Then come! come without delay.

VERY INTERESTING LETTER.

Great darkness. Captain and his wife converted. Nine Hindoos seeking salvation. Visit to Borsud. Members seeking holiness. Missionaries wearing jewelry. Sad disappointment, I. Tim. ii. 9. Serious question for female Missionaries. Exceedingly burdened. An inconsistency. Ornaments laid aside. Holiness needed.

BOMBAY, India, June 20, 1873.

I have just returned from a visit into the Province of Guzerat. I was invited to come to Baroda, a city of that Province, 250 miles north of Bombay on the Central Indian Railway. A band of six or eight brethren have been striving for some months to hold up the banner of Christ in that city, of the densest moral darkness. It is a large city, but no Missionary nor preacher lives there. Idol temples abound on every hand, and the city swarms with Hindoo priests and fakirs. The handful of brethren referred to are engaged in the military service at that station. During my brief visit, a captain in the army of the Rajah of Baroda was converted, and also his wife. At the invitation of Rev. Jos. Taylor, of the Irish Presbyterian Mission, I went from Baroda to Anund, a town twenty miles distant. While here, nine Hindoos came forward as seekers of salvation. The day after arriving at Anund we rode on horseback twelve miles to Borsud, where Brother T. has his

mission-house. I remained here two days. Seven Hindoos came forward as seekers of pardon, and I hope some of the native Christians were led nearer to Christ.

From my first landing in India I have declared to our people, "We *must* be holy. We have no election in the matter. God commands holiness." The majority of our members came forward or arose as seekers of entire sanctification, and most of them professed to receive the blessing through faith in Christ. When I first met our brethren and sisters here I was pained to see that our sisters, with scarce an exception, were wearing jewelry, gold finger-rings, etc. But I thought, if they only obtain the experience of holiness they will of themselves see the inconsistency of this habit, and give it up. As I said, many of these, my dear sisters in the Lord, sought and found this experience, yet their ornaments continued as before. I knew something should be said to them on the subject, yet I so felt my own weakness, and feared lest I should not speak with that wisdom and prudence that I ought, that I kept silent. As weeks and months passed by the subject was becoming a heavier burden on my mind. New reasons were brought to my attention by the Lord why His command in I. Tim. ii. 9 should be declared to the people. I saw clearly that if this was neglected God could not consistently bless the work, as He could otherwise. The question came to my mind, "How is it to be with Hindoo women when God shall convert them among us? Are they still to be countenanced in wearing their showy ornaments on their arms and ankles, and in their ears and noses? And in this land where the very air is charged with moral impurity, and immodesty and wantonness run riot, shall we neglect to speak against a custom which the Holy Spirit has declared is contrary to modesty and sobriety?" Yet I hesitated to say anything on the subject, lest I might in doing it imprudently offend some. One morning my soul was exceedingly burdened for the cause of Christ among us. I felt death itself would be a relief, unless the Lord did prosper His work among us. On this morning I was not thinking of the matter of wearing ornaments. I only thought of signs of coldness which I saw among our people. It was my morning for pastoral visitation. I determined to be faithful with every one I met. The last family I visited was a Eurasian brother. He was a man over fifty years of age, yet he wore heavy rings on the fingers of both hands. When I saw his rings this morning the resolution I made when starting out came to my mind. At once I took up his Bible, read I. Tim. ii. 9, and said to him, "Your wearing these ornaments is an inconsistency." "I see it," said he, "and will take them off." As I returned to my lodging place I met one of our leading official brethren; he was dangling a gold mohur which he wore on his watch chain, and talking with his little nephew about it. The Spirit instantly suggested, "Will you have respect to persons, which God has told you not to do." I then said, "If the gold mohur were mine I would cease to wear it as an ornament, and use it for Christ." At the class-meeting on the next Saturday evening I read the "general rules," giving the Scripture authority for those likely to be questioned by any. On the next Sunday I briefly spoke in the public congregation on the duty of conformity to the command in I. Tim. ii. 9. Much feeling seemed to be aroused at once. Days passed on, and not one of our sisters removed any of their ornaments. I had spoken very briefly on the subject. After this I felt it my duty to speak more fully. After eight or ten days several of our dear sisters laid aside their gold ornaments. As far as I know all who did this received a blessing thereby. There are some who have not given up their outward adorning; but I earnestly pray that they may do it. I have written to you at this length that you may know the better how to pray for the work here.

O, I do want Jesus to be lifted up in India for the drawing of these millions to Himself. But that this may be so we, His people, need holiness, *holiness*, HOLINESS.

By permission of our beloved Mrs. Bishop Hamline we give the above very interesting letter from India. The writer, Rev. Albert Norton, was one of the Missionaries who went out from America single, and without support from the Missionary Society beyond his passage.—ED.

Though fierce may rage the battle,
And wild the winds may blow,
Though friends may leave forever,
Who will with Jesus go:

The Cross for Christ I'll cherish,
Its crucifixion bear,
All hail reproach and sorrow,
If Jesus lead me there.

Loved Ones Gone Before.

MR. THOMAS ARLAND.

Died at his residence in Cross Plains, Dane county, Wis., October 5th, 1873, Mr. Thomas Arland, in the seventy-third year of his age.

Father Arland was born in Leicestershire, Eng., in 1801 and in 1846, with his affectionate wife and family of eight children, came to America, settled in Cross Plains, where he resided to the time of his death. His faithful, loving companion preceded him to the heavenly mansions in January, 1872; since that time he has felt lonely, but not alone, for Jesus was with him. For a year and a half he suffered much from disease that baffled the skill of his physicians, but his sufferings were borne with patience. About nineteen weeks before his death, when the sacrament was administered to him, he joined in the singing, though scarcely able to converse at that time. The last few weeks of his illnesss Jesus was very precious to his soul. My home being very near to that of my father, it was my privilege often to go and see him, and there I found great comfort and satisfaction of mind to find my dear father so cheerfully resigned to the will of God, ever watching and waiting to be called away to join the loved ones gone before. Three days before his death, as I was standing by his bedside, I asked him if his sky was unclouded. He said "Yes, but I do not have raptures or ecstasies as I had last week and the first part of this week; but I have peace within. I believe I shall not be much longer with you, my sufferings are so great, but this school of affliction is good for me, for I find it to be ripening me for glory. Bless the Lord, I shall soon be with your dear mother now! Pray for me, but do not grieve, for that will be more trouble to me than all the pain I feel in my body." The day before his death I saw he was soon to leave us. I asked him what message he had for the dear ones (two of his children in Washington Territory.) He said, "give my love to them, and tell them all's well. I'm safe landed, and I want them to meet me in heaven." And the night previous to his death I sat up with him, and all that he said, even when suffering from the most acute pain imaginable, evidenced the piety and devotion of his heart. Indeed, praise filled up the chief part of his time in his affliction. What a comfort it is to survivors and an encouragement to those who must follow through the gloomy valley of the shadow of death, when our dying friends are permitted to testify that divine grace is sufficient for them, even in the last conflict.

I must add that the Bible, the hymn book and the precious "Guide to Holiness," were his delight through his severe affliction. Besides renewing his subscription in January, in July he sent five dollars for five "Guides," to distribute to those who were near and dear to him.

"Oh, for the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord!
Oh, be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward!"

ELIZABTEH A. SHRASBY.

CROSS PLAINS.

MRS. A. M. SWAN.

Mrs. A. M, Swan, wife of Henry Swan, died at Pamaroo, Ill., September 8th, 1873, in her 61st year.

She was converted, and joined the M. E. Church at the age of thirteen. At the age of twenty-two she sought and obtained the blessing of heart purity; and from that time her faith in God was strong and unwavering, her Christian experience constantly increasing in depth and richness, and her life full of usefulness. She had for many years taken the "Guide," and always hailed its visits with joy. She valued it next to the Bible, and derived much benefit from its perusal. During her sickness she was constantly repeating passages of Scripture, speaking of God as her "refuge and strength," the Lord as her "strong tower." Just before she breathed her last she repeated distinctly the Lord's prayer. She leaves six children to mourn her loss; and we shall never forget her request that we should be like Jesus. Though we deeply feel our loss, the thought that she is enjoying her eternal reward, and that we, if faithful, may meet her where parting is unknown, comforts our sorrowing hearts.

PAMAROO, Ill. M. A. S.

MRS. LORAINE J. BUSPEE.

Mrs. Loraine J. Buspee, wife of Mr. Hiram L. Buspee, died in North Grantham, N. H., August 13th, 1873, in her 41st year.

In early life she consecrated her heart to God, and ever afterward kept the gift upon

the altar. She was very distrustful of herself, but knew whom she believed, and was persuaded that He was able to keep that which she had committed unto Him.

She was a consistent member of the M. E. Church, a loved and honored teacher in the Sabbath-school, and a leading singer in the choir.

Her native modesty of soul, her sweetness of disposition, her loveliness of manner and her purity of heart and life, won the admiration and love of all who knew her.

"None knew her but to love,
None named her but to praise."

She possessed a remarkable degree of forbearance and patient endurance, and was ever ready to suffer wrong rather than do wrong, while nothing grieved her more deeply than to see contention and strife between others. In her labor for others there seemed to be an entire forgetfulness of self. Her whole life and labor was love.

Naturally of a frail constitution, she became an easy victim to consumption. She was an invalid about a year, and it was my privilege to be with her frequently during several months of her illness. For a while she wished, if it could be God's will, to regain her health; not that she did not know it would be "far better to depart and be with Christ," but for the sake of those she loved so fondly. But as she drew near the "waters of death," it was sweet to see her loose her hold upon earthly things and grasp more firmly the heavenly. As she expressed to a friend, it was "all peace." Jesus was very precious to her soul. Religious conversation and the voice of prayer were especially dear to her. She was an ardent lover of the "Guide," and as long as her strength remained, listened with deep interest to its blessed words.

She suffered greatly, but was very gentle and patient. She was more than simply submissive to the will of God; she was joyful in it, and her pure spirit passed away from earth in a complete triumph of faith. A fondly cherished wife, daughter, sister, friend has gone home. We deeply feel our loss, but know it is her eternal gain. She has joined the blood-washed throng; and the voice that so sweetly sung for Jesus here is now singing in heaven praises to God and the Lamb.

A. TYRREL.

CAROLINE PETTIGREW.

Died, on the 10th of October, 1873, Mrs. Caroline Pettigrew, aged twenty-four, in full hope of a home in heaven.

For some years she had been in delicate health, but had flattered herself with the vain hope that she would recover. Last spring it became evident that she was fast fading away with consumption. She did not feel that she was ready. Christian friends visited and prayed with her. For some time she did not grasp the promises that were held out to her. A few weeks before her death, as I read to her that beautiful account of J. B. Finley's visit to heaven, in the September number of the "Guide," she became quite animated, and told me how happy she felt. From that time she seemed to be sweetly trusting in Jesus. When taken worse, about eleven days before her death, she sent for the writer to come and sing and pray. She talked to her friends, and made them promise to meet her in heaven. A number of times she joined in singing her favorite pieces, "We're sweeping through the gates, I love to think of heaven," with the chorus "There'll be no parting there." She was not satisfied until every wrong was righted. She died in triumph, trusting in Jesus. We mourn for dear Lina, but not as those without hope. She had been a reader of the "Guide" the present year, and thought a great deal of it.

SARAH E. BROWN.

PENOBSCOT, *Oct.* 21, 1873.

Editorial.

JUSTIFICATION AND SANCTIFICATION.

"I cannot for the life of me, see where justification ends and sanctification begins." So said my friend, in rather an earnest, though not very devotional, mood. He might with as much propriety have said, "I cannot, for the life of me, see where a person leaves off the use of letters and learns to read." A state of sanctification cannot be obtained or retained, but in connection with a state of justification; as necessarily so as the letters of the alphabet stand in connection with reading. The way to leave the principles of the doctrine of Christ is, not to forget them, just as we do not forget the elementary branches in literature in the pursuit of higher studies. We could no more go on in sancti-

fication without justification, than we could go on perfecting ourselves in reading, after we had forgotten the letters of the alphabet.

But shall I tell you just how and where I apprehended this point in my own experience? I had been going on, sweetly conscious of the smiles of my heavenly Father. For some time, I had been in such a state of conscious, loving obedience, that I think I would rather have died than knowingly have offended Him,—my course had been onward and upward. As I ascended the heavenly way clearer light shone upon my mind, revealing higher duties, requiring more of the spirit of sacrifice, and furnishing yet stronger tests of obedience. But, with increasing light, increasing strength was given, enabling me to be answerable to these higher duties; for I had not learned how to retain a state of justification while under condemnation at the same time for neglecting known duties.

But the memorable crisis came, when I could not have retained a state of justification one hour longer, without passing over into that state where entire sanctification begins. Others may act upon the principle that it is optional with themselves whether they will remain in a state of justification, or go on to a state of entire sanctification, but with me, the command was absolute, "Go on to perfection"—"Be ye holy;" and, if I had not obeyed, I should have been condemned for my disobedience; and how could I have been in a state of condemnation and in a state of justification at the same time? But I will show you the crisis, the precise point where justification would have ended, and condemnation would have begun, if I had not taken the further step and entered

> "The land of rest from inbred sin,
> The land of perfect holiness."

I had, that evening, been enabled to come to the decision that I would, not only in word, but in spirit, recognize my covenant engagements, and yield myself, with all the ties that had bound me to earth, wholly and forever to God. I had often endeavored to enter into covenant engagements before; but I now saw there was a marked difference between being willing to give up all, and the *act* of really giving up all;—as marked a difference as may be inferred to exist between an offerer under the Jewish dispensation who is willing to lay his sacrifice on the altar, and another offerer who really performs the act of placing his gift there.

The sacrifice of the offerer could not be sanctified until it was laid on the altar, for it was by virtue of the altar that it was sanctified. When I clearly perceived this, O what a struggling of nature ensued? I had lifted my hand to God—had often said, "I will give up all;" but now, when I saw that there was to be an eternal surrender of life, reputation and friends dearer than life—all—all! O, it was a point quite beyond what I had reached before. But what could I do? Could I stand still at this point, and remain in a state of justification while refusing to comply with what I *knew* to be the demand of God, and in fulfilment of covenant engagements long since made? I saw I could not; I must either make the necessary sacrifices, or I must sin, and, by my disobedience forfeit a state of justification. And it is here justification would have ended with me had I refused to be holy.

"WITH SINGING TO PARADISE GO."

Often had an inquiry risen in our minds in relation to what had became of a friend of other years. Whether he was in heaven or on earth we knew not. Taking up a periodical the other day, the inquiry was answered, and we found that our friend, Rev. Harvey Husted, after serving his generation in the Gospel ministry from his young manhood 1832, was, on account of enfeebled health, compelled to take a superannuated relation to his Conference, New York East, and remove to Epworth, Iowa, where he continued to labor with his usual zeal, and acceptability, as health and opportunity permitted. On the morning of October 4, 1871, he arose at an earlier hour than usual. His spirit was buoyant and happy. He left his room singing, as was his uniform custom; but on this occasion his song was prophetic. Its words were:

> "My latest sun is sinking fast,
> My race is nearly run;
> My strongest trials now are past,
> My triumph is begun."

As he was going to his barn, his voice was heard joyously ringing out in the clear and frosty air:

> "O come angel band!
> Come and around me stand;
> O bear me away on your snowy wing
> To my immotal home!"

A few moments later, a passing neighbor saw him lying prostrate on the ground and insensible. It proved to be a case of apoplexy. He lingered about twelve hours, and then passed away to his "immortal home."

Brother Husted was a good man. His conscientiousness was of the highest order; his natural sympathies were tender, and his affections ardent. He knew nothing of gloom or misanthropy. He looked on the bright side of life, and had a pleasant word for everybody. His home was a happy one, and his family, by whom he was beloved, now mourn him with a touching grief. Many souls were gathered by him into the fold of the Good Shepherd, some of whom, doubtless, welcomed his saintly spirit into the heavenly habitations.

CROWDED OUT.

We regret to state that a good deal of correspondence that should have appeared in our former issue, though in type, was crowded out. Particularly was this the case with articles for the Revival Department. Our correspondents will pardon the omission, as it was unintentional.

News Along the Line.

BRANDONVILLE CAMP-MEETING.

Was held sixteen miles from Cranberry Summit, in Preston Co., Western Virginia.

The presiding Elder, J. Wesley Webb, at the head of a band of nineteen travelling and local preachers led them on in *harmony* for the conversion of sinners, and the entire sanctification of believers.

Here, on this hallowed encampment, assembled at each service from three hundred to two thousand persons, of whom perhaps ninety-nine per cent. *four* years ago were *astonished* to hear the doctrine of holiness preached practically, now as heavy a per cent. realize the correctness of the doctrine, and the *necessity* of the experience. Where can we point to a meeting having been conducted by such a *fully committed* band of preachers. Nor was there an effort to have a select company.

Where can we find such a revolution in the minds of a community in such a short space of time. The change is not alone in their minds; many profess, and give evidence by a blameless life, that they enjoy a clean heart.

From the commencement of the meeting there was much interest felt in the subject of holiness. There were a number of zealous workers, consequently at every service there were some led into light and liberty, and the interest increased. There were frequent seasons of unusual power.

The number of saved exceeded forty, many were refreshed, and scores carried convictions to their homes that they will not be rid of.

Many thanks are due the presiding Elder and Rev. George Crossfield pastor, as honored instruments under God for holding preachers and people to the fact that holiness as a *specialty* is the most *direct* and effectual way to build up the kingdom of Christ, and get sinners converted, and keep them converted by leading them "on unto perfection."

CHILDREN

were not forgotten; they were assembled daily and taught the necessity of salvation.

By the scores they bowed at the altar, repented, and believed.

J. P. THATCHER.

OAKLAND, *Sept., 5th*, 1873.

VILLAGE CAMP-MEETING AT CLIFTON, PA.

At the call of the pastor, Rev. M. H. Sisty, I went to assist in his excellent meeting. "*The power of the Lord was present to heal.*" And some of those altar services were glorious indeed. Such cries for mercy and purity and such yielding of all to Christ—they was glorious, indeed. Quite a number were overpowered and fell prostrate before the Lord. The children's meetings were seasons of power and profit. God gave me special liberty in preaching about twenty-two sermons and eternity alone will tell how many were converted or reclaimed, or fully sanctified.

One Sabbath evening, at ten o'clock, after a most powerful work of grace at the altar, as we were walking through the aisle and singing one of the old songs of Zion, the power of God came down in such a manner, that several were prostrated in body and wonderfully baptized in soul.

REVIVAL AT MILLERSBURG, PA.

Rev. W. H. Fries, the pastor, desired my services, so I went from Clifton to Millersburg, 26 miles north of Harrisburg, a town of about

2,000 inhabitants, beautiful for situation, by the side of the Susquehanna River, and surrounded with mountains on nearly every side.

A camp-meeting was very successfully held in this region this fall, and "Holiness to the Lord" was the motto, and I found the good results of this meeting, so that we began our meetings far ahead of the spot where we generally have to start.

The Lord revealed His glory in great power, especially on fast day. We met at 10 o'clock, A. M., fully resolved to go down, down before the Lord. I gave an exhortation on the fast of Joshua and the elders of Israel, at the defeat before Ai; and then began a season of most earnest prayer and supplication that lasted three-quarters of an hour, and we were deeply humbled before God and blessedly transformed into His image.

At 2 o'clock, P. M. we met again, and I preached for a few minutes upon the fast of David, when his child was nigh unto death. Then we gathered about the altar, all of one accord, and we were truly baptized with the Holy Ghost. For nearly an hour we waited before the Lord, and every person present was completely subdued, and we raised our hands as a pledge that we would do anything that God required for the rest of our lives. Then the pastor called for volunteers to go through the whole village and call on every family and talk and pray with them and invite them to meeting. So the next day you could see them going from house to house, from tavern to tavern, and from mill to mill, and in some cases, the mills were stopped and the men listened to singing and prayer. This had an excellent effect. More people attended and were awakened, and some of them saved.

We had letters printed, and sent about seventy to heads of families, who seldom or never came to church. These did good. Then we went twice to the public schools and sang and prayed in five schools, and stimulated the children and youth to be good. Nearly the whole membership are either enjoying entire sanctification or are seeking it. Quite a number of backsliders are reclaimed. Quite a number of children and adults were converted, and the bread cast upon the water will be seen after many days. The pastor still pushed forward the meetings, and has a fair prospect of finishing up his third year in holy triumph. He has toiled hard and long, and not in vain.

Just as I was leaving I received about forty letters, expressive of good received in the meeting, and of good wishes and earnest prayers for my future welfare.

REV. E. DAVIES.

TABERNACLE MEETING.

A Tabernacle-meeting has been held in Baltimore, under the auspices of the National Association, for the Promotion of Holiness, which has resulted in much good to the precious cause. The results of the movement, says a writer in the *Home Journal*, are twofold in their nature. First, God was glorified in reviving His work more generally in our city churches. Second, a number of ministers and people who had heretofore kept aloof from all participation in the methods pursued to promote holiness, were perfectly cured of former prejudice against this work, and united heart and soul to push henceforth the battle of Emmanuel to the very gates of the enemy. God has been honored in the salvation of a number of souls in our city, and the holy fire is being carried into our respective churches, which will bring many more into living faith with a living Saviour.

WORK OF GOD AMONG THE FRIENDS.

We are rejoiced to hear of frequent indications of a revival among our orthodox Friends. Not long since a series of meetings was held at Glen's Falls, which were much owned by the Master in the ingathering of souls to Jesus, and believers being endued with power from on high.

The Q. M. held two days, in the ancient meeting-house in Queensbury, and a pure Gospel was preached.

On Seventh-day a grove-meeting was held at Lucerne. On account of rain, the evening sitting was adjourned to a church near by.

The usual meeting held in Glen's Falls on First-day was large. Friends in this Q. M. are earnestly alive to the work, and are increasing in numbers. There is a large body of young people, efficient laborers in the cause. Five ministers and thirteen or fourteen elders have joined hands with their brethren, and are working together in love.

A FAMILY CONSECRATED.

Joshua said, "I and my house will serve the Lord." At a late yearly meeting of the Society of Friends in Iowa, the power of the Lord was present, shedding down upon His people reviving influences. To many who were hungering and thirsting after righteousness it was a season of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. A very interesting and instructive part of the exercises was the meeting for conference and prayer, held each morning at 8½ o'clock, especially for those who were not engaged on committees.

An appointment, originating with those who were holding the morning meetings, was held on Seventh-day evening, which was largely attended and largely blessed of the Lord. In the course of the meeting, a Friend stated that he believed it right publicly to consecrate himself, his wife, his children, his all to the Lord, and requested his wife and children, with their companions, to come forward and unite with him in the act. It was a tendering scene to witness the father and mother, and their children, calmly coming forward to give themselves to the Lord. They all knelt together, when the father asked God to accept them. Before rising, he was followed by some other members of the family in prayer.

Way was then opened for others who wished publicly to consecrate themselves to the Lord to come forward, when about forty others came forward. It seemed like a wonderful outpouring of the Holy Ghost, and many were the prayers, thanksgiving and praise to God for His loving kindness and tender mercies to His dependent children, on this and other occasions during this yearly meeting.

THIRSTING FOR THE WATER OF LIFE.

A Missionary in Madagascar gives the following instances of the eagerness of the people to learn Christian truth: "In the evenings, after tea, I have often interesting Bible-classes of people who are up in the capital working for the queen. I take a chair outside the house, and am surrounded in a very short time, and often sit until long after dark. A few evenings ago I had a most interesting class of this kind, of some people who had come in from the West, and their own Missionary being ill, he had sent them to me. After doing what I could to clear up and explain the difficult texts which they had brought me, I found they had a few more, and a few more, until I began to think they would never have done. They said they were thirsty, and had come a long way for a drink, and having met with a *well*, they intended having a good drink before they went back.

LITTLE GIRL TEACHING.

The anxiety of the people for knowledge brings to my mind a thing I was told a few days ago, about a little girl from our own part of the country. This little girl had been up in the capital for some time, attending school. Her mother had come up to the capital, to take her home again for a short time. On their way home they had to sleep one night at a village half way, and during the long, dark evenings we have here, while the rice was boiling, she read to the people in the house a little catechism which she had got while in school. The people were delighted, and in a short time the news spread through the village, and the house was crammed. The next day she read again to them. Then she and her mother were for starting on their way home, but the people would not hear of it. She must stay to read the book to them, for they had no such book, and no one in the village could read it if they had, and they wished to learn that little book. So they kept the little girl and her mother for a whole fortnight, giving them as much food as they wished, and the little girl read to them day after day, evening after evening, until they had learned by heart this catechism, and then they allowed them to go.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Our handsome new Hamline Church will be dedicated the 23d of November. We are promised the help of Bishop Andrews, Dr. Tiffany and Dr. Ives, of New York.

We had a delightful meeting last evening (Tuesday) for the promotion of holiness in our old church. We expect to raise the banner of holiness in our new temple, as in the old. Rev. G. G. Baker, our pastor, is preaching a series of sermons on the subject of Sanctification. Our official, as well as a large portion of our private members, make a profession, enjoy, or are seeking for it.

Brothers Inskip and McDonald are to hold a series of meetings for ten days at Hamline, commencing December 7th. A protracted meeting at Union, on Twentieth street, Rev. Brother Owen, pastor, has resulted in twenty or thirty obtaining perfect love, and in fifty conversions.

Nov. 5, 1873. WM. S. FORT.

GRACE CHURCH.

Extra meetings have recently been held at Grace Church, Washington, in which about thirty were born of God. Praise his name.

Father S. Coleman is laboring with power in Washington, D. C. An unction and power attend his preaching, and fall with awful solemnity upon the congregation. In his seventy-ninth year, he yet feels no inconvenience from preaching and laboring every night. It is a great privilege to hear him, and aside from the deep pathos of his piety, there is a real sublimity in his venerable aspect in the pulpit.

PRAYER ANSWERED.

Rev. C. W. Powell writes: In July last, at the Sea Cliff meeting, I asked prayer on behalf of this charge, and also on behalf of my daughter. I now wish to say, to the praise of God, that my daughter has been converted, and we are in the midst of a gracious work, thirty-six professing to have passed from death unto life, and four claiming to have found complete rest in Jesus, while there are many still seeking both for pardon and purity.

Sister Phelps, of Meriden, Conn., is with us, and abundant in labors for Jesus.

HIGH RIDGE, CONN.

BELLEFONTE, PA.

A gracious work of God is now in progress in this charge. It commenced on the night of October 16th, with a Home camp-meeting, under the direction of Rev. A. M. Barnitz and Rev. T. M. Reese, P. E. Holiness was made the prominent theme. The results in seventeen days are glorious. Forty entirely sanctified, eighty conversions; great awakening in town, and meeting increasing in interest. Other churches are catching the holy flame. In due time we will furnish a more full account of this work.

M. L. SMYSER.

READING, PA.

The meeting at St. Peter's M. E. Church, Reading, Pa., is progressing with interest and great power. The house is crowded night after night, and the altar filled with earnest penitents. Over one hundred have made profession of religion, and still others come. Our Saturday evening meeting for the promotion of holiness has been of marked power in quickening the church, and in preparing the people for this glorious work. It is wonderful to know that the Lord is carrying on this meeting without any apparent effort on our part, except an exposition of a passage of Scripture and an invitation to the people.

S. IRWIN.

NATIONAL CAMP-MEETINGS IN 1874.

At the annual meeting of the National Association for the Promotion of Holiness, held in Baltimore, it was resolved to hold four camp-meetings, and probably a fifth, during the ensuing season. The first is to be in March, near Jacksonville, Fla.; the second at Stirling, Mass., June 24; the third, probably, at Emory Grove, near Baltimore, or Rehoboth Beach, Del.; the fourth, at Indianapolis, Ind., Aug. 19; and the closing meeting of this extensive campaign at Joliet, Ill., Sept. 2. In case a fifth one shall be appointed, it will probably be held in July, at some place not yet fixed.

Correspondence.

HOLINESS TESTED IN SICKNESS.

The "Guides" from January to June, arrived in safety on the 14th inst., and were hailed with much delight.

Having been almost a constant reader of its most valuable pages for fourteen years—what wonder that it should be esteemed and prized as next the precious Word of God.

At the time of receiving the subscription slips for the "Guide," I was unable through illness to do anything in the way of canvassing, and during weary months of nervous prostration, when the mind in sympathy with the frail tenement, was so weakened that it could scarce endure a thought, and my life seemed but *trembling* in the *balances*, it was then I was enabled to test the power of that grace that has ever been the ground

work of each volume of the precious "Guide," upon which revolve those glorious truths, which are firm as the everlasting hills, and upon which ever beams the guiding star to illuminate the King's Highway, that weary tempest-tossed ones may not stumble, wander, or err therein.

Oh, the power of that grace that enables the soul to rest upon the precious blood of Christ in time of deep affliction, when the body is but a wreck, and all the world seems draped in a mantle of crape, when the mind having almost lost its power, can grasp but a promise at a time. It is then that the stricken one learns to lean hard upon Christ, and to feel that around, and beneath him are the everlasting arms of Love. "And that while enfolded therein he shall fear no evil, for his heart is fixed, trusting in the Lord."

"Here then to Thee Thy own I leave,
Mould as Thou wilt Thy passive clay,
But let me all Thy stamp receive,
But let me all Thy words obey;
Serve with a single heart and eye,
And to Thy glory live and die."

C. A. CATON.

NEWBURGH, Ont.

JESUS LIFTED UP.

O. M. LUKE.

"For many years I have been seeking entire sanctification, but have not found it. Came to this camp-meeting to get light as to the way."

These remarks were made by Sister R. at the C. camp-meeting. How attentive she was to everything said on the subject of holiness! Earnestly she listened to experiences to find "light" and "the way."

When, one morning, a sister dwelt more upon Jesus, who is the light and way, than "the way," her pointed question was: "Have you faith in His blood to cleanse from all sin? Do you believe that a complete atonement was made on Calvary? If you do, your salvation would not be rendered more sure if an angel descended from the throne of God to attest it. And why? Just because God, who cannot lie, hath said: '*The blood of His Son cleanseth us from all sin.*' The Father looks to Him who was made unto us *sanctification*, and there we must look. What benefit could the dying Israelite, bitten by the fiery serpents, derive from looking at himself, or to those who had been healed? He was instructed to look to the up-lifted symbol of Christ; and as he looked he lived."

Here the seeking sister exclaimed: "Keep *Jesus* up; I have got hold of *Him*. When you spoke of the Father being satisfied with the redemption-price that had been paid, my faith got hold of the object—Jesus. I have been looking to others for light and the way, when it is all Jesus. While looking at Him He bore all my sins away. I can trust Him."

God grant that sister, with us all, may continue to look, that His glorious image may be reflected in our souls.

Miscellaneous Gatherings

AN AMERICAN PREACHER IN IRELAND.

The *Irish Evangelist* reports important results following the labors of Rev. J. E. Irvine, of the Newark Conference. For several months he has been pushing forward the revival work in various towns in Ireland. He first held a series of meetings in Brookborouh Circuit; since he has been laboring at Dromore, Banbridge, and Armagh, with cheering success. At latest date he was at Portadown, where over two hundred and twenty had professed conversion, and near a hundred purity of heart. Invitations to visit other churches, and to aid in other meetings were rapidly coming in from Methodist pastors.

Jersey City District Camp-meeting, held at Wortendyke, on the Midland Railroad, closed July 30. The presiding elder, Rev. R. Vanhorne, supervised the services, which were of interest throughout. In respect of awaking religious interest and saving souls, the meeting was a marked success.

A YOUNG woman, Miss Babcock, daughter of the pastor of Warren-street Unitarian Church, Boston, occupied her father's pulpit twice on a recent Sunday. She had just finished her studies in the Divinity School of Harvard College. She goes to Germany to study one year, and on her return to this country will enter the ministry.

The Tuesday Meeting.

Meetings for the promotion of holiness are held at the residence of Dr. Palmer,

316 East 15th Street

Stuyvesant Park, at 2½ o'clock, every Tuesday afternoon.

John 14th was read, Hymn 99 was sung, prayer by Rev. F. Hamblin.

GRACE MULTIPLIES BY DIFFUSION.

Sister P.—I formed a resolve between thirty and forty years ago, that an emergency should constitute duty, and that I would do my duty though I should literally die in the effort. I feel, beyond what any words can express, that I need every moment the merit of Christ's death. The grace I received thirty years ago, or five minutes ago, is not sufficient. I want a present salvation. I am proving the ability of Christ to save me. It is an act of reliance. Not what was I yesterday, but do I trust this moment in Christ for salvation? How true the words of the hymn,

> "We cannot speak one useful word,
> One holy thought conceive,
> Unless in answer to our Lord,
> Himself the blessing give."

The Lord gives me to feel every hour the force of this truth. A good brother said to me at the close of the meeting last week, "I wish you would impress on every one of the people that attend this meeting, the importance of singling out some one for whose salvation they would specially labor and pray." The grace of God will not multiply unless we use it; and I believe that if the multitudes who attend this meeting were to do what they can, a score of souls would be converted every week. In my personal labors I have found nothing that touches a soul more effectually than saying to them, "I have been praying for you." Grace multiplies by diffusion. The compassions of Jesus are as truly touched in view of the perishing multitude now, as in the days of His incarnation.

AN INCIDENT.

Rev. H. B.—I fully believe in the fitness of what dear Sister P. said, "That we must labor for souls as the Lord points out the way, or as the Lord points out the soul." I don't feel free to choose in such a work as this.—During the last week, in laboring for the welfare of an individual, I had felt it my duty to wait upon God for the method by which I should approach him. Christ at the end of His life said, "I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do." In laboring for souls we must wait on the Lord to know when to do and when not to do—ready for either. A poor man lives in my neighborhood who has no regard for the Sabbath. The other Sunday he was hammering away, mending his roof. I could not do anything but pray. I asked the Lord whether I should go and speak to that man. No; I was too much agitated. I had better pray, and when the Lord indicated the time, go. Some time after he went into the garden to dig potatoes; his wife and a man from the city who had come to visit him were there. Then I did not know but I had better wait till he was alone. While I prayed, a suggestion came to me what to say to him—that he was violating God's command, setting a bad example, and interfering with the peaceful enjoyment of the Sabbath by his neighbors. I went, and, to begin with, I gave him a courteous salutation. That often opens the way to do good. When I told him what I had come for, he said, "I know it is wrong; I'll stop." And he did. There was a time to do it, and a time not to do it. At first I was too agitated. I needed to love him more to do him good. We should commit our way to the Lord. He will give us success and not let our words come to the ground. How great His love! It rewards all the good we do and covers all our sins. I love Jesus because He comes to me at different times, under varied circumstances—in times of depression and in times of triumph. The past week I had a sense of His love which exceeded anything I ever knew. I was overwhelmed at the sense of the benevolence of Jesus, and I wept aloud. Jesus saves me fully. I have my temptations, but Jesus is with me all the time.

WALKING TO PLEASE GOD.

Dr. Ward,—I discover in this assembly, in those present, a great desire to walk so that they may please God. This morning I had before my mind more than any other sensible object, a desire to glorify Christ. Not knowing whom I should meet, nor where I should go, but trusting that Christ should teach me. The life of Philip is very instructive. He went out not knowing the way; God sent

His Spirit to guide him. So God has, by the angel of his providence, brought me in company with three or four persons to-day, to whom it was my pleasure to speak, so as to glorify Christ. At the Astor House I met a man by appointment on business. A stranger came in; I had never seen him before, but the Spirit said, "Is that man a Christian?" and I had a word with him about Christ. If we are consecrated to God, and recognize the Holy Spirit as our energizer and guide, we need not fear that there is anything mystical about it, if Christ's glory be our object.—do it, and you will soon learn to recognize the Spirit's voice, and there will be a sweetness with you that will give you peace and blessedness.

GUIDANCE OF THE SPIRIT.

A Sister.—I thought this guidance of the Spirit was mysterious, but when my heart understood that word, "Lo, I am with you alway," I understood the other text about God's guidance, "I will hold thee by thy right hand." Once it seemed a miraculous interference of God, which should be out of the range of common life, but then it became natural, and easy, and simple. We know the dwelling of Jesus in the soul keeps the soul conscious of Jesus. This presence of Jesus is always with me, going and coming in, standing and walking. Those that do what they can only for Jesus' sake, have the power of God in them. This world and all that is in it is made for Jesus only. In the midst of the sorrow of the death of friends, the deepest sorrow that can touch any soul; yet Jesus is nearer the soul than that sorrow. There is a power in the life of those who do what they do for Jesus only. A lady came to me this morning. She is not a Christian, neither is her husband. She said: "I don't want you to pray for me. I know I shall be converted if you pray for me." I ask you to pray for her with me.

RUNNING FOR THE PRIZE.

Br. F. B.—I never was so well satisfied with Jesus, and so little satisfied with myself. I am going into oblivion. I am so glad of it, so that nothing of Fred. Bell may be seen, but more of God's goodness. During the last week I have had wonderful feelings about pressing forward to the mark of the prize of my high calling. When I was training to run a race, I used to go to see the prizes in the jewelers' shop-windows. One was a cup worth twenty guineas. I said, "George, I'll run for that cup." It put fresh vigor in me. I determined to make every effort to win that prize. Now I have had a glimpse of another prize—a soul saved—a prize that will never fade away. Then I worked to get the prize; now I am not working to get to heaven, but I work because I am going to heaven. In the other race only one man could win, and he the swiftest and strongest. I am running now in a race that is not to the swift, but to them that endure to the end. I am so glad I have been allowed to cry "Behold the Lamb!" I obey the voice of God, even if His bidding is not congenial to my feelings. God help us to lead hundreds of souls to Jesus this winter.

INDICATIONS OF A REVIVAL.

Rev. J. Parker.—We want to know our duty as Providence points it out, and we want a rest in Jesus. The meetings of the Evangelical Alliance open up new duties to us. There seems to be a belief that God is about to do some mighty work for this land. I have never known that feeling prevalent, but that it was a sure indication of a mighty revival. Let each ask, "What will the Lord have me to do?" Get a settled, satisfactory experience, you can then afford to let it go, and not examine it all the time to see if it grows; what tree will grow if you are all the time plucking it up by the roots to see if it grows? Walk with God—your hand locked up in His, then go and try to save somebody.

FACE TO FACE WITH JESUS.

Rev. F. Hamblin.—Jesus saves me to the uttermost. For the past few days I have been passing through the greatest trial of my life. It appears now that the clouds having cleared away, I am face to face with Jesus. I feel that Jesus is very near. It appears sometimes that I am the happiest man in the world. Wherever I go Jesus saves me.

COME AND I WILL SEND THEE.

Rev. W. W. Sever.—I was interested in regard to what Sister Keene said about the guidance of the Spirit in personal efforts for the benefit of others. I have given myself up to the Saviour. My tongue and all else is consecrated. He gives me right words. Much as comes from words, more comes from the life. Let the indwelling Christ shine out in your life. Say "here am I; live in me,

speak through me, do with me as Thou wilt." Right in the presence of any difficulty it is not possible to enjoy it, but after it has passed we can praise God for the trial. How blessed when the angels come and minister unto us. The promises of God are certain, they are in Him yea and Amen. I once did not know that the Bible promised that I should be kept by the power of the Holy Ghost;—now every promise is fulfilled. The glory of God is accomplished by my resting in His promises. By resting on the Lord's promise, I have a new power to rest on Christ. Dr. Arnot, of Edinburgh, said that God said to His children, "Come and I will send thee. Come to Me as thy Saviour. Hide in my heart and then I will send thee to thy mission in the world. Get a heart at leisure from itself and I will send thee." In the work of God no work is drudgery.

'Who sweeps a room as for God's sake,
Makes that and the action fine."

Children's Corner.

MOTHER, GOD HAS COME.

There was a little child, in the era of the great revivals in the days of President Edwards and the Tenants, so young that none expected that she would be converted. Two facts in her appearance and conduct attracted at length the attention of her mother—the fact that she spent most of her time alone in her bedroom, and the deep sadness upon her countenance whenever she came from that place.

"What is it, my daughter," inquired the mother, "that makes you appear so sad?"

"Why, mother, the child replied, "God won't come to me. I call to Him, and He won't come to me."

A little time after, the precious one came from her room, and with unspeakable joy upon her countenance exclaimed:

"Mother, God has come. He comes to me now when I pray to Him."

From that moment onward that child was "the wonder of many." In prayer, especially, she had a freedom and power of utterance which old disciples could hardly equal. Nor did this distinct consciousness of the presence and light of God ever leave her, nor did the consequent savor of God cease to encircle her until death, which occurred when she was upwards of sixty years of age. God removed her within the veil.

Reader, if God is not thus consciously present to you when you call upon Him, it is because you have not called to Him as that child did.

Book Notices.

FOSTER'S CYCLOPÆDIAS.

I. NEW CYCLOPÆDIA OF PROSE ILLUSTRATIONS.

This work presents the best illustrations of every kind which prose literature affords, arranged in such order that any subject can be found as readily as a word in a dictionary. They are a standard for preachers, speakers and S. S. teachers.

II. NEW CYCLOPÆDIA OF POETRY.

It has the same arrangement as the prose, and embraces the best poems and extracts to be found in the whole range of poetical literature. It has been carefully selected and edited, and may be put in the hands of any family without fear of the poison found in many poetical works. It is a charming book for the family. No better works can be found for the household library. You will confer a favor on anyone that you may induce to secure them. Agents wanted. W. C. Palmer, Jr., & Co., 14 Bible House, N. Y.

TRUFFLE NEPHEWS. And How They Commenced a New Charity. By Rev. P. B. Power, M.A. Carter & Brothers.

A useful and interesting work. The title of the volume seems enigmatical. But if curiosity should induce but one more to read the book, it would be a gain for the cause of benevolence. "Truffle & Nephews" is the name of a firm. Mr. Truffle, the senior partner, in the autumn of life retires, and devotes his time and means in wise devisings for bettering the physical and spiritual condition of the populous city in which he lives. The interesting details of how commenced a new charity our readers may see by sending for the book. 14 Bible House, or Carter & Brothers, Broadway, N. Y.

BIBLE SCHOOL SONGS, for the use of Sunday Schools. By Mrs. J. F. Knapp, author of "*Notes of Joy*," and J. H. Vincent, Editor of Sunday School Journal. Nelson and Phillips.

This new singing book by Mrs. Knapp (name familiar to our readers by her beautiful contributions to the musical department of the "Guide," etc.), and Dr. Vincent is one of the verybest in the market. It contains new and exquisite pieces by Mrs. Knapp, W. H. Doane, P. P. Bliss, Alfred Taylor, W. F. Sherwin, Otto Fox and others. It contains also some of the sweetest old pieces by the above named authors, and has besides several pages devoted to the standard hymns that can never be sung too often. The price of this new and popular singing book is only 15 cents.

THE LITTLE CAMP ON EAGLE HILL. By the author of "Wide, Wide World."

Perhaps there are few children in professedly Christian families, but learn to repeat words of prayer, morning and evening. Yet, alas! how often are the words meaningless, and repeated heartlessly on the part of children. The true spirit of devotion is not apprehended. Too often, doubtless, is the fault on the part of parents, or others in charge of the little immortals, themselves devoid of heart piety. Yet what are such parrot-like devotions other than mockery and a trespass against the teachings of the Saviour in regard to making vain repetitions. The aim of this interesting book is to correct this error, and will be most useful to both parents and children by teaching a more excellent way. Published by Carter & Brothers.

Roll of Honor.

One Hundred Thousand Subscribers!

*"Honor the Lord with thy substance and with the first fruits of all thy increase, so shall thy barns be filled with plenty." We have several departments under appropriate headings in every number of the "Guide to Holiness." We now propose a new one, which we shall give a permanent place as above, trusting that with every monthly issue we may have several new names to record, added to the "*ROLL OF HONOR." *We do not doubt that there are many who will, after prayerful deliberation, wish to honor the Lord with their substance by sending the "Guide to Holiness," to at least five persons who might not otherwise get it, and thus be instrumental in the hands of the Lord, of guiding many precious souls into the Highway of* HOLINESS. *In the August number is a proposition from an honored minister, Rev. George W. Mitchell, to increase the list of subscribers of the "Guide to Holiness" to* ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND. *We give his letter in part here:*

"I resolved some time since by the blessing of my heavenly Father, to distribute five copies of the 'Guide,' out of my LIMITED *means every year during my life. And I also have a pledge from my daughter, when I have passed over to the other side, that she will circulate a like number among her friends so long as she lives. I made this proposition last winter to one of my neighbors, who has pledged himself in a like manner. And I am persuaded if the readers of the 'Guide,' or even a majority of those whose hearts are often comforted and blessed by the perusal of its pages (so well filled with rich food for the soul) would do likewise, that a list of* ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND SUBSCRIBERS *would soon be reached. I am now in my sixty-third year, have preached the gospel for upwards of forty years, and can truly say from the closest and most impartial observation and reading the 'Guide'* FOR EIGHT YEARS PAST, THAT I DO NOT BELIEVE THAT THERE IS A PUBLICATION TO BE HAD ANY WHERE, IN ANY NATION, THAT IS DOING THE SAME AMOUNT OF GOOD FOR THE CAUSE OF CHRISTIANITY. *I have reason to believe the doctrine of holiness, which is the burden of its song brought out from the experience of God's saints on earth, is destined to widen and increase in its soul-inspiring sweetness and power, until few will be left among the royal family upon earth, to demur to this glorious truth, so plainly laid down in the blessed Bible, and which when taught, never fails to receive the seal and favor of the Great Head of the Church."*

DEAR MRS. P.—I feel as though I must tell you what a blessing the "Guide to Holiness" has been to me. About five years ago it was sent to me by a dear sister. It found my soul enshrouded in darkness. Indeed my husband and myself were almost Infidels. The "Guide" had a strange attraction for me at first, it was so unlike anything I had ever read. The religion that you taught seemed so beautiful, that I longed to experience it, yet I could not comprehend how a person as sinful as myself, could ever become a true Christian. The faithful "Guide" waged an unceasing warfare with the worldliness and folly practiced in our house, and when it reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come, Felix like, I trembled, but deferred the important work of repentance till some more convenient season. But I did leave off some bad habits, Sabbath-breaking, and novel reading. At last I could resist no longer, but determined to seek the Lord with all my heart. "Come out from among them and be ye separate," rang in my ears. But how could I leave all that I valued on earth, I struggled long here. I began to attend the Bible Christian Church. The minister was a man after God's own heart. His cry was "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world." The church gave me a warm welcome, this helped me, for I reasoned thus, it is God's love which constrains His people to receive me so kindly, therefore I need not fear that the God of love will turn me away. Here I resolved that whatever separated between me and my God should be removed. I now began to have faith that God would forgive my sins, although they were like scarlet. That the Saviour meant me also, when He said, "Whosoever cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out." And then I began to feel a peace of mind that I had never felt before. But I am so afraid that I shall lose this new found faith, I feel so weak, so utterly helpless.

I know that you would say, put your trust in God. Dear Mrs. P. will you pray for me, that the Lord would increase my faith, and keep me from falling. And, oh, let me beg of you to pray for my poor husband, can it be that he will ever come to Jesus? I cannot tell you how I love the "Guide," I shall never be without it. I wish that the whole human family could read it. I send you ten dollars by express. Please send the "Guide" to the following addresses, and send the remainder to ministers or to whom you please. * * * * * *

DREW UNIVERSITY LIBRARY